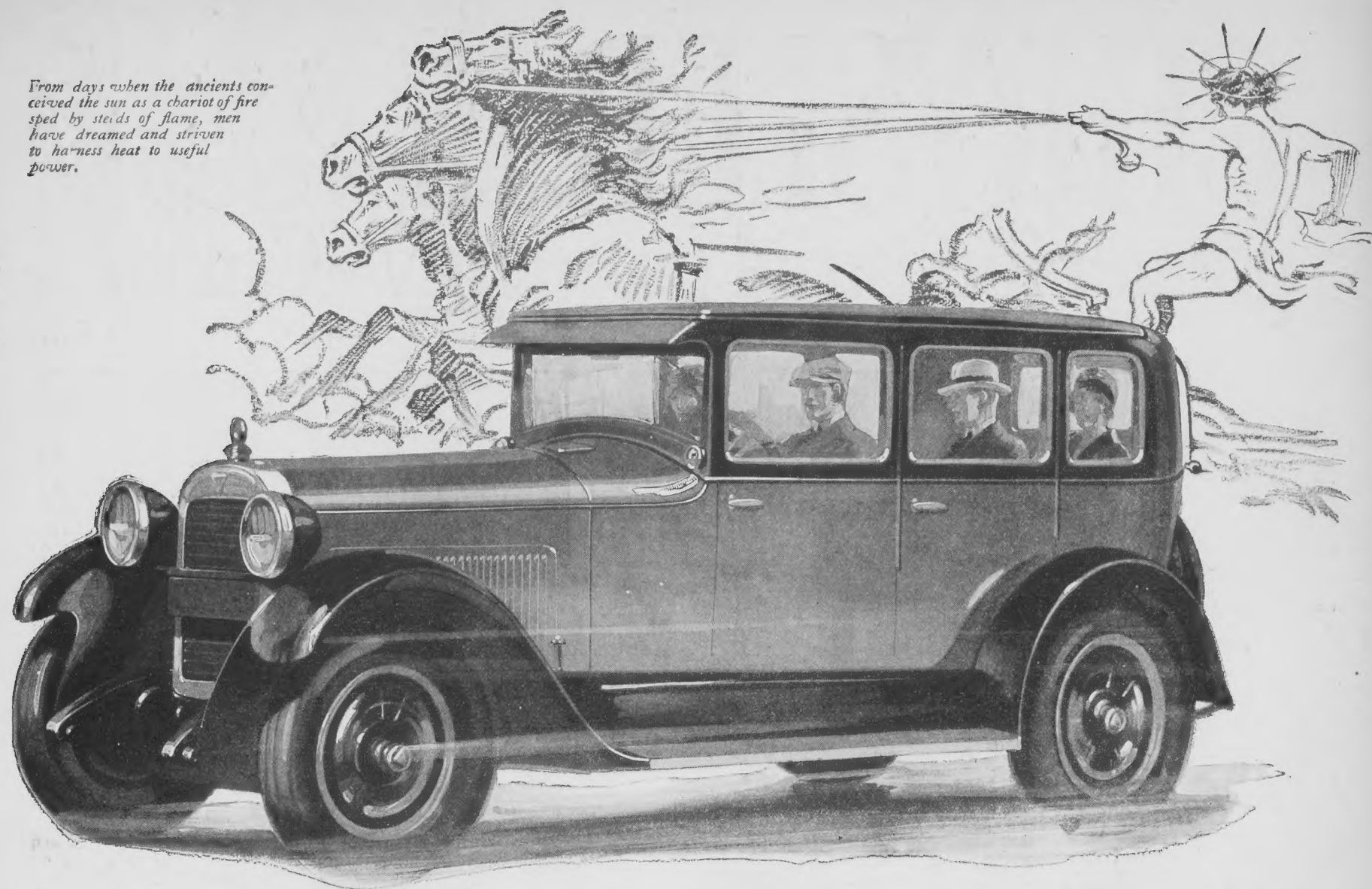


From days when the ancients conceived the sun as a chariot of fire sped by steeds of flame, men have dreamed and striven to harness heat to useful power.



A Great Companion Invention to the Super-Six Principle - **Turns waste heat to power**

This new companion invention to the Super-Six principle converts heat wasted in all other types, into useful power.

Together they combine the highest efficiency in power generation, and the maximum efficiency in power transmission ever achieved within our knowledge. It makes Hudson the most economical car per pound weight in the world.

Steam-Engine Smoothness and Power

The new Hudson motor delivers a flood of rugged power from standing start closely resembling the mighty and elastic power of the steam engine. It eliminates spark knock. It prevents oil dilution. Ordinary gasoline gives the

results sought through special high-priced fuels.

And at all speeds this power is buoyant, vivacious and instantly answerable to the slightest throttle touch.

HUDSON *Super-Six*

Hudson also builds a 118-inch Super-Six available in 2 models—The STANDARD COACH, \$1420 The STANDARD SEDAN, \$1650

Standard models on 127-inch wheelbase—COACH, \$1650—SEDAN, \$1780

Custom built models on 127-inch wheelbase: BROUGHAM, \$2020; 7-PASSENGER PHAETON, \$2055; 7-PASSENGER SEDAN, \$2375

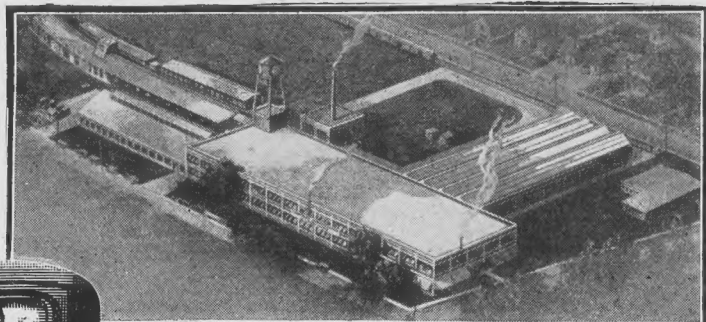
All prices F.O.B. Windsor, Taxes Extra

CHRYSLER helps create greater industrial prosperity for Canada

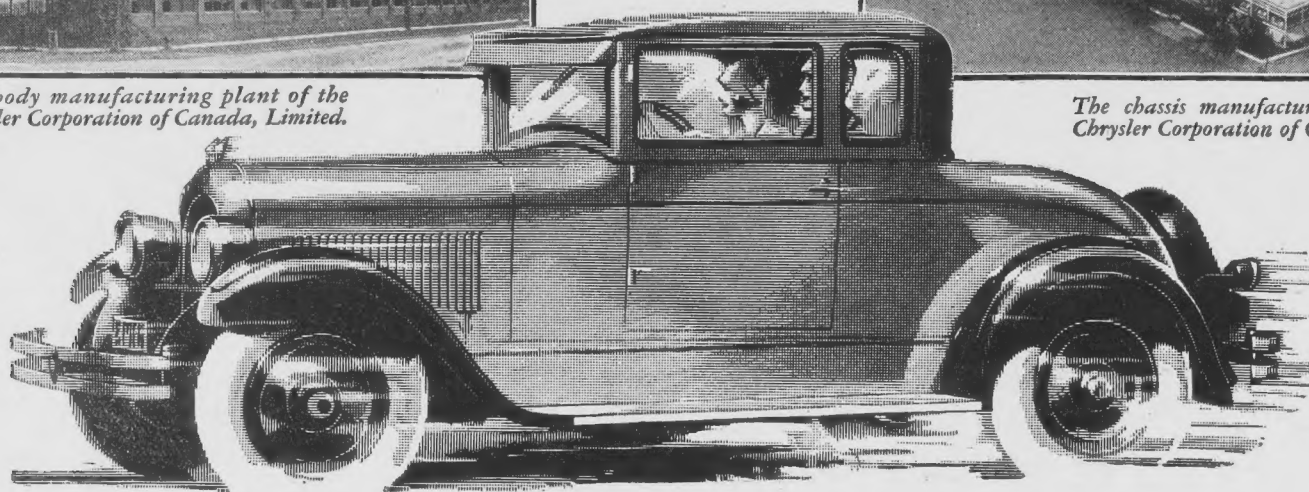


The body manufacturing plant of the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited.

Below: The great New Chrysler "62" offering sensational features of quality and value.



The chassis manufacturing plant of the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited.



Building the Chrysler of Canadian Parts Benefits Canadian Industry

In the last three years the people of Canada have manifested the most unmistakable preference for Chrysler cars.

Demand has been so insistent that Chrysler production has actually increased 491% since 1924, surpassing all precedents and definitely lifting Chrysler over the heads of many older and long-established cars.

The Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, profoundly ap-

preciates the full measure of confidence thus expressed for the Chrysler — and welcomes the opportunity to show its appreciation by employing Canadian craftsmen and using Canadian materials and parts, wherever possible, in manufacture.

To this end, the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, early in 1927 took over an additional large plant for body manufacture in Windsor, Ontario, thereby further increasing its facilities for

building Chrysler cars very largely of Canadian materials.

It is a source of deep pride and satisfaction for Chrysler thus to have a hand in the expansion of Canada's many and varied industries which develop materials for automobile manufacture—a source of inspiration to build so soundly that present success shall increase and multiply to the permanent benefit of Canada and Canadians.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO
WALTER P. CHRYSLER, *Chairman of the Board*

Chrysler "52"

SIX BODY STYLES

\$925 to \$1095

52 miles and more per hour

Chrysler "62"

SIX BODY STYLES

\$1375 to \$1695

62 miles plus—with ease

Chrysler "72"

NINE BODY STYLES

\$1795 to \$2320

72 miles plus

Chrysler Imperial "80"

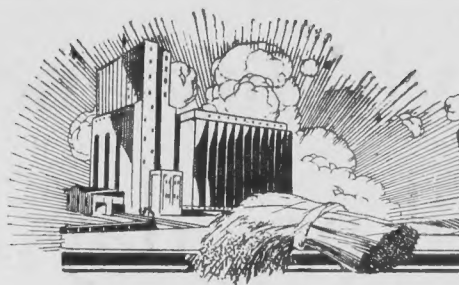
ELEVEN BODY STYLES

\$3245 to \$5270

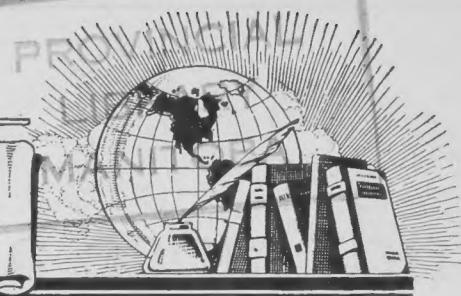
80 miles plus—92 horsepower

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment, (freight and taxes extra)

THE CANADIAN-BUILT CHRYSLER FOR CANADIANS



EDITORIAL



Back to School

SEEING the children returning to school after their long vacation a pessimistic observer asked the rather unusual question: "What is the good of it all?" He went on further to say that all he got was a little rubbish that he was glad to forget, and that his real education he gave himself after he left school.

To this there are three or four answers. The first is that we were not greatly impressed with the education of this self-made man. He would have been very much improved had he imbibed a little more of what the schoolmaster had to give him. In the next place the school does not now and never did hand out mere rubbish to the pupils. It gives them the rare opportunity of mingling with others, in work and play, thus counteracting their tendency towards isolation and self-worship, and developing in them the greatest social virtue: that of living happily with others and for others. Whatever else the school does or fails to do, it brings together as a happy family all races, classes, creeds, and causes them to forget their differences as they sing the same songs, play the same games, and join in a common act of devotion. The school is the one institution that unites rather than separates.

Nor is it true that school studies are useless. Men, in order to grow mentally, must follow the law of all growth: they must take in and give out again. Towards this end they must read and write. These acts are fundamental. If the school did nothing but teach them, it would justify all the expense incurred in keeping it going. Literacy is a measure of national stability.

The school of today, however, has a wider aim than this, and in the main is accomplishing it. It stands for better health. The only health instruction some pupils get is that given in the school. It stands for the cultivation of taste, as illustrated in the study of music, literature and art. The singing of children in the musical festivals held in Western Canada have done more than anything else to inspire a love for the refined and beautiful. Chiefly, however, the school is a great moral agency. It teaches self-discipline, which is the only discipline, and it holds up ideals that are sane and sensible. The home may engender pride, business may encourage avarice, the church may cultivate bigotry, the unions may develop a feeling of class hatred—but the school illustrates the virtue of equality, the joy of brotherhood.

So we are glad to see the children going back to school. May they all learn to love, to look, to listen, and to obey. May they get to know the truth, to appreciate the beautiful, to do the good. Towards this end may they have teachers with vision and earnestness. And may teachers and pupils working in harmony build up a nation of which every Canadian will feel proud.

Losing Caste

WHY are people so keenly interested in a prize fight? There are three or four reasons that are sufficient to account for it.

In the first place many go to it or read about it because they are fond of witnessing a contest. Love of combat is an elemental passion and is not to be denied. It was in evidence in barbaric times when husbands fought for wives, and when tribes warred incessantly with their neighbors; it was shown in Rome in gladiatorial combats; in Spain in its bull-fights; in England in its support of the cock-pits. There was in ancient days something heroic in personal encounter. The participants manifested courage, and endurance, and they fought for glory or position. Even yet there are personal struggles that command admiration, when, for instance, a clean-living man knocks out a villain, or when a cultured gentleman outpoints a coarse bully. But when the contest from beginning to end is arranged and managed by a group of money-grabbers, and when there is on every hand doubt as to the honesty and honor of those participating in the man-

agement and the actual contest itself, admiration naturally changes to disgust.

In the second place many people are fond of gambling, and a prize fight offers them every opportunity to exercise their passion. The winner derives great satisfaction because his pocket is filled, and because his judgment is approved; the loser attributes his failure not to lack of judgment but to ill-luck. Both have a thrill, and that is what men have ever lived for.

In the third place, people are naturally anxious to see the best thing of its kind. Babe Ruth is the King of Swat, and he draws a kingly endowment. Lindbergh is the prince of aeronauts, and the world pays him homage. So, when it comes to a prize fight between acknowledged leaders, everybody who is interested in the sport wants to be present.

Under these circumstances it was not difficult to get a big attendance at a big price when Dempsey and Sharkey met in New York. \$300,000 is good pay for twenty minutes work, and \$200,000 is not bad even if one loses. As for the promoter, surely he is repaid when he receives over half a million. Next fight will demand a revenue five times as great and the American public will pay it. They would be angry with us were we to call them fools, because it is almost a national weakness with some of them to want the biggest thing on earth in every line, whether it be admirable or the reverse. Nor can we laugh, because in proportion to population we have just as many fools of the kind on this side of the line.

Nevertheless there is in this extravagant money display something decidedly coarse and repellent. Sport is cursed when it is commercialized. This is true not only of fighting, but of baseball, hockey and horse-racing. The world may be advancing in science and in art, but it is losing its honor and its soul in everything pertaining to sport. Our best wish for Canada is that it may keep its record clean. Better a myrtle wreath than a king's ransom, better a blue ribbon than a purse of gold.

There are two young men who, within the year, have glorified sport, and who in behavior have brought credit to their land. These are Young of Toronto and Lindbergh. Let us hope that for their own sake they will keep out of the clutches of the magnates. Let us also strive in this land to continue to produce amateurs who play the game for the game's sake. All sport, even boxing, is to be commended, so long as it is clean and wholesome, but the big-purse prize-ring has nothing in its favor. From the day a fight is announced, until the decision is reached and the so-called experts have had their say, the whole thing is nauseating. Pull down the curtain.

Back Us Or Backus

HERE we have Backus again. He wants to dam all the rivers leading directly or indirectly into the Winnipeg River and to create reservoirs that will ensure a steady supply of power. Many Canadians who are acquainted with the river prefer to damn Backus, taking the ground that by damming the streams, and charging for it, he would unload the cost of some of his unprofitable ventures upon the people of Canada and Minnesota. This is a very hard saying, and it may be wholly unjust. The fact that the insinuation has been made in the press makes it necessary that two questions should be asked and answered before the undertaking is begun. First—is there any need for the regulation of supply? What do those who use the power on the Winnipeg River say about it? In the second place, if the idea is a good one why should Mr. Backus be given the task of erecting the dams? This last is the important question. There is a third inquiry of course. Is it right that any government should commit the desecration of rendering uninhabitable for man and beast large tracts of country that are now surpassingly beautiful and rich in game and timber? It is once again the story of the Spray Lakes. The time for private exploitation of public domain has pretty well ended.

The Brotherhood of Man

THE brotherhood of man is a fine conception but one does not react to it at a bound. Before he can have practical world sympathy, he must work up through the family, the school, the community and the nation, being loyal to each in turn. Then and only then will the broader sympathy be real. One who lacks filial piety is not likely to have community fervor; one who has not pronounced national feeling is not likely to have practical sympathy for the race of mankind. There can, of course, be a maudlin sympathy which expresses itself in lofty generalizations, but he who has power of discernment can distinguish between froth and true substance. The man who loves his country is the only man who can be trusted to love mankind. This is said to offset a pernicious gospel which is being proclaimed widely in every land. "Let us beware of the insipidity which fails to recognize distinctions." Though it is true that man must regard all other men as brethren, and though he must be ready to sacrifice for them and co-operate with them, yet the old Latin words will find a living response in every loyal, honest soul: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* All this is consistent with what follows in the next paragraph.

Too Small for the Task

THE conference on armaments participated in by representatives from Britain, the United States and Japan has failed. That is the story in a nutshell. Why has it failed? Because settlement was entrusted to those who are committed to the Big Navy idea. The two outstanding enemies of world peace are militarism and commercialism, and these seem to have been in control during the negotiations. This is how a layman is forced to see it.

It is most unfortunate when, at a meeting of a council called for the purpose of promoting world peace, men should persist in talking and thinking as if national safety and national dignity were all in all. If they were only big enough they would realize that, for nations as well as individuals, "He who would find his life must lose it." There has been little evidence that some of the members of the Conference reached this conception.

The brutal theory that the best way to prevent war is to be ready for war, led to the unnecessary slaughter of 1914-1918. Why in the name of all that is sacred can we not get ready for peace by talking and practising peace? Next Conference let us have statesmen present—men who can vision a happy future when war-drums will be silenced and swords beaten into ploughshares; when cruisers will be unnecessary and warships will be unknown.

The Prince of Wales

PERHAPS there is no other person more welcome to Canadian shores than His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the heir to the British throne, who is at present spending an active month at his ranch in Alberta. He delights in his Canadian interests and has formed a very high regard for Canadians, whose affection he in turn has captured by his charm and simplicity of manner. That he is a student of our problems is evident from his public utterances. For instance we read of him addressing the Canadian Club at Victoria in the following words:

"We must ever be thankful for the spirit of adventure in the early pioneers who literally hacked their way through forests and over mountains, some of them winning fame and fortune, and others to die broken and unknown, but all contributing to the foundation of the heritage which this generation enjoys. Some of my own generation may wonder if we have that spirit, and if we can do all the things those men did. I believe that spirit of courage and endurance still exists. It is equally needed today. Let us not forget that the men of the past were not content to sit at home and wait for trade to come to them; they went out into the world and found it."

His vitality and endurance always amazed me until one day I overheard a conversation

.. then I learned his
"Thrice-a-day" Secret



HE seemed able to keep his alert keenness all through the day. No pressure of work seemed too great, no responsibility ever evaded.

His perfect health was the secret. He kept so physically fit. And his method was simplicity itself.

Just the daily eating of a corrective food—Fleischmann's Yeast.

Energy comes with perfect health

In every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast there are millions upon millions of tiny living plants. Gently but surely these little plants stimulate the digestive processes and aid in purifying the intestinal tract, thus helping to keep the whole system clean and regular.

Thousands of healthy Canadians eat Fleischmann's Yeast as a daily health food. Their clear skin, bright eyes, vigor and energy are graphic testimony to the benefits of a properly functioning digestive system.



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST CAKES were first recommended to me by my physician when I had poison in the main valve of my heart. I took one a day for five months and began to eat better, also my face was cleared of pimples. Today I cannot praise Fleischmann's Yeast too much and would recommend it to everyone as a good tonic and builder.

MARGARET MAGEE, Toronto, Ont.



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO ME will always be an essential food the year round. About a year ago when I was in the South a friend of mine recommended Fleischmann's Yeast to me as a blood purifier and body builder. I began taking two cakes a day and soon found that I was entirely a different person. On the baseball field everything began to have a new aspect. The long gruelling contests in the hot sun were not as sapping on my strength as before I began eating yeast, and I have found it easier to keep in condition. Many of my friends have often asked me where I find this "pep" day in and day out and I always tell them to eat yeast when they feel dead and have no "pep."

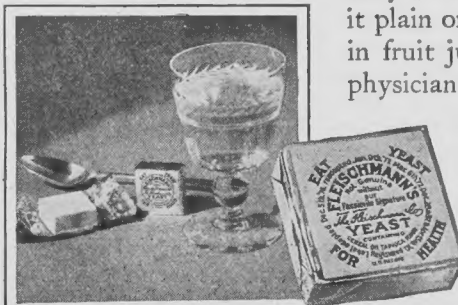
C. MCKENZIE, London, Ont.

This famous health food will aid you, too. You can get it, always fresh, at your grocer's.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health—Health Research Department "C" The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe St., Toronto, Canada.

What would happen to your automobile?

If you neglected your automobile it would



THRICE-A-DAY BRINGS HEALTH TO STAY



FOR SEVERAL YEARS I was troubled with chronic constipation and indigestion and as a consequence was confined to my home and was not able to enjoy the pleasures that a girl of my age should. I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast and began taking it three times a day. I find that it has cured me of constipation and I am now able to eat regularly without any discomfort.

I also find Fleischmann's Yeast a good tonic for a general run-down condition.

AUORE BLANCHARD, Montreal, Can.

soon break down. Your own body needs even greater care. Proper attention to keeping the system clean and active is an essential part of keeping fit. The daily eating of Fleischmann's Yeast gives you the right corrective food.

The new easy way to keep well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain or salted in small pieces or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation, physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada"



Illustrated by
J. Clymer

The Fiddling Man

By James Oliver Curwood



BREault's cough was not pleasant to hear. A cough possesses manifold and almost unclassifiable diversities. But there is only one cough when a man has a bullet through his lungs and is measuring his life by minutes, perhaps seconds. Yet Breault, even as he coughed the red stain from his lips, was not afraid. Many times he had found himself in the presence of death, and long ago it had ceased to frighten him. Some day he had expected to come under the black shadow of it himself—not in a quiet and peaceful way, but all at once, with a shock. And the time had come. He knew that he was dying; and he was calm. More than that—in dying he was achieving a triumph. The red-hot death-sting in his lung had given birth to a frightful thought in his sickening brain. The day of his great opportunity was at hand. The hour—the minute.

A last flush of the pale afternoon sun lighted up his black-bearded face as his eyes turned, with their new inspiration, to his sledge. It was a face that one would remember—not pleasantly, perhaps, but as a fixture in a shifting memory of things; a face strong with brute strength, implacable in its hard lines, emotionless almost, and beyond that, a mystery.

It was the best known face in all that part of the northland which reaches up from Fort McMurray to Lake Athabasca and westward to Fond du Lac and the Wholdais country. For ten years Breault had made that trip twice a year with the northern mails. In all its reaches there was not a cabin he did not know, a face he had not seen, or a name he could not speak; yet there was not a man, woman or child who welcomed him except for what he brought. But the government had found its faith in him justified. The police at their lonely outposts had come to regard his comings and goings as dependable as day and night. They blessed him for his punctuality, and not one of them missed him when he was gone. A strange man was Breault.

With his back against a tree, where he had propped himself after the first shock of the bullet in his lung, he took a last look at life with a passionless imperturbability. If there was any emotion at all in his face it was one of vindictiveness—an emotion roused by an intense and terrible hatred that in this hour saw the fulfilment of its vengeance. Few men nursed a hatred as Breault had nursed his. And it gave him strength now, when another man would have died.

He measured the distance between himself and the sledge. It was, perhaps, a dozen paces. The dogs were still standing, tangled a little in their traces—eight of them—wide-chested, thin at the groins; a wolfish horde, built for endurance and speed. On the sledge was a quarter of a ton of His Majesty's mail. Toward this Breault began to creep slowly and with great pain. A hand inside of him seemed crushing the fibre of his lung, so that

the blood oozed out of his mouth. When he reached the sledge there were many red patches in the snow behind him. He opened with considerable difficulty a small dunnage sack, and after fumbling a bit took therefrom a pencil attached to a long red string, and a soiled envelope.

For the first time a change came upon his countenance—a ghastly smile. And above his hissing breath, that gushed between his lips with the sound of air pumped through a fine mesh of a colander, there arose a still more ghastly croak of exultation and of triumph. Laboriously he wrote. A few words, and the pencil dropped from his stiffening fingers into the snow. Around his neck he wore a long red scarf held together by a big brass pin, and to this pin he fastened securely the envelope.

This much done—the mystery of his death solved for those who might some day find him—the ordinary man would have contented himself by yielding up life's struggle with as little more physical difficulty as possible. Breault was not ordinary. He was, in his one way, efficiency incarnate. He made space for himself on the sledge, and laid himself out in that space with great care, first taking pains to fasten about his thighs the babiche thongs that were employed at times to steady his freight. Then he ran his left arm through one of the loops of the stout mail-chest. By taking these precautions he was fairly secure in the belief that after he was dead and frozen stiff no amount of rough trailing by the dogs could roll him from the sledge.

In this conjecture he was right. When the starved and exhausted malemutes dragged their silent burden into the North West Mounted Police outpost barracks at Crooked Bow twenty-four hours later, an axe and a sapling bar were required to pry Francois Breault from his bier. Previous to this process, however, Sergeant Fitzgerald, in charge at the outpost, took possession of the soiled envelope pinned to Breault's red scarf. The information it bore was simple, and yet exceedingly definite. Few men in dying as Breault had died could have made the matter easier for the police.

On the envelope he had written:

*Jan Thoreau shot me and left me for dead.
Have just strength to write this—no more.
Francois Breault*

It was epic—a colossal monument to this man, thought Sergeant Fitzgerald, as they pried the frozen body loose.

TO CORPORAL BLAKE fell the unpleasant task of going after Jan Thoreau. Unpleasant, because Breault's starved huskies and frozen body brought with them the worst storm of the winter. In the face of this storm Blake set out, with the Sergeant's last admonition in his ears:

"Don't come back, Blake, until you've got him, dead or alive."

That is a simple and efficacious formula in the rank and file of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It has made volumes of stirring history, because it means a great deal and has been lived up to. Twice before, the words had been uttered to Blake—in extreme cases. The first time they had taken him for six months into the Barren Lands between Hudson's Bay and the Great Slave

—and he came back with his man; the second time he was gone for nearly a year along the rim of the Arctic—and from there also he came back with his man. Blake was of that sort. A bulldog, a Nemesis when he was once on the trail, and—like most men of that kind—without a conscience. In the Blue Books of the service he was credited with arduous patrols and unusual exploits. "Put Blake on the trail" meant something, and "He is one of our best men" was a firmly established conviction of departmental headquarters.

Only one man knew Blake as Blake actually lived under his skin—and that was Blake himself. He hunted men and ran them down without mercy—not because he loved the law, but for the reason that he had in him the inherited instincts of the hound. This comparison, if quite true, is none the less unfair to the hound. A hound is a good dog at heart.

IN THE January storm it may be that the vengeful spirit of Francois Breault set out in company with Corporal Blake to witness the consummation of his vengeance. That first night, as he sat close to his fire in the shelter of thick spruce timber, Blake felt the unusual and disturbing sensation of a presence somewhere near him. The storm was at its height. He had passed through many storms, but tonight there seemed to be an uncannily concentrated fury in its beating and wailing over the roofs of the forests.

He was physically comfortable. The spruce trees were so dense that the storm did not reach him, and fortune favored him with a good fire and plenty of fuel. But the sensation oppressed him. He could not keep away from him his mental vision of Breault as he had helped to pry him from the sledge—his frozen features, the stiffened fingers, the curious twist of the icy lips that had been almost a grin.

Blake was not superstitious. He was too much a man of iron for that. His soul had lost the plasticity of imagination. But he could not forget Breault's lips as they had seemed to grin up at him. There was a reason for it. On his last trip down, Breault had said to him with that same half-grin on his face:

"M'sieu, some day you may go after my murderer, and when you do, Francois Breault will go with you."

That was three months ago. Blake measured the time back as he sucked at his pipe, and at the same time he looked at the shadowy and half-lost forms of his dogs, curled up for the night in the outer rim of firelight.

Over the tree-tops a sudden blast of wind howled. It was like a monster voice. Blake rose to his feet and rolled upon the fire the big night-log he had dragged in, and to this he added, with the woodman's craft of long experience, lengths of green timber, so arranged that they would hold fire until morning. Then he went into his silk service tent and buried himself in his sleeping-bag.

For a long time he did not sleep. He listened to the crackle of the fire. Again and again he heard that monster voice moaning and shrieking over the forest. Never had the rage of storm filled him with the uneasiness of tonight. At last the mystery

of it was solved for him. The wind came and went each time in a great moaning, half-shrieking sound: B-r-r-r—e-e-e—w-w—w!

It was like a shock to him; and yet, he was not a superstitious man. No, he was not that. He would have staked his life on it. But it was not pleasant to hear a dead man's name shrieked over one's head by the wind. Under the cover of his sleeping-bag Corporal Blake laughed. Funny things were always happening, he tried to tell himself. And this was a mighty good joke. Breault wasn't so slow, after all. He had given his promise, and he was keeping it; for, if it wasn't really Breault's voice up there in the wind, multiplied a thousand times, it was a good imitation of it. Again Corporal Blake laughed—a laugh as unpleasant as the cough that had come from Breault's bullet-punctured lung. He fell asleep after a time; but even sleep could not drive from him the clinging obsession of the thought that strange things were to happen in this taking of Jan Thoreau.

WITH the gray dawn there was nothing to mark the passing of the storm except freshly-fallen snow, and Blake was on the trail before it was light enough to see a hundred yards ahead. There was a defiance and contempt of last night in the crack of his long caribou-gut whip and the halloo of his voice as he urged on his dogs. Breault's voice in the wind? Bah! Only a fool would have thought that. Therefore he was a fool. And Jan Thoreau—it would be like taking a child. There would be no happenings to report—merely an arrest, a quick return journey, an affair altogether too ordinary to be interesting. Perhaps it was all on account of the hearty supper of caribou liver he had eaten. He was fond of liver, and once or twice before it had played him tricks.

He began to wonder if he would find Jan Thoreau at home. He remembered Jan quite vividly. The Indians called him Kitoochikun because he played a fiddle. Blake, the Iron Man, disliked him because of that fiddle. Jan was never without it, on the trail or off. The Fiddling Man, he called him contemptuously—a baby, a woman; not fit for the big North. Tall and slim, with blond hair in spite of his French blood and name, a quiet and unexcitable face, and an air that Blake called "damned superiority." He wondered how the Fiddling man had ever screwed up nerve enough to kill Breault. Undoubtedly there had been no fight. A quick and treacherous shot, no doubt. That was like a man who played the fiddle. *Poof!* He had no more respect for him than if he dressed in woman's clothing.

And he *did* have a wife, this Jan Thoreau. They lived a good twenty miles off the north-and-south trail, on an island in the middle of Black Bear Lake. He had never seen the wife. A poor sort of woman, he made up his mind, that would marry a fiddler. Probably a half-breed; maybe an Indian. Anyway, he had no sympathy for her. Without a doubt it was the woman who did the trapping and cut the wood. Any man who would tote a fiddle around on his back—

Corporal Blake travelled fast, and it was afternoon of the second day when he came to the dense spruce forest that shut in Black Bear Lake. Here something happened to change his plans somewhat. He met an Indian he knew—an Indian who, for two or three good reasons that stuck in the back of his head, dared not lie to him; and this tribesman, coming straight from the Thoreau cabin, told him that Jan was not at home, but had gone

on a three-day trip to see the French missionary who lived on one of the lower Wholdais waterways.

Blake was keen on stratagem. With him, man-hunting was like a game of chess; and after he had questioned the Indian for a quarter of an hour he saw his opportunity. Pastamoo, the Cree, was made a part of His Majesty's service on the spot, with promise of torture and speedy execution if he proved himself a traitor.

Blake turned over to him his dogs and sledge, his provisions, and his tent, and commanded him to camp in the heart of a cedar swamp a few miles back, with the information that he would return for his outfit at some time in the indefinite future. He might be gone a day or a week. When he had seen Pastamoo off, he continued his journey toward the cabin, in the hope that Jan Thoreau's wife was either an Indian or a fool. He was too old a

performed an arduous task, a devilish task, and when at last he reached the balsams he cursed his luck until he was red in the face. No one had seen him. That quarter-mile of labor was lost, its finesse a failure. But he kept up the play, and staggered weakly through the sheltering balsams to the cabin. His artifice had no shame, even when played on women; and he fell heavily against the door, beat upon it with his fist; and slipped down into the snow, where he lay with his head bowed, as if his last strength was gone.

He heard movement inside, quick steps—and then the door opened. He did not look up for a moment. That would have been crude. When he did raise his head, it was very slowly, with a look of anguish in his face. And then—he stared. His body all at once grew tense, and the counterfeit pain in his eyes died out like a flash in this most astounding moment of his life. Man of iron though

he was, steeled to the core against the weaknesses of sudden emotions, it was impossible for him to restrain the gasp of amazement that rose to his lips.

In that stifled cry Jan Thoreau's wife heard the supplication of a dying man. She did not catch, back of it, the note of a startled beast. She was herself startled, frightened for a moment by the unexpectedness of it all.

And Blake stared. This—the fiddler's wife! She was clutching in her hand a brush with which she had been arranging her hair. The hair, jet black, was wonderful. Her eyes were still more wonderful. She was not an Indian—not a half-breed—and beautiful. The loveliest face he had ever visioned, sleeping or awake, was looking down at him.

With a second gasp, he remembered himself, and his body sagged, and the amazed stare went out of his eyes as he allowed his head to fall a little. In this movement his cap fell off. In another moment she was at his side, kneeling in the snow and bending over him. "You are hurt, M'sieu!"

Her hair fell upon him, smothering his neck and shoulders. The perfume of it was like the delicate scent of a rare flower in his nostrils. A strange thrill swept through him. He did not try to analyze it in those few astonishing moments. It was beyond his comprehension, even had he tried. He was ignorant of the finer fundamentals of life, and of the great truth that the case-hardened nature of the man, like the body of the athlete, crumbles fastest under sudden and unexpected change and strain.

He regained his feet slowly and stupidly, assisted by Marie. They climbed the one step to the door. As he sank back heavily on the cot, in the room they entered, a thick tress of her hair fell softly upon his face. He closed his eyes for a space. When he opened them, Marie was bending over the stove.

And she was Thoreau's wife! The instant he had looked up into her face, he had forgotten the fiddler; but he remembered him now as he watched the woman, who stood with her back toward him. She was as slim as a reed. Her hair fell to her hips. He drew a deep breath. Unconsciously he clenched his hands. *She*—the fiddler's wife! The thought repeated itself again and again. Jan Thoreau, murderer, and this woman—his wife.

She returned in a moment with hot tea, and he drank with subtle hypocrisy from the cup she held to his lips.

"Sprained my leg," he said, then remembering his old part, and replying to the questioning anx-



Pastamoo, the Cree, was made a part of His Majesty's service on the spot, with promise of torture and speedy execution if he proved himself a traitor

hand at this game to be taken in by the story that had been told to the Cree.

JAN had not gone to the French Missioner's. A murderer's trail would not be given away like that. Of course the wife knew. And Corporal Blake desired no better string to a criminal than the faith of a wife. Wives are easy if handled right, and they had put the finishing touch to more than one of his great successes.

At the edge of the lake he fell back on his old trick—hunger, exhaustion, a sprained leg. It was not more than a quarter of a mile across the snow-covered ice of the lake to the thin spiral of smoke that he saw rising above the thick balsams on the island. Five times in that distance he fell upon his face; he crawled like a man about to die. He

ity in her eyes. "Dogs ran away and left me, and I got here just by chance. A little more and—"

He smiled grimly, and as he sank back he gave a sharp cry. He had practiced that cry in more than one cabin, and along with it a convulsion of his features to emphasize the impression he labored to make.

"I'm afraid—I'll be a trouble to you," he apologized. "It's not broken; but it's bad, and I won't be able to move—soon. Is Jan at home?"

"No, m'sieu; he is away."

"Away," repeated Blake disappointedly. "Perhaps some time he has told you about me," he added with a sudden hopefulness. "I am John Duval."

"M'sieu—Duval!"

Marie's eyes, looking down at him, became all at once great pools of glowing light. Her lips parted. She leaned toward him, her slim hands clasped suddenly to her breast.

"M'sieu Duval—who nursed him through the smallpox?" she cried, her voice trembling. "M'sieu Duval—who saved my Jan's life!"

Blake had looked up his facts at headquarters. He knew what Duval, the Barren Land trapper, had once done for Jan.

"Yes; I am John Duval," he said. "And so—you see—I am sorry that Jan is away."

"But he is coming back soon—in a few days," exclaimed Marie. "You shall stay, M'sieu. You will wait for him? Yes?"

"This leg—" began Blake. He cut himself short with a grimace. "Yes, I'll stay. I guess I'll have to."

Marie had changed at the mention of Duval's name. With the glow in her eyes had come a flush into her cheeks, and Blake could see the strange little quiver at her throat as she looked at him. But she did not see Blake so much as what lay beyond him—Duval's lonely cabin away up on the edge of the Great Barren, the hours of darkness and agony through which Jan had passed, and the magnificent comradeship of this man who had now dragged himself to their own cabin, half dead.

MANY times Jan had told her the story of that terrible winter when Duval had nursed him like a woman, and had almost given up his life as

a sacrifice. And this—*this*—was Duval! She bent over him again as he lay on the cot, her eyes shining like stars in the growing dusk. In that dusk she was unconscious of the fact that his fingers had found a long tress of her hair and were clutching it passionately. Remembering Duval as Jan had enshrined him in her heart, she said:

"I have prayed many times that the great God might thank you, M'sieu."

He raised a hand. For an instant it touched her soft, warm cheek and caressed her hair. Marie did not shrink—yes, that would have been an insult. Even Jan would have said that. For was not this Duval, to whom she owed all the happiness in her life—Duval, more than a brother to Jan Thoreau, her husband?

"And you—are Marie?" said Blake.

"Yes, M'sieu, I am Marie."

A joyous note trembled in her voice as she drew back from the cot. He could hear her swiftly braiding her hair before she struck a match to light the oil lamp hanging from the ceiling. After that, through partly closed eyes, he watched her as she prepared their supper. Occasionally, when she turned toward him as if to speak, he feigned a desire to sleep. It was a catlike watchfulness, filled with his old cunning. In his face there was no sign to betray its hideous significance. Outwardly he had regained his iron-like impassiveness; but in his body and his brain every

nerve and fibre was consumed by a monstrous desire—a desire for this woman, the murderer's wife. It was as strange and sudden as the death that had come to Francois Breault. The moment he had looked up into her face in the doorway, it had overwhelmed him. And now even the sound of her footsteps on the floor filled him with an exquisite exultation. It was more than exultation. It was a feeling of *possession*.

In the hollow of his hand he—Blake, the man-hunter—held the fate of this woman. She was the Fiddler's wife—and the Fiddler was a murderer.

Marie heard the sudden deep breath that forced itself from his lips, a gasp that would have been a cry of triumph if he had given it voice.

"You are in pain, M'sieu," she exclaimed, turning toward him quickly.

"A little," he said, smiling at her. "Will you help me to sit up, Marie?"

He saw ahead of him another and more thrilling game than the man-hunt now. And Marie, unsuspecting, put her arms about the shoulders of the Pharisee and helped him to rise. They ate their supper with a narrow table between them. If there had been a doubt in Blake's mind before that, the half hour in which she sat facing him dispelled it utterly. At first the amazing beauty of Thoreau's wife had impinged itself upon his senses with something of a shock. But he was cool now. He was again master of his old cunning. Pitilessly and without conscience, he was marshalling the crafty forces of his brute nature for this new and more thrilling fight—the fight for a woman.

That in representing the Law he was pledged to virtue as well as order had never entered into his code of life. To him the law was force—power. It had exalted him. It had forged an iron mask over the face of his savagery. And it was the savage that was dominant in him now. He saw in Marie's dark eyes a great love—love for a murderer.

It was not his thought that he might alienate that. For that look, turned upon himself, he would have sacrificed his whole world as it had previously existed. He was scheming beyond that impossibility, measuring her even as he called himself Duval, counting—not his chances of success, but the length of time it would take him to succeed.

He had never failed. A man had never beaten him. A woman had never tricked him. And he granted no possibility of failure now. But—*how*? That was the question that writhed and twisted itself into his brain even as he smiled at her over the table and told her of the black days of Jan's sickness up on the edge of the Barren.

And then it came to him—all at once. Marie did not see. She did not *feel*. She had no suspicion of this loyal friend of her husband's.

Blake's heart pounded triumphant. He hobbled back to the cot, leaning on Marie's slim shoulder; and as he hobbled he told her how he had helped Jan into his cabin in just the same way, and how at the end Jan had collapsed—just as he collapsed when he came to the cot. He pulled Marie down with him—accidentally. His lips touched her head. He laughed.

For a few moments he was like a drunken man

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Marie had changed at the mention of Duval's name. With the glow in her eyes had come a flush into her cheeks, and Blake could see the strange little quiver at her throat as she looked at him.

Droit De Seigneur

By John Lee Laurie

Illustrated by J. Proster

A SUMMER'S night in the Ukraine — Vera Sabonov hushing her querulous firstborn—a clatter of hoofs—dark figures outlined against the velvet sky—the cry of a soul in agony—red flame cutting the darkness—an infant wailing in the night.

When in fear and trembling, yet filled with righteous indignation, Father Gregory visited Prince Casimir, that gentleman pursed his full, red lips, twirled his moustaches, and, laughingly, replied: "Droit de seigneur." That was in 1900.

NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN. The year of blood was drawing to a close when Prince Casimir, with his wife and daughter, fled from stricken Petrograd, carrying little but the clothes they wore, and a tiny store of jewels and gold. Sweden, whence they had gone, offered little to the refugees, so they journeyed westward to America with the little store growing daily smaller. That was in 1918.

THE night before Father Gregory faced the Red firing squad, he sent for Ivan Saborov. The commissar, a dull and drunken peasant, fearing the threatened curse of the man about to die for his belief in God and Holy Church, ordered Saborov to be brought.

In that wretched cell, where reeked the slime and stench of ages, and the rats, with beady eyes peered furtively from their corners, Father Gregory spoke briefly and to the point.

"Ivan Saborov, I, who tomorrow will return a soul to its Maker, lay but one last charge upon

thee, whom I have reared. Seek Prince Casimir and, when thou hast found him, do but as thy conscience bids. Farewell! and may the blessings of the Holy Church be with thee."

With hot, scalding tears, the young soldier dropped to his knees to receive Father Gregory's last blessing and speedily withdrew. As he went through the door he turned back for one last lingering look, but the old priest was upon his knees, his head bowed in silent prayer.

JOHN SABER, once Ivan Saborov, now secretary and, in short, the aide of Nicholas Romaine, sat in his employer's spacious office at Romaine Ltd., Wholesale Exporters and Importers, and thought, with complacency—not of trade—he was sick of trade—of the excellent opportunities of amusement offered in New York.

After Leningrad and Moscow, New York was good to look upon, and the life of a man of business was better than the Red army. There was, too, a charming and highly gratifying craze for things Russian in general, Reds, or refugees in particular, and, already, in a small way, he was a social lion. His salary was ample for his present needs; his private means good, thanks to a friendly commissar of trade who had been too busy building up a bank account in Paris to keep close watch over certain state funds. Certainly, to escape had been difficult and nerve-racking—for one awful moment he had feared the inspectors would order the great heap of sacks moved—but he had reached New York and, in a brief two years had risen, by sheer merit, to a position of trust.

So, on his twenty-fifth birthday, to John Saber the world looked rosy and propitious save for one thing. The revenge that was the consuming impelling force of his life seemed no nearer than ever before. True, fortune had smiled in her rare way and, he hoped, would continue to smile indefinitely, but no one knew the bitter hours, when in his chamber, he prayed for the fulfillment of all his hopes.

Sounds in the outer office recalled him and he turned to the matter in hand—that of interviewing applicants for the advertised position: "Wanted, a stenographer with a thorough knowledge of Russian." He pushed his buzzer and, when the office boy appeared, inquired whether there were any applicants to see him.

"Sure, th' office is full of 'em, Mr. Saber," replied that worthy, rubbing his inky fingers across his face. "Show them in, one at a time, and—wait a minute—then wash your hands, William."

"Awh, I just been fillin' th' inkpots, Mr. Saber. That ain't real dirt, honest."

"Well, wash them anyway, and please don't slam the door when you show the young ladies in."

The door slammed, to be reopened in a moment. John Saber shivered. No lily of the field was ever ar-

rayed as the figure before him.

A tall, young-old woman, lips like a scarlet slash

upon a dead white ground, a sleazy silk blouse, a fringe of hennaed hair beneath her red cloche turban, a colorful skirt—so very short that Sabre blushed—stood before him jingling a mass of gilt beads, while her bold eyes took note, somewhat contemptuously, of every detail about his person. He cleared his throat.

"You are a stenographer?"

"Yeah." She shifted her gum, gave it a tentative chew, and went on. "My name is Vivian Violet Lafleur an' I worked for Hobson's Ltd., for two years."

"Where are your references?"

"References?" Miss Lafleur gazed scornfully upon him. "Huh! I haven't any, 'cause I left there. There's a limit to what a poifect lady will stand."

"Oh!" What should he say next? "Oh, yes, do you understand Russian well enough to write a letter in that language?"

"Say, mister, yuh really didn't mean that, didya?"

"Certainly we meant it."

"Well, if that's not a wow! I know lotsa words in Rushyun, like 'Caviar,' an' 'Anchovy' an' 'soviet,' but I couldn't write the stuff to save my neck."

"I'm sorry, Miss Lafleur, but we must have someone who is fluent in that language. Good morning."

Thank heaven! she was gone, but he could hear her shrill voice in the outer office.

"Say, if yuh can't read and write and think in Rushyun, you haven't got a show in there."

A chorus of voices greeted her announcement and he heard them departing, chattering indignantly.

Well, that was that. There would be nothing more now until the afternoon brought others. That reminded him that he must telephone the Times to continue the advertisement for a few days. He reached for the telephone.

"Say, Mr. Saber, there's another one here yet," and William poked his head through the door.

"Ask her if she understands Russian thoroughly. If she doesn't, tell her I cannot consider her for the vacancy."

A murmur of voices. Then, the door opened, quietly this time, and a little figure in blue serge stood on the edge of his office rug. His keen glance noted that her suit showed signs of wear, of frequent pressings and spongings, but it was neat and clean.

Her face, too, was unadorned with aught save Nature's color—perhaps a little wan. A small hat, severe in style, very dark, and unornamented, heightened the ivory pallor of her face; her gloves, which she twisted nervously, were darned here and there—of that he was certain.

"Do you understand Russian well enough to write a good letter in that language?"

"Yes sir, and French and German also."

Her voice was low, musical, almost a throaty contralto. "A pleasant voice—the voice of a person of some education," he thought, and there was a slight accent which fell pleasantly upon his ear.

"What is your name?"

"Anna Charles, sir."

"What a peculiar name," came into Sabre's mind, but he remarked aloud: "What experience have you had, Miss Charles, and what references have you?"

"I have no experience yet, sir." She flushed a little and a note of pleading crept into her voice, as she continued: "and I have no references, sir, but this certificate from the school of stenography." She eagerly held out a roll, but, when he made no effort to take it, drew it back with a little gesture of despair.

Saber had been long enough in America to realize just how little that certificate might mean and he had almost smiled when he saw how eagerly she had offered it to him.

"Well, Miss Charles, experience in stenographic work is almost essential for this position." Saber was debating with himself.

She half lingered a moment, and, then, turned to go. Her shoulders drooped despairingly and he was almost certain her lips quivered a little.



"But the old priest was upon his knees his head bowed in silent prayer"

"Miss Charles, wait a moment." Like a flash, she turned, eager expectancy shining in her face. "Sit down a moment, won't you?" and he pointed to a long bench near the door.

The girl sat down, but, as Saber, rising, came over toward her, she suddenly flushed and rose as if prepared to go.

"Pray be seated, Miss Charles." Saber, too, flushed when he read her action. "I do not wish to disturb you, but I have one or two questions to ask you. Now, as I was saying, experience is almost necessary but a knowledge of Russian is infinitely more important. Romaine Ltd. are doing a rather large Russian business and we find that we must have someone who can take charge of the Russian correspondence. Could you do that? I mean—read our letters, answer inquiries, and attend to all correspondence with our Russian clients?"

"I think I could, sir, although I do not know very much about business of any sort."

"Well, where did you learn Russian?" From her accent, Saber judged she was Russian, but he wished to verify his belief.

"I have always known it, sir. She drew herself up proudly. "I am Russian by birth."

"Ah! I see. Then you understand it. "He spoke in Russian.

"Yes, naturally," came the reply without hesitation.

"Very well, Miss Charles. You may begin tomorrow morning—or this afternoon if you wish."

Joy flashed into the girl's face as she burst out, passionately in Russian: "May you be rewarded, sir! I shall be faithful in your service."

"There, there, that's enough! Saber was embarrassed and uncomfortable before her thanks, so he assumed a gruffness he did not feel. "This is a business proposition, Miss Charles, not a favor. There is no cause for gratitude."

Her face flushed violently and, for an instant, she seemed about to make a sharp retort but checked herself as if suddenly remembering her subordinate position. Then, without warning, she crumpled up and, had Saber not caught her in his arms, would have fallen.

Gently he laid her on the bench and, removing her hat, adjusted the leathern cushions under her head. She lay so white and still that, for all he could see, she might be a waxen figure. He dashed to the water cooler, filled a glass, tried to force a little through her lips, but failed. He sprinkled a few drops on her brow, and taking her limp hands, began to chafe them vigorously. How ghastly she was! Dark rings about her eyes, her veins stood out blue beneath her pallor but, as he worked, the flush of returning consciousness spread over her face.

With a shuddering little sigh, she opened her eyes, sat upright, putting her hand to her brow, and tried to stand. For a moment she swayed to and fro, then sitting down again, leaned back against the cushions.

"How foolish of me to faint like that," while a wan little smile lit up her face.

Saber knew full well the signs of hunger and exhaustion. He had not lived through the Revolution without learning that much.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Charles, but did you have any breakfast this morning?" He glanced at her worn shoes. "Did you walk here this morning?"

"There is no use hiding it now," she replied, "but I had no breakfast and I had to walk here this morning."

"Then you will come out to lunch with me?" He glanced at his watch. "It is just my lunch time." But she shook her head.

"No thank you, sir, I—I— really I couldn't do that, you know."

"But look here, you must have something to eat soon or you will be too ill to work. Come, just this time," and he smiled cheerily.

She shook her head. "No, I—it's impossible."

"Oh, yes, you may. It's not impossible—just this once—do come."

"Well," her resolve was weakening, "if you will consider it a loan until I can repay you. Otherwise I cannot go."

In a quiet restaurant, overlooking the park where the trees rustled in a desultory breeze, they sat down to luncheon. The girl ate in silence, daintily yet appreciatively, while Saber half forgot to eat as he watched her.

"When did you leave Russia, Miss Charles?" he inquired when the coffee was brought.

"In November, 1917." She shuddered as if the memory was painful.



After receiving Father Gregory's last blessing Ivan Saborov speedily withdrew, turning back at the door for one last lingering look

"I see," he replied as he said to himself, "A refugee."

"Oh, it was terrible, terrible! I shall never forget those awful sailors in the streets at Petrograd the night we escaped. We had to go down the Nevsky Prospekt—there was no other way. Time and time again they stopped us, howling drunken brutes with terrible bestial faces, dirty slimy hands! If we had not been well disguised— At last we managed to make our way to a pier where one of the servants who had remained faithful was waiting with a launch. Next day we were picked up by a Swedish vessel. I really don't remember. My mother and I were ill for days and the first clear recollection I have is of being in a hospital at Stockholm; though how we came there I hardly know. When we were well, we had a small house in the suburbs but, after the Armistice we came to America in hopes that we might be able to earn a living. Sweden was full of us, so were Paris and London; many worse off than ourselves."

"But—come, you mustn't go on." Saber could see that she was becoming overwrought with terrible memories.

"Listen, Miss Charles: may I offer you some assistance? I will advance you some of your salary, and, by the way, I have never told you what it is nor who I am. I am John Saber, Mr. Romaine's secretary, at your service."

"Very much so, I think, Mr. Saber." Her laugh

was the tinkling of silver bells on a clear frosty night. "I will gladly take the advance you offer—I have no pride left—" and she threw out her hands in a little gesture of despair—"because we need it at home."

"Indeed, I am very happy to be of service to you, Miss Charles," responded the man. "Coming back to the subject; you will receive sixty dollars a week."

She made a motion of protest, but he checked her ere she spoke.

"Miss Charles, we don't find a linguist every day. Should you remain with the firm, you will be of inestimable value as we do a very large European business. You have no idea how difficult it is to have it done satisfactorily. Come, let us go."

Hailing a passing taxicab outside the restaurant they drove back to the office. Saber alighted and, taking some bills from his pocket, gave them to the girl.

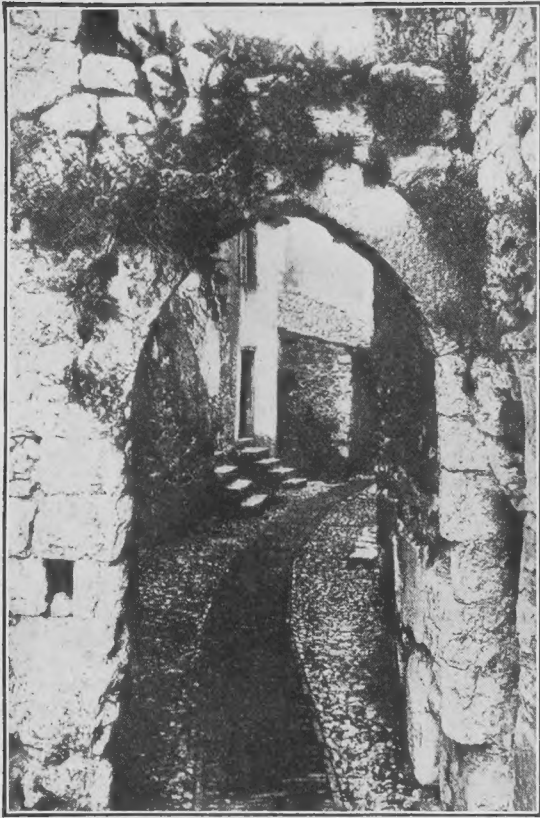
"Have this man drive you home and report in the morning," and, ere she could thank him, he had hurried into the office.

She was nearly home when it came to her that he had learned a great deal about her while she knew nothing save his name.

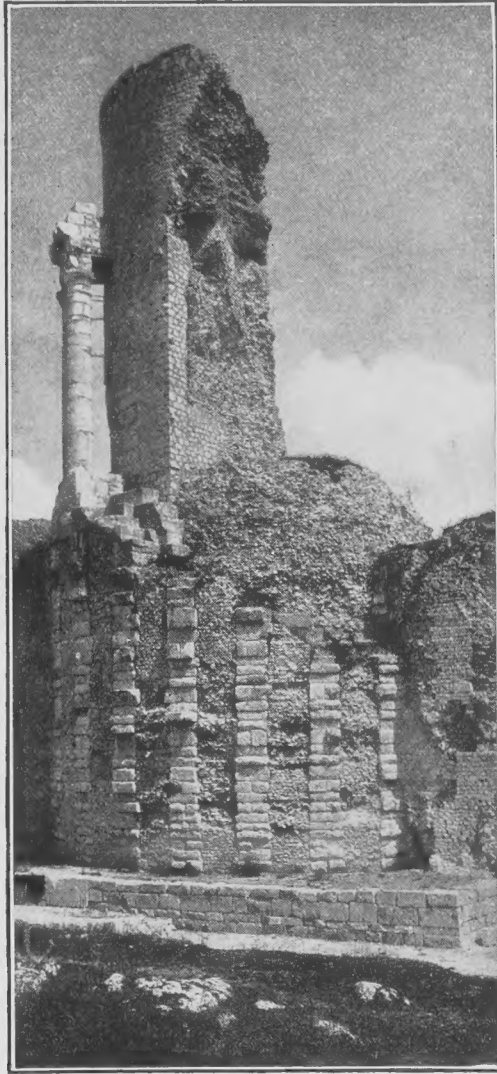
"I meant to find out if he is not a Russian. He spoke like one of the Ukraine, too. How happy

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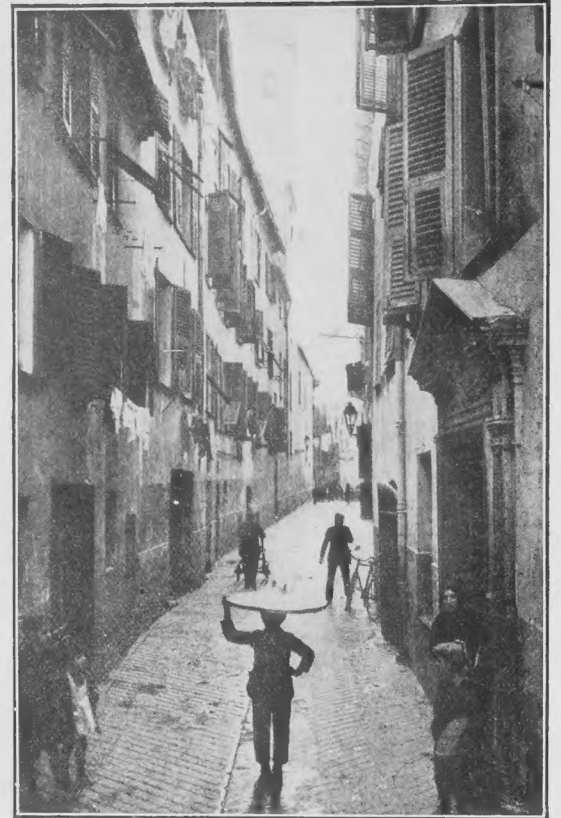
The Azure Coast



Narrow Street in "old town" Nice where Paganini died.



Tower of Augustus at town of La Turbie, Southern France built by the Romans 1932 years ago (see text)



View of street in Nice. The thousand year old house marked has just been purchased by the Crown Prince of Sweden for a winter home and fitted with modern plumbing

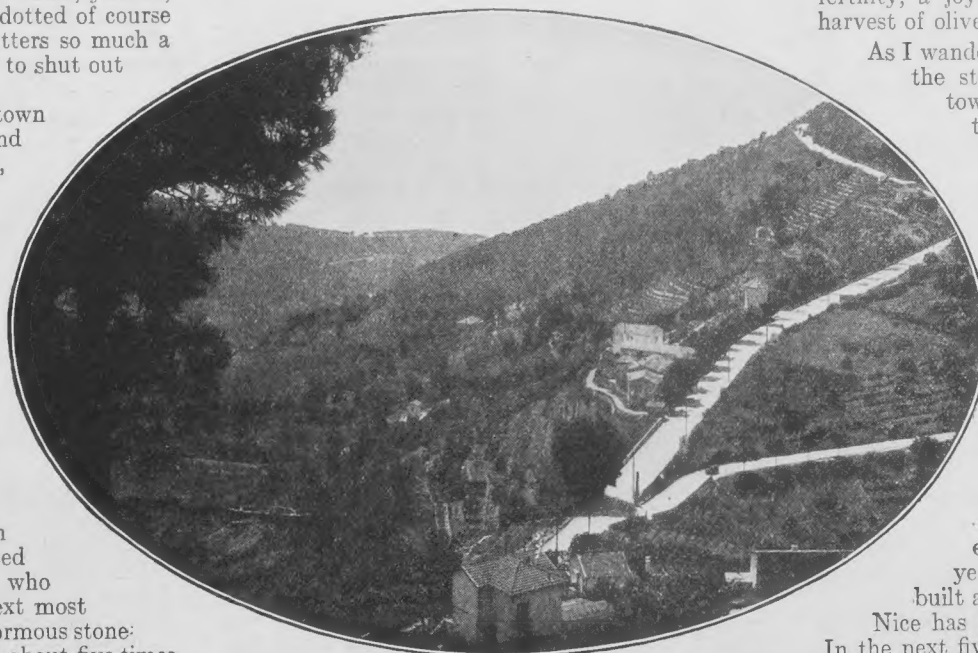
NICE, city of amazing contrasts, the dirt and smells of the old town of streets so narrow you can span many of them with outstretched hands; and then, just beyond, the new town of Nice: place of wide, clean streets, lined with arching rows of plane trees, where long lines of smart shops stand with windows and interiors burdened with all the luxuries of a highly modern civilization catering to wealthy customers from all the world. This was what I looked down upon from over the rampart of an ancient castle overlooking the ancient harbor on one hand, the old town at its feet and the new city of smart hotels and millionaires' villas beyond. It was a warm May day of brilliant sunshine of the beginning summer, just such a day as one should choose to see this place where ancient history mingles with modern commerce and the world's wealthiest idlers walk the self-same beach where the cave men trod, and that long line of men who marched through the blood-stained centuries from the long ago until now.

Seen from the rampart of the city of a quarter of a million people seemed strangely small to hold so large a population; and indeed Nice is compact. It presents a uniform expanse of vivid red tile roofs. The houses of the old town are wan yellow, and dirty white. The fronts of the new villas and hotels are a vivid variety of pinks, whites, yellows, and here and there a dash of blue, dotted of course with the endless rows of green shutters so much a part of this land where people seek to shut out the sun.

I descended toward the old town through a winding road of olive and pine, and I think one lane of yew, though the latter were somewhat different from those I have seen on the Pacific Coast of Canada. The way led by a cemetery I do not care for French cemeteries. They are too titivated, too prettied up, it seems to me, to be in keeping with their contents. Long rows of little domed houses of marble, with an open entrance, greet you. In these are piled up wreaths of beads threaded on wire, bearing words extolling the virtues of the departed. Within the little houses are very often placed on little stands pictures of those who repose below the marble. The next most common form of sepulchre are enormous stone coverings the shape of a coffin, but about five times as large, beneath which are the vaults containing perhaps the bodies of a family for several genera-

By
Francis Dickie

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In this seventh article for Western Home Monthly readers, Mr. Dickie, after many weeks of journeying to various outstanding spots on the historic Côté d'Azur, gives a vivid outline of past and present things which make this region one of the most interesting in the world.



The road leading from the famous monastery at Taghet (see text)

tions. At Nice in this cemetery on the hill is one enormous column about forty feet high of an angel with outspread wings that looks far over the city and the sea. But I was far too interested in the world of the living to loiter long in this place of ornate marble.

May is fete time in this region of France. In England May Day is celebrated for one brief day. Similarly it is honored mildly in Canada. But in Nice and the immediate surrounding region the festival is kept up throughout the entire month, the only part of Europe, as far as I can learn, where this is done. So, when I reached the first narrow street, it was to gaze down a long narrow lane between houses five and six stories tall across which was stretched long lines of tiny flags. Where the street opened out into a square there hung an arrangement of paper streamers somewhat in the shape of a circular tent from which lights hung. Here of an evening on later days I watched the people dance. Middle aged men, and men of thirty joined youngsters in circular dances, and all were merry. to the tune of mandolins, to guitars and the accordion they celebrate through May an ancient pagan fete, a homage paid to the god of fertility, a joyous prayer, as it were, for a good harvest of olives, grapes and fruit.

As I wandered on and on, I found no change in the streets. All were narrow in the old town. It was like moving down a mountain canyon, except that here the air was heavy with a mingled stench of stale fish, of dirt, old cheese, wine and close-packed humanity. It is an odor of age, a combination that could only be created through half a dozen centuries. One wonders why in a land of sun they built such high houses upon such narrow streets. Then remembrance comes that this place, like all the haunts of men upon the Mediterranean coast was ever being besieged; and it is easier to repel an enemy coming up a narrow street than a wide one. And ever since that far-away day in the year 350 when the Phoenicians first built a little town at this excellent seaport,

Nice has been the scene of constant carnage. In the next five hundred years following the coming of the Phoenicians, it was visited by Vandals and Saracens, sacked and laid waste. By the

beginning of the 13th century it had grown to be an important place, fought over and held by times by the forces of Spain, Italy and France until, after a series of bewildering changes of owners through sixteen centuries it finally was annexed by France in 1860, and, blessed with a glorious climate, a perfect beach, an incomparable sea, it became the gathering place of the wealthy from every corner of the world during the winter season.

Hence, because it is so old, the old town, at least, has a perfect right to all its varied smells. As you walk from one narrow street to another you must constantly keep your eyes aloft, for every now and then some industrious housekeeper dumps her dustpan's contents out of the window. This, of course, is much easier than walking down four or five flights. So the poor pedestrian finds he has a hard time everywhere. In the wide streets or new Nice and any other large city, he spends his time dodging automobiles and street cars. In old Nice he meets a danger new, and, while not so dangerous, quite uncomfortable.

Though the space between the buildings is not much wider than a footpath, the whole sidewalk is taken up in places with groceries, fish, and vegetables in boxes. The blood from the uncovered butcher's meat drips down upon the street and runs in little rivulets where clouds of flies settle to so rich a banquet. Children play in the streets, and scatter at times the piles of straw, rubbish from the stores, old cans and other garbage that is placed at one end of each street by the inhabitants for the daily coming of the huge carts which just barely can pass between the buildings. Such is old Nice at all times of the year, but it looks particularly quaint during the month of May with the long lines of gay flags, vari-colored bunting of this pagan festival looking down upon such inconceivable dirt and disorder.

Passing out of the old town, five minutes' walk brings you to the region of wide streets, tram cars, streets clean, water-cooled, redolent with the same smell of wealth of which one becomes conscious also in Monte Carlo and Mentone. And yet the new town is not without its odd contrasts. On my first day there I picked up the "Continental Life," a weekly devoted to smart society. Imagine my amazed surprise to find upon the first inside page a large advertisement in bold display type reading as follows:

"At last! At last! A shoe-shine stand for Nice!"



(Top) The monastery at Taghet



(Centre) A narrow street on steep hillside, Nice



The Bathing Beach, Nice

Yes, it was really true! Though this city has been the winter gathering-place for countless hordes of wealthy people for nearly a hundred years, only now were they starting a real, up-to-the-minute shoe shine stand. It was, indeed, an event. Its owners were proud of their initiative, as witness the advertisement. Truly, it was quaint. A shoe-shine stand in Nice at last! But to prove the truth that it pays to advertise, I walked around to the given address, and there, sure enough, it was; a big spacious building with five honest-to-goodness chairs lining either side, a place that was quite comparable to anything to be found in North America. It was the best I had seen in France. Even Paris is sadly lacking. So I said: "Hurrah, hurrah for Nice," and went in and had the Grecian gentleman give me a shine, at a cost of four cents. His shine wasn't

quite as good as his stand seemed to warrant, but perhaps he was as new as his enthusiasm as marked by that "ad." on which certainly stands unique in my recollection.

But if the shoe-shine stand was new, it only marks the last conqueror, so to speak, in the Americanization of France. As I walked up the street, there in a little window was a man demonstrating one of those machines for sharpening Gillette and other safety razor blades. A little farther on was a window full of Singer sewing machines, and a little further on three whole stores devoted to selling Underwood and Remington typewriters and gramophones and records from the United States. In a nearby grocery window were displayed all the patent breakfast foods: Grape-Nuts, Shredded wheat, Kellogg's bran and the like. I badly need a pair of running shoes. In the best store in Nice, after examining one stand of impossible French-made things with rubber soles as hard as a board, my eyes suddenly lighted on another table where a large sign announced

"Canadian-Made Shoes." And they were shoes. Some had rubber, others crepe soles. In connection with such machines as typewriters, gramophones and sewing machines, in particular, it is truly amazing that such an old and highly civilized land as Europe should have to turn to a new land for such inventions. As for the breakfast foods, shoes, etc., they are imported solely to cater to foreign demand. For French people are conservative. When the trump of the last daysounds,

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The Story so far:

MARY did not know that Christopher was a miser when she married him. But she soon learned that money was his love. Then her baby died, and she went off to her kin, and when she came home her husband thought to turn her into his own image. In the meantime he had bribed a young architect to act as his agent in a secret land deal and was amassing millions. But Mary believed in his poverty and became a victim to his penny-pinching. How soon will she see her folly?



Illustrations by
Charles R. Chickering

Mary began by apologising
for making him take the coal
back again "I gotta pay my
bills," he pointed out

IN FIVE years business had crowded into the block, and the houses that remained had visibly gone down hill. Some had even sunk to cards in a front window, indicating rooms or table board. The Rolleston house showed clean glass and fresh curtains and there was usually a fern to keep up the illusion of a home, but the brownstone front had a nicked and sooty look that would have suggested lodgers even if there had been no strangers letting themselves in with latchkeys.

The first lodger had been a happy accident; a girl from home who was studying art. Others had followed, and for several years the neighbors who furnished table board had been able to count on four or five mealers from the Rolleston house; but now that the rooms were growing shabby and the plumbing uncertain, there were seldom more than two or three.

September lay on the town like a smothering blanket. It was the cleaning woman's day, but Mary had to be down early to put the front room in order, for the second floor back paid two dollars a week extra for use of a piano and liked to be at it by half past eight. Christopher wanted his breakfast at eight, and a five-minute deviation tried his precise spirit. Mary gave him an orderly meal in the dining room, but she took hers anywhere, in passing, as though the family tendency to picnic had to find expression.

This morning, having poured his coffee, she stood idly by the window, looking out on dingy rear walls with an absorbed air but well aware of his movements. He had to be upset, poor soul, but he might as well have his breakfast first. The five years had a little thinned and dimmed her, but, though she had learned many things, fear was not among them. Her eyes had a smile, mocking and yet kindly, as she turned.

"Chris—" she began.

He started as though he knew that beginning and folded his napkin with defensive haste. His outlines were as trim and neat as ever, but light showed that his well-pressed suit was threadbare and his shoes were almost past blacking. His sandy hair, always stiffly brushed away from its parting, had greyed on the sides.

"I must be off," he said.

There was no escaping her. "Chris, can you let me have twenty dollars? I'm—flat." She laughed over it, but with a touch of forlornness, as though she had given up trying to make anyone else find it funny.

Chris frowned over mental calculations. "I gave you ten dollars on Monday," he reminded her.

Judgment Day

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

PART II—MARY

"You did"; though she sounded rueful, nothing could make her really sensitive about money. After five years of his rigid training, she had still her large air of indulging him in a quaint weakness. "But the coal is coming, and I can't pay for it."

He met that with a faint, dry smile. "Then why order it?"

Mary sat down to the subject. She had still a gypsy grace, and her cotton crepe dress was a mellow orange. She pleased his eyes even when she most tried his spirit, but he had kept up the barriers against her for so long that now they were second nature.

"Lodgers have to have daily baths," she explained. "Good old Saturday night has gone out, worse luck. I ordered it because Mrs. Poole promised to pay up without fail this morning; but now she says she can't. Her dividends didn't come."

"Then put her out," Christopher spoke sharply. "If you have a business, run it like a business."

"But a vacant room in September wouldn't help much. And I am sure she will pay the minute she can." Mary's faith in the good intentions of any pleasant person was sometimes hard to bear.

"She can pay you now if you are firm with her. That woman is in no need of charity. She is what I call a spender. Like all women. You are all spenders by nature."

Mary was not to be sidetracked into argument,

and a knowing twist in her lips and eyebrows told him so.

"Meanwhile, the coal is coming," she said. "And the roof leaked again last night. I had to send for Timson, though his last bill isn't paid. We owe him a hundred dollars. Chris, what are we going to do?"

He drummed on the table with nervous fingers. "I keep telling you, Mary—in another year we can sell this house at a profit—a fair profit—for business. Then we can get some rooms and stop this incessant expense."

Mary's eyes narrowed over the vision of those rooms, her shoulders contracted against them, but the subject could wait.

"Well, a year or so won't help us much with Mr. Smiley and the coal. Be a sport, Chris, and dig it up for me."

"I have not twenty dollars to spare."

She knew that set look. "All right—then that's that," she said cheerfully. "Don't mind, dear. If you can't help it, you can't."

She patted his shoulder and went out, leaving Christopher victorious. If he had not succeeded in training Mary to his ways, he had at least broken down her high-handed determination to shape life to her own pleasure; and he had known the secret thrill of invincibility. When at last she should accept his law of life, he would come out from his defense and love her. Meanwhile, having conquered, he felt magnanimous, and laid two five-dollar bills on the table; but he came back from the front door and took one of them.

Mrs. Andronopoulos presently found the other and brought it upstairs to Mary.

"I don't know what that'd be doing on the dinner-table," she said.

Mary had gone to her tiny, top-floor room to make her bed, but was lying across it, wilted with heat. She took the bill with a limp hand.

"Oh, Mrs. Andy, are you sure there weren't any others?" she pleaded.

"There was, but I tuk um for meself," Mrs. Andy said with intent to cheer. She looked rather like a camel and her battered dress was always burst somewhere, but her heart was pure Irish, and the drop of Irish in Mrs. Cray had made them blood sisters. "Are you feelin' sick?"

"Sick of lodgers," Mary explained. "Mrs. Poole owes me for two weeks. How can I be stern and get it out of her when she hasn't—got—it?" That was really for Christopher.

"She'll not be good pay, that woman."

"Why do you say that?" Mary was resentful.

"You've scarcely seen her."

"Oh, I can kind of smell 'um," was the large answer. "I've no use for lodgers, anyhow."

"They are handy when they pay up," Mary objected.

Mrs. Andy would not agree even to that. "Manny's the time Dmitri has wanted to put one of his Dago friends in the parlor," she held forth. "But I says to him: 'you can rent out the pushcart all you like, but leave my sofa be.' Lodgers is bad, every way you look at 'um. And when there's unearned money comin' in, I tell you, the man kind of knocks off."

Mary answered the thing unspoken: "You can't say that Mr. Rolleston knocks off! Did you ever know anyone who went to his work more faithfully?"

Mrs. Andy's eyes became veiled. "He keeps himself out of the house, I'll say that for'm," she admitted. "But if you'd look black at him once in a while, like I do at Dmitri when he expects me to eat up all the bananas he ain't sold, he'd hump himself and bring home more."

Mary had to laugh. "He does hump himself, poor soul."

"Well, maybe. But there's folks that like to seem richer than they are and folks that like to seem poorer." Mrs. Andy let that fall with immense significance. "Now where'll I begin?"

WHEN she had gone, Mary pulled herself up to go at the day's business, but sat for a long time on the edge of the bed, facing things. In one way Mrs. Andy was right; since the lodgers came, Chris had contributed less and less to the household expenses. He had no vices, he did not even smoke; his face, lined, far older than his years, showed the intensity of his struggle; he simply had overreached himself and could not recover. He told her nothing of his affairs. Ever since she had come back from California he had kept a veil between them. And they had never "caught up." No economy could avail against such a complete lack of money.

"Poor old Chris!" she said aloud. She always came back to that—poor Chris, so ambitious and so sensitive, having to accept failure! Her com-

passion kept her heart kindly and her speech patient. Some day, when he had accepted his disappointment, he would turn to her again and be glad she was there. "Oh, poor old Chris!"

Mrs. Andy was again at the door. "Do you want to pay for the coal?"

Mary rose up, herself again. "There's nothing I'd hate worse," she said.

"He says he won't leave it without pay—dirty lummox," Mrs. Andy added impartially.

"He is a wise man." Mary smoothed her hair at the mirror as a fencer tests his foil, then went buoyantly down to the area door, where a sooty and sulky giant waited.

It took her about ten minutes. She began by apologizing for making him take the coal back again. She had had bad luck, too late to let him know. She would bring the money over in person on Tuesday, and then he could deliver the coal at his leisure.

Mr. Smiley became defensive.

"I gotta pay my bills," he pointed out. "My grocer, he won't wait."

Mary's smile was confidential. "We must have the same grocer," she said. "How's little Sam? Why isn't he on the wagon?"

Little Sam had a cold. Mary was concerned, firm about what must be done; laughed over the picture the mite usually made, on the high seat, holding the three huge horses.

"I don't see how you dare let him," she protested.

"He's got the sense of a grown man, that kid," Mr. Smiley assured her. "Well—you say you'll have the money Tuesday?"

"Oh, yes; but something might happen. You'd better not leave it," Mary said, and went in, sending her love to little Sam. Inside the door she stood listening. A moment later there was the grateful roar of coal pouring into the cellar. She went on upstairs with a shrug for her success. There were too many of such successes in her life! She had a born gift for human relations, as real as her father's gift for painting, and asking her to use it for such ends was like asking him to paint signboards.

"If Chris would only give up!" she breathed.

That was the thought she was always repressing. If he would only give up and find a salaried position like any other man!

She daily looked in the advertisements of men wanted and business openings. Sometimes she spoke of them to him, casually, as good opportunities for someone, but he never responded, and she was too tender of his terrible sensitiveness to persist. And yet the advertisements showed that Chris's experience and accuracy, his unquestionable honesty, had a cash value in the business world. It was absurd that they should struggle on like this.

"Mr. Timson wants to see you," Mrs. Andy announced. "He's in the dining room."

Mary's hands again went to her hair. In the dining room she sat down with the table between her and the chair where Mr. Timson lolled.

"Well, what did you find?" she asked gaily.

Mr. Timson eyed her admiringly from protruding eyes. He wore a skin-tight coat to Mary's house, and a rich red tie.

"You got a leak up there," he told her.

"Considering that I was putting pails under it half the night—I had guessed that," she returned.

Mr. Timson bayed at the ceiling. "Say, there's no getting ahead of you!" he marvelled. "Well, I can patch it up, and next rain it will go somewhere else. Or I can give you a new roof and make a good job of it."

She would not consider a new roof. "Patches are more in our lines," she insisted.

"A patch suits me all right. The more I come here, the better I like it." He was sitting almost on his shoulder-blades by this time. "It's worth a lot to me to have a chat with a lady like you," he assured her.

Mary calculated, "If it is worth ten dollars an hour, I could manage ten hours," she said. "That would clean up the last bill."

Mr. Timson's enjoyment drowned out the practising in the next room.

"Say—you're cute—you're bright," he said when he could speak. "Don't you worry about any hundred dollars." Then he was seized, fondly lifted by an idea. "Say! you got a nice little room up there vacant. Why don't I move in and work off that bill in room rent?"

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"You know, Mary, I am a lot more what you ought to have had than that perfectly good citizen you married."



The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

IF YOU should see a man or woman wearing in his lapel a little button embossed with the figure of a rider backed by a mountain range you will know the individual for one of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. If the button is bronze he is a new member who has just ridden his first fifty miles of Rocky Mountain trails. If it be in silver he has completed one hundred miles of such riding, and if gold five hundred miles. There are none as yet veteran enough to wear the enamel button signifying the covering of 2,500 miles of mountain trail on cow-pony.

The Trail riders of the Canadian Rockies is a new organization but already people are to be found in many parts of the world proudly sporting the little button. Anyone can become a trail rider, the principal object of the association being to bring together in good fellowship lovers of the Rocky Mountains area, of all classes and nationalities. The aims of the organization are to encourage travel on horse back through the Rocky Mountains; to foster the maintenance of the old trails and the building of new ones; and to preserve the native cow-pony from a threatened extinction.

The Canadian Rocky Mountains, with its expansive national parks, is unquestionably one of the loveliest and most varied scenic areas in the world. Thousands of people from many countries journey across the breadth of the Dominion to this region every year and travel through by train and motor. But they depart with only an inadequate conception of the wonders and beauties of the area for the recesses back of the railway and motor roads are hidden to all but those who take the narrow trail.

At the conclusion of one ride of the Trail Riders the route to be followed on the next is decided, and each year the ride covers a different section of the Rocky Mountains so that the trail rider who is annually adding to his mileage is gradually expanding his intimate knowledge of this lovely region. Plans are carefully made months beforehand



- (1) The start of the ride.
- (2) On their way again.
- (3) Lunch time at Johnstone Creek.



and everything is in complete readiness for the day of setting out. The park rangers undertake to have the trails cleared; guides, packers and horses are all arranged for, grub is packed in and campsites picked out and teepees erected well ahead of the time of the ride.

THE annual expedition has been divided into two rides of three and five days, and in future there will be three rides of two, four and six days, these being so arranged that on the last day all parties meet in order to participate together in the big pow-wow and other events which terminate each year's outing. It is a most novel and enjoyable, and at the same time educational manner of holidaying.

Early on a July morning, in the heady air of that Alpine altitude, the riders who are to take part set out

By E.L.Chicanot

Author of

"In the Heart of Nova Scotia"

"Getting a Moose"

"A November Week in the Laurentians"

"The Babes in the Woods" Etc.



down steep mountain passes, through dense spruce and pine woods, across innumerable creeks of crystal clearness, and into parklands of lovely verdant vales. At times it takes the riders well above the timber-line where they shiver in the cutting air, then plunges them into equally deep valleys where they bask in the comparative warmth. Each hour presents a fresh wilderness of forest, lake, stream or glacier, with its own distinctive beauty and rugged grandeur, and hemming in the procession at all times are the towering piles of the Rockies, their peaks covered with summer snow, frowning down upon the puny cavalcade invading their fastnesses.

The progress of the riders disturbs mountain sheep which scamper away with incredible speed over the rocks to reappear periodically as, consumed with curiosity, they follow at their flank. At times, hugging some lofty granite monster, the riders glimpse far above them white dots that with field glasses become mountain sheep, the most coveted trophy of the sportsman. Grizzlies have been momentarily seen in the course of the day, and quite often the majestic golden eagle hovering over some valley. But these signs of life are all at some distance, and there are no ground animals, no birds at that altitude—over seven thousand feet above sea level—nothing, in fact, to break the aweing silence but the heavy, dull thud of hoofs as the cow-ponies thread their careful way or send a spray of pebbles down an incline.

The unique character of this manner of outing is very striking from the opening of the day. Riders find it difficult to realize it is in the month of August as, reluctantly struggling from their blankets, they emerge from the teepees to find the ground covered with frost and ice upon the water pail strong enough to resist the attack of a heavy cup. As they wander down to the creek and stand shivering over their ablutions in the icy water it is strange to picture cities not so very far away sweltering in the heat.

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(4) Dinner time in last camp.

(5) On the trail.

(6) At the end of the day

from the centres of Banff and Lake Louise in automobiles to meet at a point on the motor road which is the dividing line between civilization and the wilderness. Soon the horses arrive in a drove, led by cowboys and driven by others, all bearing either stock or pack saddles. A distribution of animals is made, stirrups are adjusted, and in rapid time the cavalcade is ready to set out.

Mountain trail riding is quite an unique method of travelling. The Trail is barely wide enough for one horse so that progress is in single file, and the way is so rugged that seldom is it possible to proceed faster than a walk. The rider is nearly all the time steeply climbing or precipitously descending but such tardy journeying permits a leisurely feasting on the wonders awaiting round every turn.

In and out the trail winds, up and



A Modern Cinderella

By Emily Winn



"When she came downstairs, purposefully a little late, a sudden hush fell upon the group of young people assembled below."

"MRS. R. LePAGE WESTON At Home—Thursday, April 7th, from 9 till 2. Dancing—"

The words swam before Camilla's tear-blurred eyes, as she gazed mournfully at them. Strange, you think, for a girl of nineteen, to regard an invitation to a dance in such a spirit. But Camilla Hirst was a strange girl. Highly imaginative, and too sensitive to bear the careless roughness of the modern generation's manners, she should have been born in the Victorian era, when she would have bloomed shyly among her crinolines, a perfect example of a well-bred young lady.

As it was, she was lost in the maze of slang and jazz, hurt and rebuffed a thousand times a day, by her well-meaning, but un-understanding family—her mother, loud-voiced and robust, often looked in wonder upon her little pale daughter, marveling that she should be so different from the rest of the family: Jean, big and blonde, a golf champion and winter sports enthusiast; Henry and Pat, athletes of no mean achievement; and Evelyn, who danced like a soap-bubble, and had a line of conversation that would have captivated every eligible young man, apart from her sparkling vitality and radiant rose-and-cream prettiness.

"Ah, well," Mrs. Hirst would sigh—"she is like her father—" By her tone and expression, you would judge that this was no great compliment in her eyes—but Camilla did not care—she and her father were real pals, and often took refuge together from the clamor and clash of life, in Mr. Hirst's book-lined study, where they would read musty, dark-bound volumes on Egyptology or science, and discuss abstruse problems with serious concentration. She was a little, pale thing, Camilla—a delicate oval face, big dark eyes, and straight brown hair, which she wore pulled off her rather high forehead, and screwed into a knob at the back of her shapely small head. Dowdy, she was; always too much occupied with her world of fancy to bother about her appearance. Skirts too long, "sensible" shoes, and unimaginative stockings, made up a whole which not unnaturally was overlooked by the youths, who swarmed around the brilliant Evelyn and boisterous Jean. Until lately, Camilla had not cared; she had been content with her quiet studies and her dreams . . . But something had occurred last night which had shattered the rainbow bubble in which she dwelt, and made her wish that she were more attractive and lively.

"I wish I knew how to dress, and talk, and dance," she murmured. Then, almost in a whisper, because she was rather ashamed of herself: "I want a beau," she said.

She had been to a party the night before; a small dance at a neighboring house. As usual,

she had gone unwillingly, dragged thereto by a mother insistent on good manners, and afraid of offending a hospitable friend . . . She screwed up her straight dark hair, in the usual knot; and scrambled carelessly into a pale blue taffeta frock, in which she looked shapeless, colorless and insipid . . . Black stockings and low-heeled black shoes completed her unattractive costume; and she even forgot to powder her shiny little nose—her mind was on some obscure book which she and her father had been discussing . . .

There's really no disguising the fact; she was a most peculiar girl . . . She did have a momentary twinge, as she entered the ball-room, at seeing the happy groups of girls, carefully gowned and powdered, shining shingled hair exquisitely arranged; their dainty high-heeled shoes mirrored in the polished floor, upon which they would soon be revolving in the arms of the beautiful youths who lounged nonchalantly at the other end of the room. Two of these boys rushed eagerly forward as they entered, to claim her sisters, who were immediately swept away on a tide of merriment. Camilla seated herself as usual beside her mother, and prepared to look on at the revolving couples as they flitted radiantly past her, to the seductive twanging of the best orchestra in town. . . .

"I wish," thought Camilla, a little wistfully, "that some nice young man would dance with me." Then she stiffened, remembering that she was too intellectual to be bothered with society and dress . . . "It is all a waste of time," she told herself, firmly . . . "I don't care," still more firmly, winking away a tear, as she glanced at her watch . . . Twelve thirty! And she had only had two dances; one with her host, elderly and short of breath, but still bravely doing his duty to his guests; and one with a very callow youth who had been dragooned by his hostess before he could escape, and thrust upon "the lemon of the evening," as he furiously described her afterwards to his chum. Since ten o'clock, poor Camilla had sat

upon the sofa, surrounded, during the intervals, by chattering groups, all sparkling enjoyment and vivacity; and, when the music commenced once more, left to the wide-open spaces of wallflowerdom.

AT TWELVE o'clock she had been led to the dining-room by a perfunctory son of the house, shoved into a corner, and supplied with a cup of cold coffee, some of which had been spilt into the saucer, rendering the tomato sandwich, which had been placed there, extremely soggy and unappetizing. Back again on her sofa in the ball-room, to her endless role of onlooker; there she was, at twelve-thirty, still wrapped in her haze, through which as yet only a dim light had penetrated; only a gleam of a wish to be like other girls: pretty, witty, and beau-infested like her sisters. . . . Here is what tore away the fog, and left her alive at last, a quivering, human girl, with all a woman's feelings and wishes: Just as the music came to a stop, there was a ring at the front door; a rush, a wave of laughing voices, shouting: "Bill! O-ho, Bill!" "Glad to see you, old chap!" "It's good that old Bill could get away!" And, through the door just opposite her, entered—her fairy prince! She knew him the moment she saw him. Her heart gave a big thump, and seemed to turn over in her side as she gazed. . . . He was quite an ordinary-looking young man: broad-shouldered and gracefully tall, with night-black hair which showed a faint ripple, and twinkling gray-green eyes. It was those eyes, with the laughter-made wrinkles around them; that generous, happy mouth, and the mischievous, little-boy smile of him, that tugged at her heart-strings. She rose timidly and joined the merry crowd which surrounded him in boisterous welcome. Her hostess was greeting the newcomer, and receiving his apologies for so late an arrival. . . .

"Too bad to butt in so late, Mrs. Weston," he was saying, "after refusing your invitation in the first place—but I was through with the business that kept me earlier than I expected, and I calculated that if I jumped in the little old roadster and let out on these empty roads, I could get here in time for a few dances, anyway." The music started again, drowning Mrs. Weston's gentle reply of welcome, and swept the merry throng away across the floor like gaily-colored leaves in an autumn wind. . . . Bill seized the nearest laughing, bob-haired girl, and joined the happy jazzers with

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"Camilla seated herself as usual beside her mother, and prepared to look at the revolving couples as they flitted radiantly past her."

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



*Do you know what it means
to have the extra help of Fels-Naptha?*

Millions of women *do* know! They not only see the difference in their clothes but they feel the difference in themselves. For Fels-Naptha gives a really human service—*extra* help that saves wear-and-tear on yourself!

It is *extra* help you'd hardly expect from any other soap in any form, for Fels-Naptha is more than soap. Good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha work hand-in-hand in Fels-Naptha. Two safe, thorough cleaners in

one Golden Bar to make things easier for you.

Isn't this worth more to you than you can measure—surely many times a penny or so more a week?

For your own sake can you afford to be without this *extra* help?

Get a bar of Fels-Naptha from your grocer, and try it in your own way. You'll see that for downright washing value, nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.



FELS-NAPTHA



The Queen Alexandra Solarium, Malahat Beach, Vancouver Island, B.C., opened March 1st, 1927

The Queen Alexandra Solarium For Crippled Children, Vancouver Island, B.C.

By Alice Ravenhill

"DEAR Mamma, don't you cry any more. I don't. I like this place. It's better than hospital and all boys and girls

... When morning comes Nurse puts me in a big white bath and moves my legs and it don't hurt more, and they push my bed outdoors in the sun; all the beds, they have wheels, and we eat breakfast all in a row," so writes a small boy nine years old, who has passed more than three years of his short life in hospitals, where he has undergone several operations, in the hitherto vain hope of enabling him to walk. Now, there is good reason to anticipate that after twelve months sun treatment and open-air life, supplemented in due course by sea bathing, he may join the ranks of active boys and girls, with very fair capacity to share in the routine of ordinary school life; and capable of being trained for future self-support in some not too arduous occupation. It is not surprising that with such bright anticipations the little fellow details to his faraway mother the delights of his new existence.

"We have lots to eat," he continues, "and lots of milk and all are out-of-doors. ... We have school in the sun ... Seven boys and two girls that can walk sit at a big table ... and our beds are close to teacher ... I have a board to rite on. One boy don't know his letters and can't rite. We have toys and books and mud to make things; it's clean clay mud, and we nit some yarn ... And we sing in the morning and night and school ... It is nice here and school is good and I never cry now, but little Jim does, and Nurse sits by him and sings. He is only five and not big and one day Nurse put him on my bed and I talked. Goodbye this week."

With childlike simplicity this little boy paints a fair picture of what the Queen Alexandra Solarium for Crippled Children has to offer to its small inmates. Sunshine and pure air; skilled care and treatment adapted to the special requirements of each patient; abundant and good food; a wholesome, cheery atmosphere; companionship of children of their own age; last, but by no means least, opportunities for education and train-

ing in handicrafts and occupations suited to the capacity of the individual. It is not surprising that as the visitor approaches the wide balcony, almost overhanging the waters of Mill Bay, on Vancouver Island, sounds of cheery talk and of childish glee strike upon the ear, as the occupants of cots and beds, and those who have attained relative independence on crutches, carry on their various games or play with doll or teddy bear, or gather round their motherly teacher for the lessons which, in some cases, are the first to be regularly received in the pathetically restricted lives of the pupils.

Listen, for instance, to what Victor had to say, when told of the approaching advent of the teacher; for in his case he had had no schooling at all; eight and a half years of his life having been spent in various hospitals. So, when asked how he liked the idea of going to school at last, his whole face expanded with delight as he replied with emphasis, if not eloquence: "You bet, I would!"

How, then, has this Solarium come into being, and what manner of building is it which has been provided for the fifty children who are to benefit by the treatment not hitherto available in Canada, but carried out with marvellous success for a quar-

ter of a century in Switzerland, under its pioneer, Dr. Rollier; also in England, notably under Sir Henry Gauvain, who, by the way, expressed his cordial approval of the site selected for the Queen Alexandra Solarium when spending some days on Vancouver Island in September last.

BRIEFLY, the history of the project, which reached its fulfilment when the first ten patients were admitted to the wards on the first of March of this year, dates back to the spring of 1922, when an anxious mother wrote to the Superintendent of Women's Institutes in British Columbia asking for help to secure further treatment for her child, a sufferer from tubercular disease of the spine. Mrs. McLachlan's profound and practical interest in the promotion of child welfare was known to this mother, and her faith in making the appeal was justified for, without delay, the interest of the nearest Woman's Institute was aroused in the case; and the child was, through their ready financial aid, admitted without delay to the Vancouver General Hospital. This was the starting point of a movement, headed by the Women's Institutes, to raise the necessary funds to build a hospital in or near Vancouver for the special needs of children; and the Women's Institutes Hospital Association duly incorporated with this object.

At the second annual meeting of this Association, however, early in 1925, the proposal was advanced that, in addition to the original objective of a children's hospital in Vancouver, a Solarium for the treatment of cases of surgical tuberculosis and other forms of disease or delicacy calling for prolonged care, should be erected on Vancouver Island, where the equable climate and magnificent sunshine record provide nearly ideal conditions for the employment of what is technically known as physiotherapy, or cure by skilled exposure to the ultra violet rays of the sun, combined with cool, moving air and sea bathing. It was therefore decided to form a Vancouver Island Committee for the advancement of this second object, which subsequently, and



Patients on the balcony of Queen Alexandra Solarium, Vancouver Island, B.C.

Continued on page 44

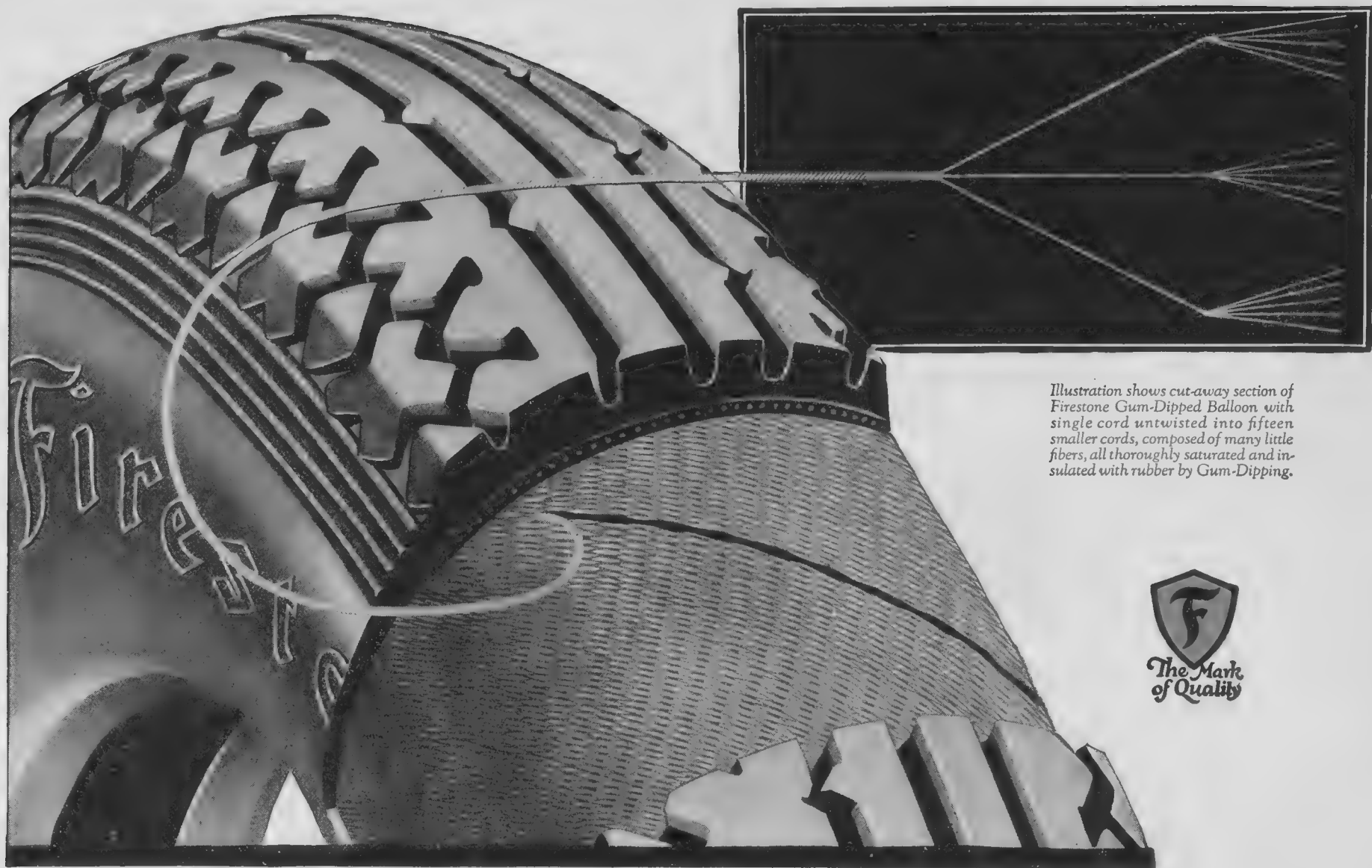


Illustration shows cut-away section of Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloon with single cord untwisted into fifteen smaller cords, composed of many little fibers, all thoroughly saturated and insulated with rubber by Gum-Dipping.



Why Firestone

Dips the Cords of the Carcass in a Rubber Solution

In the old Fabric Tire, internal friction was excessive, and mileage low. This was due to the square-woven construction which made it impossible to insulate the fabric with rubber.

Then came the Cord Tire. The cords in each ply were laid parallel—with no interwoven cross-threads—permitting much greater insulation of the cords—one from another. This materially reduced friction—and more than doubled tire mileage. But the small cords were not insulated with rubber and destructive friction within the cord was not overcome.

Firestone chemists knew that if they could find a way to insulate every fiber of every cord with rubber, they could add many thousands of extra miles of wear to

the Cord Tire. Such a method was found in the Firestone Laboratories—and called "Gum-Dipping." By this process the cords of the carcass are dipped in a rubber solution which penetrates to the innermost fibers.

Gum-Dipping made the Balloon Tire practical and established a new standard of tire mileage.

Firestone's control of raw materials in the primary markets of the world, together with economical manufacturing and distribution, gives you the safety, comfort and long mileage of Gum-Dipped Tires at prices no higher than you would pay for tires of ordinary construction.

Call on the Firestone Dealer today. Let him save you money and serve you better.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

M O S T M I L E S P E R D O L L A R

FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES

Illustrated by
Carl Michel Boog



When she arrived at the great mulberry tree she found Mrs. Bombyx at work consuming another leaf

The Princess and the Silk Worm

By William Thompson

ONE morning in early springtime Scribble Sprite called to the Princess: "Hurry, your Highness! There is a funny creature making a strange crackling noise on a big leaf of the mulberry tree."

The Princess hurried to the spot where Scribble was standing, and saw a caterpillar eagerly eating the leaf.

"May I come up and see what you are doing?" asked the princess in a very soft tone, so that the worm would not take alarm.

"If you choose," the worm replied between her half-moon bites, not knowing that she was talking to a royal personage.

Up jumped the fairy into a tree, going from one branch to another until she stood on the stem of the leaf the worm was eating.

"Sit down," said the worm.

"Thank you," said the Fairy Princess Teenee Weenee, of the Domain of Fairyland, and Sovereign Lady of the Elves of the Giant Jewel Casket and the Pink Fairies of Silverwing Falls, "what a strange creature you are," in a tone more of pity than criticism. Fortunately the worm did not hear her remark.

"What is your name?"

"My name?" repeated the worm, stopping to look at Her Highness. "You'd not be able to pronounce it if I told you," politely.

"I could try," answered the Princess, blushing, as she balanced herself on the tiny stem.

"You may try," answered the worm, moving

two steps toward the fairy. "My name is Bombyx Mori, and my home, or rather the home of my very ancient ancestors, was China, that is, so it is said; but I am sure if I had time, and not so much to do which must be done, that I could trace my family tree back to the time of creation, and that is, as you know, millions of years before the Chinese began to cultivate my acquaintance, and to commercialize me and use the product of my craftsmanship, to make pretty garments for ladies like yourself."

"It all seems very wonderful, but I do not quite understand you," said the Princess, making a very little sigh.

"I was sure you would not," retorted the worm, realizing how much time she had wasted. With an expression of impatience on her face, she moved back and began eating with much greed.

"You mentioned pretty garments for ladies; are you a ladies' tailor?" (thinking herself just a bit rude).

"I know nothing of that craft. I am a manufacturer; a spinner, you would perhaps call me."

"But you eat all the time, when do you find time to spin?"

"If you live about these parts, and have time, come around when convenient and I will show you all about it. I have found that it is very interesting to those who are not familiar with the various processes necessary for the making of raw silk."

"I will certainly accept your invitation, and be very pleased to do so," looking at Scribble Sprite

with a smile. "I'll be back tomorrow if you don't mind," as she jumped from the leaf into a nest of buttercups that towered high above her tiny head.

"I'd not be too intimate with a creature like that," hinted Scribble in a very polite, but worried, tone, as she started for the oak tree. "She might be carnivorous as well as vegetarian, and what a loss it would be to our kingdom and to our people if Your Highness were to be devoured by such a very unpleasant creature."

"But, Scribble, you will always be near to protect me in case I am in need of your help?" anxiously awaiting his reply.

"Even to the giving of my life, if it be necessary, Your Highness."

"Then I need have no fear," she responded in a tone of confidence.

"I begin work very early," the worm had informed the Princess during their interview the previous day, so the Fairy was up with the sun as fairies always are. When she arrived at the great mulberry tree she found Mrs. Bombyx at work consuming another leaf. Approaching with due caution, feeling that it was best to have an understanding with the leaf-eater, she asked: "If I should call today would you eat me?" trying to be as brave as the possibility of her being consumed would permit.

"Eat you?" asked the worm, stopping her meal to consider the question. "I understand you are a fairy. I have never known of my people eating

Continued on page 69

Dentists everywhere are preaching this modern gospel of gum massage

"Give back to the gums," *they urge,*
"the health-bringing stimulation denied them
by our soft and creamy foods."

IF you could attend a convention of dentists and listen to the distinguished men who lecture there—if you would read the text-books of specialists or talk to them in person—there would be little need to print on this page these four quotations so important to the health of every family in the land.

But even these four—four where we might have printed forty—will give you the key to the reasoning of the leaders of the dental profession in their fight against those stubborn diseases of the gums.

For these quotations—these short extracts—and hundreds of others like them, point out clearly that our food is too soft, that it robs the gums of health and that a simple and effective way has been found to combat its ill-effects and to restore the gums to their normal firmness and health.

How soft food harms and massage with Ipana helps

Under our soft modern diet, the circulation within the gum walls slows down—stagnates is the word. Fresh blood does not speed quickly to the gingival tissues. The gums grow soft and logy; and some morning "pink tooth brush" warns that a more serious, more stubborn ailment may be on the way.

Why Ipana and massage are so good for the gums and teeth

The very first thing to do, as your own dentist will advise you, is to give back to the gums the



The simple fare of earlier times contained roughage and fibre which kept our teeth and gums in health. But our soft foods today yield no stimulation to our gums. Massage and daily use of Ipana will go far to make up this lack in our diet.

stimulation soft food has denied them. He will explain the doctrine of massage, the gentle frictionizing of the gums, which speeds the circulation within the gum walls.

And very likely, too, he will recommend that the massage be done with Ipana Tooth Paste, because of Ipana's content of ziratol. For ziratol is an antiseptic and hemostatic used for years by dentists in their practice, to strengthen softened tissue and to bring the gums back to normal tonicity.

The technique of gum massage is simple. After the usual cleaning with Ipana, gently brush the gums. If at first they are tender, use Ipana on the finger tip. Your gums will benefit from the stimulation and the ziratol content.

Give Ipana a full month's trial

The coupon brings a ten-day trial tube. It will, of course, prove Ipana's inimitable flavor and a few brushings will demonstrate Ipana's cleansing power.

But a better test of Ipana's benefits is even quicker to hand. Ten days is really too short to show improvement in your gums, and the full-sized tube, with a hundred brushings, is no further away than the nearest drug store.

Buy it there. Use it faithfully for thirty days. Then you will know for a certainty all Ipana's virtues in bringing new health to your gums, new beauty and cleanliness to your teeth.

How the dental authorities condemn soft food and describe the benefits of gum massage

From a famous specialist

"In our mouths, resistance to disease is very low. This is because we choose our food unwisely, eat hurriedly. . . . These factors contribute toward sluggish circulation of the blood."

From a professional journal

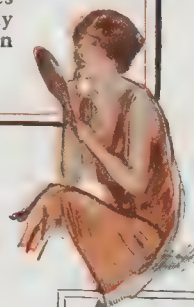
"Massage is applied to the gums first with the tooth brush, second with the finger tips, and third by efficient mastication. With gum massage efficiently used, no spot about the gingiva can long remain in stasis. Gradually the circulation is restored, the fibres tighten, and health supervenes."

From a standard text-book

"There are two ways of aiding low disease resistance from the outside. One is to use the teeth in a vigorous manner in chewing, of course, fibrous food. The other is by massage of the gums."

From a text-book on preventive dentistry

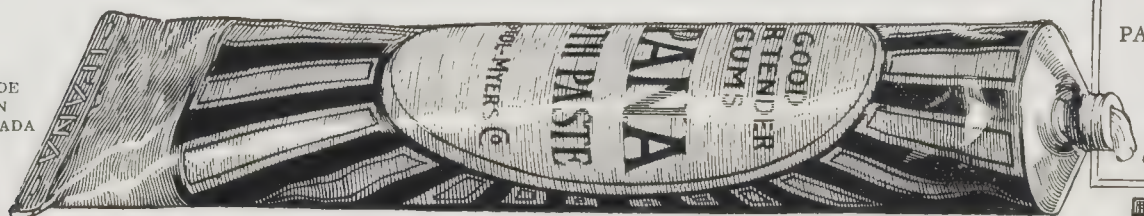
"The instant the gums are brushed properly the blood starts to flow more rapidly and a new life and color make their appearance. After a thorough prophylactic treatment it is not unusual to see the tissues lighten in color, possibly two or three shades in twenty-four hours."



IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

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IN
CANADA



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36e St. Francois Xavier St.
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE, without charge or obligation.

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Eveready Layerbilt "B"
Battery No. 486, the
heavy-duty battery that
should be specified for
all loud-speaker sets.

This is the Heavy Duty Battery in which the New

The new Eveready Layerbilt is here, bringing to you greatly increased length of service and cutting "B" power costs to rock bottom.

By reason of a radically different construction, never before used in any radio

battery, the new Eveready Layerbilt packs almost twice the vital current-producing materials to each square inch of space.

This patented, exclusive Eveready battery is built in flat layers of highly active

elements, each making automatic connection with its neighbour. The entire case is packed solid with dynamic material. You get more battery for your money, and that battery is one-third to one-half more efficient.



The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer is an electrical cell, making automatic contact with its neighbors and filling all available space inside the battery case.

Layerbilt Construction Provides Greater Economy

Remember this about "B" batteries. All loud speaker sets need heavy-duty batteries . . . and the new Eveready Layerbilt has proved itself to be by far the most economical and efficient heavy-duty unit ever designed. Make your

next "B" battery an Eveready Layerbilt, and prove for yourself these claims of economy and long life.

Your dealer has a full stock of Eveready Layerbilts.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO.
LIMITED
 MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Owning and operating Radio Station CKNC (357 metres) Toronto, on the air every Monday and Thursday evening at 9 p.m.

***"Radio is better
 with battery power"***

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Chaucer

BRIEF-BIOGRAPHY No. 3.—Geoffrey Chaucer, the "father of English poetry," was born most probably about 1340, though the traditional date is 1328. He is believed to have studied at Cambridge and later at Oxford. While a student, he wrote *The Court of Love*, and *The Book of Troilus and Cressida*. In 1359 he served under Edward III in his French campaign and was made prisoner. After his release and subsequent marriage, he entered public life. He was sent on an embassy to Genoa in 1372. On his return, he was appointed comptroller of the customs for wools, and in the same year, the King granted him a pitcher of wine daily for life. In 1377, he proceeded to Flanders in the retinue of Sir Thomas Percy, afterward Earl of Worcester, and, for several years thereafter, he was employed in embassies and other business in connection with the public service.

Chaucer was thus a man of affairs as well as a poet. He was learned in the science, the theology and the literature of his time. His poems are numerous and exhibit great poetic excellence. He died in London in 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 4.—The duties and qualifications of an instructor in engineering are described in the paragraphs that follow. It will be seen that high technical qualifications are required but for those who are prepared to make the necessary effort, the rewards are certain and satisfactory.

Duties: Under direction, to give instruction in engineering and surveying at the Royal Military College; on occasion to give individual instruction to cadets; to prepare, examine, and rate examination papers; to give such lectures as may be laid down by the Professor of Engineering in the subjects of Thermodynamics, Heat Engines, and Elementary Electrical Engineering; to assist in the supervision of classes in general engineering; to take charge of the Mechanical and Electrical Laboratory, and of the Testing Laboratory; to make the necessary preparations therein for demonstrations and experiments, and to assist in the instruction of classes in the laboratory; and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications: Graduation in engineering from a school of applied science of recognized standing, preferably in mechanical engineering; practical experience in a general machine shop; preferably at least two years of experience in engineering design and construction work; familiarity with the installation and operation of steam and internal combustion engine power plants, and with direct and alternating current machines of moderate size in general commercial use; ability to deal tactfully with cadets; good personality.

A Challenging Sentence

IT IS reported that the new prayer book of the Church of England has the following sentence in the Confirmation Service:

"Go forth into the world in peace; be of good courage; hold fast to that which is good; render to no man evil for evil; strengthen the faint-hearted; support the weak; help the afflicted; honour all men; love and serve the Lord rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit."

This sentence, it is said, has met with universal approval. Certainly it contains a challenge to the best that is in any young man who is about to take his first position in life. While the exhortations are given



Our readers will, in the future, miss the delightful word pictures portraying the majesty of the Rockies that from time to time appeared in this magazine from the pen of M. D. Geddes. The following tribute to Mount Assiniboine reached us during the last days of July and was probably his last effort, for on August 3rd he fell to his death while ascending the precipitous slopes of Mount Elfroy. The poem contains many little philosophies that we shall do well to ponder over and is one of the best of the many that he has written. The mountains that he loved so well will await in vain the return of this bold and courageous soul.—Editor.

Assiniboine

By M. D. Geddes

Assiniboine, proud sentinel of the peaks,
Who through the years since earth was Eden-new
Hast stood on guard enrapt when wisdom speaks
And listened as man's pulsing progress grew;
Thy rock-rimmed heart was thrilled when human feet
First touched the edges of thy mantle white,
And avalanche and shale-slide marks each beat
Thy bosom gives from early dawn to night;
Yet not until thy highest peak was scaled
Did perfect mountain beauty stand unveiled.

Faint voices cent'ring in thee whisp'ring thrill,
Yet only nature-lovers hear the sound;
"The race is for the strong" re-echoes still,
And circling draws mankind the wide world round.
These voices speak "endurance, courage, hope,
Attainment, inspiration, vision, skill";
Each fibre of man's bigness hath full scope,
He conquers by the force of grit and will.
And in thy hidden soul content thou art
When each who tries thy heights doth well his part.

Thou art an ancient library; fringed with rime
Tier upon tier thy pages lie secure;
The Master Printer bound thee for all time,
An heritage of priceless literature;
Thou art a temple, dowered to man, God-given,
And lesser mountains worship at thy feet,
Thy hoary rugged forehead rests in heaven;
And man through thee can glimpse the mercy-seat;
For as the God of Ages made thee strong,
Thy message thrills and strengthens like a song.

Thou art a master teacher, through the years
Inspiring all to climb the heights of life;
Thy restful solitude abates all fears,
And frees us from the haunts of greed and strife.
Ambitious schemes seem puny as we gaze
Up through the moonlight at thy massive form;
Thou guardian of the clouds that kiss thy face,
Thou tower of strength that buffets every storm.
Man gathers from thee strength for every test—
High inspiration to achieve the best!

with a view to the development of the spiritual life, there is nothing here that will not stand practical scrutiny and that will not prove good tactics in the everyday affairs of life.

Fine Writing

I ONCE heard a man describe another as one who was "incapable of saying a plain thing in a plain way." If a man writes "has been made the recipient" instead of "has received," we may accuse him of fine writing but in spite of all that has been said against it, fine writing still persists. So, we meet such examples as the following:

Turfy expanse—for Lawn.

In the absence of the feline race the mice will give themselves up to various habits—for "When the cats are away the mice will play."

In view of the fact that—for Because.

The very brief interval of time which we had at our disposal for the transaction of our numerous and multifarious engagements rendered it impossible for us to accompany you on your journey—for We were too busy to go with you.

An interesting example occurs in the novel *Barabbas*, by Marie Corelli. It is said of Pilate that "slowly lowering his hands, he dipped them in the shining bowl, rinsing them over and over again in the clear, cold element, which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against the fire."

In describing the same incident, the Bible says simply: "Pilate took water and washed his hands."

Bookkeeping and Accounting

A CANADIAN contribution to the subject of Bookkeeping and Accounting is made by Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, through the publication of two books, the one entitled *Accounting Principles and Practice*, by R. G. H. Smalls and C. E. Walker, Chartered Accountants, and the other being called *Exercises and Problems in Accounting* by the same authors.

The first book does not contain any problems but it does contain an exposition, from a Canadian point of view, of the principles of double-entry bookkeeping, and an outline of established Canadian accounting practice. While it has been written for use by the student of accountancy, it is also hoped that it will be found helpful by the business man who wants to get a sound interpretative knowledge of the underlying principles of business, especially from the financial point of view.

The second book is especially suited to the needs of the student and is filled with exercises illustrative of Canadian business problems. The exercises are arranged in sections corresponding to the chapters of the first book, so that explanations of difficult points may be easily ascertained. In this 100-page book there are more than 230 problems and sets and yet the price is only 50c, postpaid. Although it is a companion book to *Accounting Principles and Practice*, it may be used with any standard bookkeeping text.

A Reminder

THIS page dealing with the problems of young men, has been conducted for many years, and has, we are glad to know, proved helpful to many in arriving at sound conclusions in entering upon their chosen careers.

It is the aim to render still a wider service, and inquiries are welcomed concerning any business problems and qualifications necessary for the commercial occupations of the day.

MANITOBA



THE Earl of Selkirk was the first to realize the importance of Western Canada as a field for colonization. In 1811, he purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company 116,000 square miles of land in the Red River district. The first group of seventy settlers came in by way of York Factory, on Hudson Bay, and within three years were joined by two hundred more colonists.

From this nucleus, Manitoba has grown in wealth and prestige until now it ranks fourth in population. Yet the surface of its resources has barely been scratched.

Agriculture - There are 25,000,000 acres of potential agricultural land of which little more than half is occupied and only about one-third improved. The value of field crops produced in 1926 was approximately \$120,000,000.

Water Powers - The development of public utilities in Manitoba within the last few years has been tremendous. Among others, there has been a great development of water power resources. The present industrial water power installation totals 227,135 h.p. with a total possible installation of more than 5,700,000 h.p.

Furs - Manitoba's chief source of wealth for two hundred and fifty years was pelts. And, today, after such a long period of toll, the fur-bearing animals of the prov-

ince add approximately \$2,000,000 annually to its resources.

Minerals - A twenty-million ton copper ore body, numerous gold quartz veins and other minerals have been discovered recently in Manitoba and presage an industrial era which will equal and may surpass the wealth of its agricultural products.

Industry - Manitoba's rapid growth as a manufacturing province is shown by the fact that there are more than 700 establishments producing products valued at approximately one hundred millions of dollars.

Forests - Although usually considered as a "prairie" province, surveys say that there are 137,600 square miles of forest land within its boundaries.

¶ All of these vast resources make Manitoba today a rich field for exploitation and offer aspiring settler and capitalist alike unlimited opportunities.

The Northern Electric Company continues to contribute to this growth by developing and supplying much of the electrical equipment which binds the provinces together industrially and socially.

Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED

Equipment for the transmission of
Sound and Power



Information

This announcement appears in the press throughout Canada this month.

1867 - CANADA - 1927



General view of the Bow River Valley where the world's most beautiful golf course is under construction

Banff's New Golf Course

THE Canadian Pacific Railway is constructing what will probably prove to be the finest golf course in America, on the roof of the world, at the Banff Springs Hotel. There are many famous courses on this side of the Atlantic, such as Pine Valley, The National, Ancaster, Lido, McLamston Toronto, St. Andrews by the Sea, New Brunswick, to aim at, but the thoroughness and magnitude of the recent undertaking of the Canadian Pacific Railway beggars description. To build a course under ordinary conditions is a costly job, but when rock has to be quarried to make fairways, greens and tees, rivers bridged, and soil brought in by the train-load on which to grow the turf, one can readily understand that hundreds of thousands can be spent on such an undertaking.

The course starts on the side lawn of the Hotel about two hundred feet from the main building. A study of the card will show the perfect balance that has been obtained. This was compiled after comparing the cards of several of the noted courses. The par being 73, the course will have three sets of tees, the long set measuring 6640 yards, for the crack golfers, the medium tees 6315 yards, for the average golfer, and the short tee 6045 yards for the ladies. These tees will be in play all the time. The bunkering has been so worked out that each set of tees presents practically a different course.

The fairways will be doubly wide, there being two distinct routes to each hole. One can stand on the tee and judge which route to follow. For the bold there is a short route, harassed by bunkers, but the reward for success is a birdie. For the short player, there is the long route, free from bunkers. The fairways will be watered by an automatic sprinkler system.

The greens will be large and built along modern lines. They will be surfaced with creeping belt grass.

All classes of golfers will enjoy the Banff course, for the novice is not discouraged by unfair trapping, nor is the course too easy for the expert.

The score card given below, and description of the course which it is not possible to include in this article, show what a perfect layout is prepared. Contrary to what one would suppose to be the case in the mountains, there is little climbing necessary. In fact the grades are easier than most courses. The course in itself can "stand on its own legs," but the setting, thrown in as an added attraction, makes it superb.

The course was laid out personally by Stanley Thompson, the internationally known golf architect, and the work is being supervised by his firm. When asked as to whether the Banff course would be his best, Mr. Thompson said he had been commissioned to build the last word in golf courses, whether it would be his best work, the public would be the judge. Nature, however, he said, had been kind. He had found a surfeit of character to work with, so much in fact that it was difficult to choose a route. When asked what the course would cost, Mr. Thompson gave no figure other

than that it costs money to work with rock.

CARD—BANFF GOLF COURSE:—

Hole No. 1, 345 yards, par 4. Hole No. 2, 455 yards, par 5. Hole No. 3, 365 yards, par 4. Hole 4, 490 yards, par 5. Hole 5, 400 yards, par 4. Hole 6, 270 yards, par 3. Hole 7, 485 yards, par 5. Hole 8, 190 yards, par 3. Hole 9, 415 yards, par 4. Hole 10, 380 yards, par 4. Hole 11, 470 yards, par 5. Hole 12, 150 yards, par 3. Hole 13, 595 yards, par 5. Hole 14, 245 yards, par 3. Hole 15, 375 yards, par 4. Hole 16, 445 yards, par 4. Hole 17, 210 yards, par 3. Hole 18, 455 yards, par 5. Total yards, 6640, par 73.

There is space herein to mention but a few of the more interesting features regarding the start of play at the first green and a few of the most interesting high lights of the course.

In order to get to the club house you leave the Hotel lobby, walk down a path to a plateau thirty feet below. The club house sits on a cliff at the base of which the Bow and Spray rivers join. From the club house, and also from the first tee, to the left and west, one looks up a rocky gorge, about six hundred feet, at the Bow Falls, and to the right the fast-flowing Spray comes down a V-shaped valley which is wooded to the timber line. The first tee (back tee) is on the precipice about fifty feet above the Spray river. The carry across the river is only one hundred and fifty feet. A local rule permits re-teeing if one is unfortunate enough to top the drive, with loss of distance only. A cable bridge is being swung across the river and the medium and short tees are on the east (green side) of the river. The fairway has been cleared through fir and pine trees. The shot to the green is an easy one and there is little trapping on this hole.

The eighteenth is a hole of many hazards, a sterling hole to finish the match. From that green one crosses the Spray river again, and mounts an escalator which goes up to the Club House lawn fifty feet above.



Looking in along the new 9th fairway. Mt. Stony Squaw in background

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the old days were!" and she sighed as memories blotted out the traffic-crowded streets.

But she had no opportunity to question Saber. She was kept busy every day with the growing correspondence and the wealth of detail it entailed and, as days passed she became more and more engrossed in her work so that, gradually, the recollection became only a faint memory.

She saw little of him, in fact, for Romaine, who fled from the city at the approach of summer, kept his secretary busy, sometimes for several days, at his camp in the Adirondacks. Yet Saber was often at the offices, for Anna frequently found memoranda upon her desk which showed that he was in close contact with all that transpired in the business and it came to her that he must come down often, at night, when the staff had gone. Indeed, she had not been able to thank him again but had been forced to leave in an envelope upon his desk, the money he had advanced to her. The envelope had lain undisturbed for several days and then, suddenly, had disappeared.

AS JULY waned and vanished in a haze of heat, the harvest sun blazed down upon the gasping city, licking up the moisture until every tree hung limp and faint while the grass was crisped wherever it dared to show a blade. Day after day, a sickening, enervating pall of heat hung over the city; the pavements seared the foot set upon them; the great office buildings seemed like huge ovens; the very air itself was a lash of flame.

Anna felt herself growing weak and faint. She longed for a holiday but no word came of it. In ones and twos, the others of the staff vanished and returned, bronzed and invigorated, with tales of holiday pleasures, but the powers who ruled over such things seemed to have forgotten her existence. Her father and mother had, at her insistence, gone to a quiet place in the cool country and, while their letters gave her a certain pleasure, she was filled with unutterable longing to see again the green fields and to hear again birds singing their vespers in the shady groves. Then suddenly, one morning, when she had almost given up hope, she found a note upon her desk, directing her to take at once her vacation—only a fortnight—but with full salary.

While packing that night in the sweltering little flat, Anna suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to reply to a very important letter which, coming that afternoon, she had forgotten in the excitement and anticipation of her holiday. She glanced at her watch. If she made haste, she could send her luggage to the station, and, by taking a taxicab, could go to the office before her train left.

Would she or would she not? She must decide quickly. She had given Romaine Ltd. faithful service but— they might lose an important customer if the letter went unanswered. For just a moment she hesitated but, remembering Saber's kindness when she had most needed help, determined to do it at all costs.

The amazed and sleepy night watchman yielded to her entreaties and urgent persuasion to take her up to the office. As she entered the large, darkened outer office, Anna stopped in amazement. A light burned in Romaine's private office and she could dimly make out the outlines of several men crowded about Saber's desk.

"What can they be doing there?" she wondered, and thought for an instant of withdrawing, but changed her mind and hurried softly into her own room.

A low hum of voices reached her ears and, involuntarily, she paused to listen. They were speaking in Russian. "—you

have found no trace of him then?" That was Saber's voice, clear and incisive.

"None whatever, sir. We know that he came to New York shortly after the Armistice when they were coming in dozens, but we have found no trace of them since they landed."

"Have you exhausted every available clue in the City?"

"Yes, sir. There is no record of him after he landed. He has evidently never been employed anywhere in the City; no one of his description has ever registered at the employment bureau and none of his possible confreres know anything of him."

"You say none of the Russians know anything about him?" Saber was insistent.

"No sir. The city has swallowed him up completely. Do you wish us to continue the search any longer?"

Saber was silent, and seemed wrapped in thought. Then he spoke.

"Yes—he must be found—at all costs. I have a debt to pay."

They were preparing to go now. Anna knew that they had no idea they had been overheard. She must act quickly and, in desperation, looked about her but there was no place where she might hide. Then, like a flash, the thought of a side door, seldom used, which opened into a corridor, came to her. Noiselessly she tip-toed across the office and tried it. It was locked. She could hear them coming into the main office. Trembling with sudden apprehension, she inserted her passkey in the lock. An ear-piercing shriek! so it seemed to the hurrying girl but the door was open and, in a flash, she was out in the corridor.

Crouching in the shadows of the corridor, Anna watched them cross to the elevator and, after an interminable delay, they were gone. She waited there for a few minutes, then, as no sound could be heard, slipped back into the office and was again at her desk.

Whom were they seeking? Why was Saber so insistent and what could the debt be? His voice had rung unpleasantly as he mentioned the debt and she doubted that the other would appreciate payment. There had been a relentless savagery in his tone, which rather terrified her—a savagery so out of keeping with his character. Moreover, he was a Russian, as she had long suspected.

Vainly she tried to concentrate on her work. The moments were flying, flying, while she racked her brains for words, and no words came.

She had almost finished framing her reply when, looking up, she saw that the offices were flooded with light. More than that, Saber was standing in the doorway, gazing at her. What if he questioned her? Terror gripped her in his cruel, cold hands and, inwardly, a prey to her emotion, but, womanlike, outwardly calm, cold, she waited for him to speak.

"What are you doing here, Miss Charles? I thought you were going on your vacation today."

"Oh, I was, but I remembered that this letter must not be delayed and I wasn't certain whether anyone would answer it."

"I see." His face was drawn and haggard, his eyes, once bright, now dull, showed sleepless nights; he appeared on the point of collapse. "It's very good of you, but you shouldn't have done it. You are not looking well."

Wearily, he passed his hand over his brow so, emboldened and, shocked to sudden pity by the weary look in his

eyes, she replied: "You are very tired yourself, sir."

"That is nothing; I've been rather busy lately. That's all." How casually he dismissed his own fatigue. "Are you not going tonight?"

"Oh, yes, in about twenty minutes." She glanced at her watch and a sharp cry of pain escaped her.

"What's the trouble? Have you missed your train?" he asked.

"Yes," was her reply.

"Where did you intend to go?"

Out to a farm near Brocking—about seventy miles."

"Then if you will finish your letter I will drive you out. Harris has the car here."

She shook her head. "No, I can wait until tomorrow," but Saber was insistent.

"It will be delightful, Miss Charles. Harris won't mind as he is on night duty anyway at present. You must not miss any of your vacation. We need you here so, to do good work, you must keep fit. I am only too sorry we cannot give you a longer vacation than this. Come, I am wasting your time—finish your letter; then we shall have a bite of supper and go."

Again she looked at the gray, drawn face before her. The tired eyes seemed to blaze like coals of fire against a pale mask but they were the unseeing eyes of the sleepwalker who gazes into infinity and sees naught.

Like the sea tides, a wave of pity swept up in her heart. Here he was urging her to go on her vacation—offering to drive her that she might not lose any part of it, and, all the while, she was certain that he had enjoyed and would enjoy no relaxation from his labors. He must not go; he must have some rest ere day again brought its labors.

"You must not come, sir. I will be glad of the opportunity but I shall not take it unless you go to get some sleep. If I am needed here, you, sir, are indispensable."

Saber shook his head.

"Then I stay until tomorrow."

"No, you must go tonight with Harris, since the car is here and—I cannot think of your staying in this blasting, withering heat another hour. You must go, Miss Charles."

"But, sir—will you not stay and get some rest? Harris can take me and I shall be perfectly comfortable. Besides, I am awfully tired—" She made a pretense to yawn—"and I would like to sleep in that comfortable motor car, but, if you were along, I would stay awake and talk to you all the way."

She smiled up at him and, in a moment, he was all contrition.

"Oh, here I am, keeping you from your rest. I forgot for the moment—that—that you might want to sleep," he ended, lamely.

"Then you will stay in town?"

"Yes, I shall stay if you are quite certain—"

"Oh, I am. Now, please, kind sir, let me finish my work." She spoke gaily, but Saber felt the subtle tinge of mockery in her words.

Smiling, Saber turned to his own office, and as Anna watched, she saw him scribble a few words on a sheet of paper. A moment later she looked again, and saw him fast asleep, his head pillowed on his arm.

She completed her letter, dropped it down the chute, and with a last look to see that all was as it should be, snapped out the light and tiptoed out of her office.

Then she thought of the waiting Harris. She could not go down, commandeer the Romaine car as if it were her own and drive away, but the alternative was to awaken Saber. Her heart rebelled at the thought. But what else could she do?

His face lay somewhat shadowed but yet there was light enough to see his features. The lines of care and worry had been smoothed away; a faint flush had returned to his cheeks; his lips were half parted while his breath came as easy as a child's. What a shame to disturb him! For a moment she thought of retreating and doing her best with Harris. No. She would wait for the train.

At that moment her eye caught the sheet of paper lying just beyond the sleeper's head and, involuntarily, she glanced at it. It was an order to Harris—signed at that—to take her wherever she wished to go.

Anna caught her breath and her heart beat faster. What a man he was! Weary, over-taxed—he had yet foreseen this possibility, so rather than disturb her again, he had done this.

"Few men in his position would have offered a stenographer a car," she thought—"and he not only does that, but foresees and forestalls any emergency that may arise. Only a truly good man has room in his heart for the underlings."

With a full heart that whispered strange things to her, she took up the paper and, with a sudden impulse, bent over, brushed his outstretched hand with her lips. He stirred in his sleep and hurriedly she fled, marvelling at and questioning herself.

THROUGHOUT her vacation, she could not drive Saber from her mind. His image was ever before her eyes, his voice rang in her ears, and, when she communed with her soul, ere she went to sleep, one startling question came up to confront her and refused to be dismissed but haunted her waking hours, and after that her dreams, with annoying and amazing frequency, centred upon John Saber.

"Mother," she asked one evening as her holiday drew to a close, "how does a girl know when she loves a man?"

"My dear," her mother, startled, looked at her. Then her eyes grew soft. "My dear, she knows—that is all, but she will not admit it even to herself. Love is like the breath of spring. Ere we realize its presence, it comes in at the window of the heart, bearing rich promise of the blossoms of happiness."

Then in her heart, Anna knew that she loved John Saber and asked herself the inevitable question: "Does he, by any chance, love me?" Somehow she knew that he did and would tell her of it.

The last days of idleness and freedom, the first she had known since a child, fled all too quickly, fraught with golden dreams.

On the morning of her return Anna found a great mass of roses upon her desk, and as she buried her face in their fragrance, Saber's voice hailed her cheerily.

"Ah, Miss Charles, I'm so glad you're back. How well you look! Your holiday has done you good."

"Thank you, sir. Here I am, ready for work. Thank you a thousand times for the roses. They will continue my holiday." She longed to add: "None but you would have remembered," but she did not, although her heart sang over and again that very refrain.

Life at the office had altered—not outwardly—but she saw Saber every day now. Day after day, he came to her, ostensibly to consult her or to

Continued on page 62

South Germanic Poetry

By Watson Kirkconnell, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., F.S.S.

IN the northwest of Europe, but south of the Scandinavians, there lives another and very much larger group of Germanic-speaking people, numbering about 120 millions altogether. The South Germanic languages are five in number: (1) High German, originally the speech of the "highlands" of south and central Germany and now the standard literary language of the German and Austrian republics; (2) Plattdeutsch or Low German, spoken in the "lowlands" of north and northwest Germany; (3) Dutch, the language of most of Holland and Belgium (called Flemish in the latter country); (4) Frisian, an ancient tongue surviving along the North Sea coast of Holland and Germany; and (5) English, the dominant speech of the British Isles. The last four are closely related; while High German stands philologically rather apart from the rest of the group.

The people who speak these languages are predominantly of blond Nordic stock, mixed with dark Neolithic types in Great Britain and with broad-headed Slavs in southern and eastern Germany. As a group, they are among the most important in the history of the world. Thus German music, philosophy, and science are unsurpassed; the Dutch have been eminent in commerce, jurisprudence, painting, and colonization; and the English have displayed a national political genius unmatched in any age. To religion the South Germanic folk have contributed Protestantism, as a form of Christianity apparently better adapted to these more individualistic Nordic peoples. The roster of their great names includes Luther, Kant, Goethe, and Beethoven in Germany, Erasmus, Grotius, and Rembrandt in Holland, and Shakespeare, Newton, and Darwin in England.

High German Poetry

IN High German, little great poetry appeared before the thirteenth century. Prior to 1100, vernacular verse was largely a pale by-product of the Latin cloister; but the experience of the Crusades kindled the historical imagination and better still brought home a knowledge of the ascendant epic poetry of France and lyric poetry of Provence. By the thirteenth century, when the Hohenstaufen emperors were masters of Europe, there had developed a medieval German poetry similarly supreme on the Continent. Court epics in the French style, dealing with the Arthurian cycle of legends, were the least important product of the time. Towering above them came national epics, largely composed among the Germans of Austria, of *Guðrun* and the *Nibelungenlied*, ancient sagas of the race treated with high imagination and artistic power. More glorious even than the national epic was the Minnesang or "love-song," a type of lyric poetry owing an obvious debt to the Provencal school but, in the opinion of many, rising far above the level of this source. The greatest of the Minnesingers, and, in power, scope and originality one of Germany's greatest poets of any age, was Walther von der Vogelweide (1170-1230). The following is a graceful trifle from his pen:

Hay-oracle

A hay-stalk made me glad to-day;
It promised me great happiness.
I tested with a blade of hay,
As I had oft seen children guess,
Whether she loved me. Listen, all of you!—
"She loves me not, she loves me!" Always good,
"She loves me!" still the faithful answer stood.
And I am glad: for oracles are true.

The next three centuries saw the gradual supplanting of the medieval knight by the middle class, the destruction of the old court poetry by bourgeois moralizing and realism, the rise of religious individualism tempered by humanism, and the culmination of the whole popular movement in the Reformation and Luther's translation of the Bible, which incidentally set the standard of the modern literary language by adopting for use the court dialect of Saxony. The seventeenth century brought the introduction of Renaissance ideas and forms, but

Germany, unlike England and Holland, was sterile to the quickening of the movement. Her chief Renaissance poet, Martin Opitz (1597-1639), and almost all of his secular contemporaries, were dull and uninspired. On the other hand, the religious poetry of the period, both Catholic and Protestant, is of extraordinary nobility and richness. The following poem is by Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676), the greatest of German hymn-writers:

Even-song

The tree-tops cease their brattle;
Fields, cities, men and cattle—
The world is all asleep.
But thou, my soul, awaken,
Nor let prayer be forsaken!
With God thy evening vigil keep!

Ah, sun, where art thou vanished?
Thou by the night art banished,
By night the foe of day.
Another sun succeeds thee—
Jesus, my joy, now leads me
And fills my heart with healing ray.

Gone is the noonday's far light;
And golden gleams of starlight
Flash from the sky's blue dome.
So shall my soul shine splendid
When life's dark ways are ended
And God in mercy calls me home.

In the early eighteenth century secular poetry passed, under French influences, into the "neo-classical" style, with Leipzig as the home of the German Augustans. The tyranny of their stale correctness was challenged after 1748 by the rhapsodic lawlessness of F. G. Klopstock (1724-1803), who wrote epics, odes, and rhymeless lyrics, ill-regulated but at least spontaneous. The following is one of Klopstock's lyrics:

I found her in a grove in spring
And bound her with a wreath of roses:
She felt it not, and slumbered on.

I gazed upon her, and my life
Hung in that glance upon her own:
I felt it, yet I knew it not.

I whispered to her softly then,
Shaking the fluttering wreath of roses:
And she awoke from out her slumber.

She gazed upon me and her life
In that glance mingled with my own.
Around us brooded paradise.

The next thirty years saw the swift maturing of this revolt. Tempered on the intellectual side by the rationalism of Lessing, it yet gathered emotional strength until with J. G. Herder it consciously expressed its rejection of all critical dogmas. Two young members of this stormy school, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) and Johann Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805), became, as they aged, the two greatest poets of Germany and exponents of a new classicism which embodied beauty of inspiration in calm beauty of form. Schiller expresses this ideal in his brief poem, "Poesy":

No fetters hold me, and no bars restrain me;
Freely I soar through the abyss of space;
The ecstasies of winged words sustain me
Through realms of thought, my boundless dwelling-place.
All that is wrought on earth or thought in heaven,
All that fate fashions in the mystic deep,
Unto my pen's apocalypse is given;
There are no limits to the poet's sweep.
This is the fairest prize of all my seeking:
The soul of beauty through a fair form speaking.

Goethe, again, weds form to emotion in Mignon's Song:

Only the sad of days
Know all my yearning!
Lessons of lonely ways
Joylessly learning,
Sadly to heaven I gaze,
All comfort spurning.
I seek a loving stray's
Speedy returning;
My head is in a maze,
My heart is burning.
Only the sad of days
Know all my yearning.

German poetry since Goethe would

make a vast booklength study in itself. In comprehensiveness and complexity it almost defies analysis into great simple movements. Romanticism (1800-1830), transitional pessimism (1830-1880), and positive realism (since 1880) are perhaps the chief tendencies. As trifling specimens from a mighty field I have culled brief poems by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), one of the most gifted singers of the century, and by Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850), the greatest poet of German Austria. Heine's little lyric runs:

A dark pine-tree stands lonely
Upon a northern strand.
He sleeps; while ice and snowdrift
Wrap him in blankets bleak.

His dreams are of a palm-tree
Upon an Orient strand.
Alone in silent yearning
Amid the burning sand.

Lenau was one of the most darkly pessimistic writers of modern Europe and his spirit is reflected in the following poem:

The air is tingling with the frost;
The dry snow crackles to my stamping;
My breath congeals, my beard is moss'd
With ice-flakes in my onward tramping.

All else is held in solemn hush;
The ancient pines in moonlight gleaming
Bend down their arms in snow's slow crush
And darkly yearn for death's redeeming.

Frost, enter in and freeze my heart!
Quiet the deepest depths of grieving!
Make me these still woods' counterpart,
Calm in clutch of cold's relieving.

German poetry excels above all in the lyric, a field in which its achievements excel those of any other people.

PLATTDEUTSCH, or Low German, is a distinct Teutonic language, spoken by the peasantry throughout the northern provinces of Germany. It is as unlike High German, the official language of the republic, as Dutch and English are, and has been deprived of a notable place in literary histories only because it is itself broken into a great number of dialects. This absence of a common literary language for Plattdeutsch is a baffling obstacle to all who seek to know the literature.

The earliest Plattdeutsch poem is *The Saviour* (Heliand) a vigorous treatment of the gospel story composed about 830 A.D., centuries earlier than anything of equivalent power in High German.

The Middle Ages produced in Plattdeutsch all of the typical forms of religious and feudal poetry, but lacked the touch of a real genius to make it great. Finer achievement is to be found in homely satirical poetry so typical of Germanic peoples, as in the Plattdeutsch version of *Reynard the Fox* (1498), a scathing analysis of social evils.

The earthquake of the Reformation, which gave High German a standard literary language but halted its creative development for a time, overthrew Low German altogether. The period from 1650 to 1750 is virtually a blank.

Since there has been a progressively widening development of Plattdeutsch literature, especially in poetry. In Klaus Groth (1819-1899) there appeared a poet of international rank. The following poem is one of his briefer lyrics:

Evening Walk

A field of green, a winding lane—
Who would not wander there?
By a wayside bridge to a garden I gain
Where round a cottage red roses reign,
A frame for beauty rare.

The setting sun winks a sleepy eye,
Indulgent in the west;
And ah, the glances that sanctify
My restless heart as I turn to lie
Within that fragrant nest!

Among the dozens of living Plattdeutsch poets, Robert Garbe of Hambourg, author of the following poem, is one of the foremost:

The Dead Song

The wistful night-wind utters
Faint words of days now gone.
A faded leaf still flutters
On the old oak on the lawn.

A dead song breathes in low refrain
Dead music in my ears,
Making me sense the joy again
We lost in other years.

That far tune floats for ever,
Borne on the night-breeze mild;
But brings us comfort never,
Nor any hope, my child.

Dutch Literature

DUTCH and Flemish are different names for the same language, spoken in Holland and western Belgium and divided thus nationally only by historical accidents of religion. Prior to 1579, the people of these "Netherlands" had a common literary history, beginning in the thirteenth century with court epics and love-songs of the standard chivalric sort. This feudal poetry, which failed to approach the High German level of achievement, slowly gave way before a native Germanic tendency towards moral and satiric verse.

The religious struggles of the sixteenth century mangled the growing prosperity of the region and delivered the Catholic South into the power of reactionary Spain. Here the Inquisition stamped out all literary expression for nearly three centuries, while in the independent North there arose between 1600 and 1680 a brilliant Renaissance literature, surpassed only by England in the Germanic achievements of the period. The centre of Dutch culture was Amsterdam and its chief Renaissance poets were Hooft, Cats, Huyghens, and Joost van den Vondel (1587-1679), the greatest of them all, who through his long span of life produced odes and poetic tragedies of astonishing number and power. The following little poem is one of his slighter elegiac pieces:

On the Death of his Little Daughter

Little daughter—
Angels sought her
And have brought her
Up on high,
To regard our
Earthly ardor
With a sympathetic eye.

She says: "Mother,
Father, brother,
Why this pother
O'er my fate?
Never dying,
I am flying
In an angel's high estate.

"Never straying,
I am staying
Where decaying
Never comes.
Time is done with:
Days are one with
Eons in these ageless homes."

The first half of the eighteenth century was a dreary epoch of drab classicism in the approved French style. Then, just as the ferment of German Romanticism began to seeth in Dutch veins, the Dutch classical school produced its most famous protagonist in Willem Bilderdijk (1756-1831), a man without taste or imagination but one gifted with supreme power of expression and tastes in didacticism that made him an overwhelming favorite with his countrymen. The following poem is tinged with his religious moralizing:

Lurking beneath the fair flowers

There cowers
Death's deadly viper awaiting to sting.
Lie not down, girls, in your radiant graces
Matching the blossoms of earth in your faces!
Dare not to sleep in the meadows of spring!

Lovely, alluring the flowers

In hours
When from the sky streams the magic of May.
Matchless the joy of the earth that arises;
But ere we know it comes death to surprise us—
Brief is all beauty, and life may not stay.

Continued on page 43



VAL LESTER goes for a stroll on the terrace of the Frontenac Hotel at Quebec with her winning entry. Her smile of victory is sparkling white by help of Pepsodent that brightens teeth by dingy film removal twice each day.



A CHANNEL ASPIRANT? From recent exhibitions Gloria Rowe may be expected soon to attempt the classic swim. Her flashing smile, that Pepsodent keeps dazzling white, shows confidence of success.



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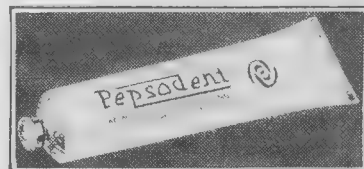


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The Heart of Alix

By Valentine Williams

CONCLUDING CHAPTERS

ABOVE the insistent thump of the engine a loud droning now rang in her ears. She glanced aloft to discover the seaplane she had remarked before apparently swooping straight down upon them out of a sunlit sky. Involuntarily she ducked as, with a mighty roar, the machine skimmed low over the leaping, lurching Sprite and then zoomed gracefully upward above the boiling V of their wake. She had a momentary glimpse of a helmeted, be-goggled figure; of a gauntleted hand that waved. . . .

"Beaulieu," a strident voice muttered suddenly in her ear. "We'll run for Beaulieu River. You know it, eh?"

She nodded. The placid stream, where the dark oaks of the virgin forest grow down to the rank yellow grass of the meadows covered at the flood, was redolent for her of memories of long, drowsy afternoons. She glanced at her wrist watch.

"The tide's still low," she said. "We can't make the entrance at this speed, you understand that? We should be aground before you could say knife. . ."

She felt his eerie green eyes on her face.

"We'll chance that!" he grunted. "We must go fast, fast. . ."

She said no more. The Ryde launch had long since dropped out of sight, and no other craft had sought to oppose their passage.

But the shipping grew denser as they neared Cowes Roads, and it required all her attention and all her skill, at the pace at which they were rocketing down the fairway, to avoid a collision. As they approached the East Lepe buoy, with the threadlike entrance of Beaulieu River on the Hampshire shore beyond, she saw that the spit at the river mouth was still uncovered. A sailing boat tacking slowly up the river seemed to be set down in the midst of green pastures.

They left the cheerful red and white stripes of the buoy to port and stood over to the mainland coast. Freckles turned to Vroque.

"There's a sharp turn just after the entrance," she protested. "I can't follow the channel marks at this speed. We've got to slow down. . ."

"Faster, faster!" he mouthed. "Always faster!"

EVERY minute now was bringing them closer to the flat coast line. Already she could make out the confusing cluster of bean sticks set in at intervals to mark the channel.

"We'll ground for certain," she exclaimed. "You must let me slacken down. . ."

But he only chanted his refrain of "Faster, faster!"

"You're mad!" she cried, and resolutely stooped to the throttle.

"Stand off!" he screeched and drew his pistol. She sprang down from the steering platform and cowered against the deckhouse while, as the Sprite ran free, first one wave and then another smote the slender craft with thunderous blows and broke, in a shower of spray, over the two figures confronting one another in the well. Freckles gasped for breath as, again and again, the green seas soused her, the water swirled gurgling about her feet and the quivering boat staggered and rolled at the mercy of the waves.

And then the disaster happened. The engine stuttered, coughed once and then stopped. The Sprite, oscillating violently, seemed to slide at once into smooth water. With a roar of rage Vroque leaped at the girl, but she, quick as thought, sprang into the deckhouse and slammed the door in his

face. A brass crank, the starting handle of the engine, lay upon a seat, and she snatched it up and thrust it through the ring handle, thus securing the door.

She knew that the respite was but momentary. The deckhouse was merely a covered way connecting, through two doors, the well with the cockpit. She raced to the further door to close it, but she had no means of fastening it. Vroque had only to crawl over the deckhouse roof to have her at his mercy.

But even as she reached the door she heard a deep note in the air above her. A seaplane was majestically planing down, describing ever-decreasing circles about the little patch of sea where the Sprite was floundering. Standing in the doorway, the girl screamed and waved her hand. Her voice was drowned in the swelling hum of the plane, but as it came lower it seemed to her that her signal was returned.

But then a muffled thumping close at hand sent a chill of terror through her. Vroque was clambering over the deckhouse roof; she heard the boarding creak beneath his weight, his labored breathing. Only then did she think of the dinghy as a means of escape, but the thought came to her too late. With a crash that shook the Sprite, Vroque

to somebody at his side. Only then did she notice that a firm arm supported her. Moving her head, she found herself looking into the face of Ronnie Dene.

"Gee!" exclaimed Gerry excitedly, "we were just scared to death when we found you were missing. The inspector raged like he was crazed or something. . ."

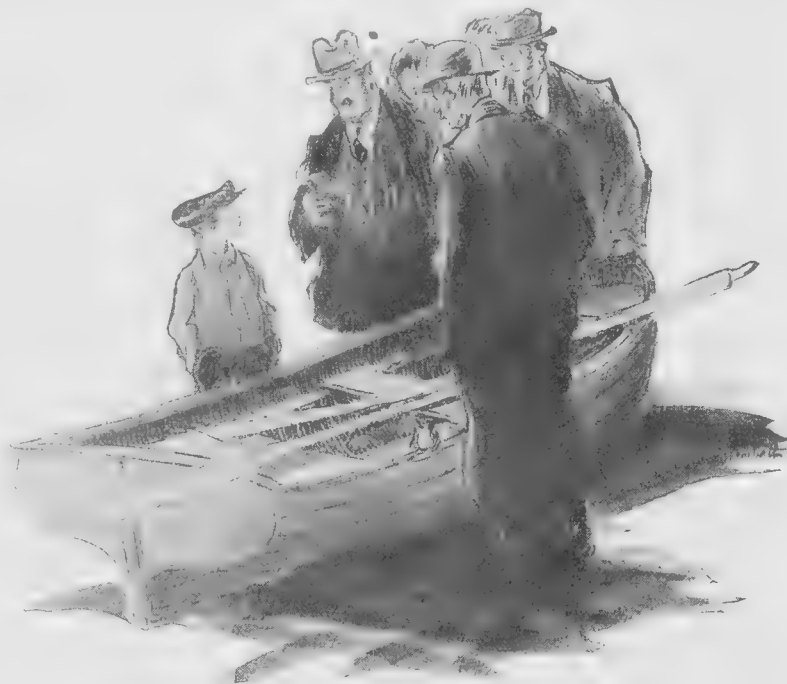
"How do you feel now?" Dene asked her.

"Better, thanks awfully," she smiled, rather abashed. "I made a fool of myself, flopping off like that. But I was terribly frightened. Where . . . where is he?"

"Vroque?" said Dene. "He'll not trouble you any more, Freckles. He's over the hills and far away by this. He rowed himself ashore in the dinghy and vanished in the woods. As soon as the other launch comes up Manderton's going after him. . ."

She struggled erect. "I'd like to go out in the air," she told them. "I'm all right now. . ."

As she stood up she saw, through the door of the deckhouse, the enormous wing of a seaplane which, looking gigantic at that close range, quite dwarfed the Sprite. The machine was tied up to the motorboat. A young man, hood-



The detective read to the end, then handed the paper to Dene

dropped into the cockpit. In a flash she banged the door, but he hurled himself upon it, driving it in upon her. She was flung back on the seat as a sudden shadow fell athwart the deck and the seaplane swooped down low over the Sprite. The roar of its propeller was deafening; the deckhouse door slammed violently to and fro as the Sprite rolled; the air seemed full of noise.

She must have fainted then, for when she opened her eyes she had the sensation of emerging from the infinite remoteness of some dark and lonely dream. The Sprite was rocking and bumping about, and the girl knew by the movement that they were aground. The deckhouse door still swung, banging, from side to side. Now the chill of metal was on her lips and she detected the smell of brandy, which she abhorred. A sort of brownish mop moved before her face and, as she pushed the flask away, she saw that the mop surmounted the anxious countenance of Gerry Leese. She smiled at him wanly.

"Oh, Gerry boy," she sighed, "I'm glad you're there. . ."

"She's coming around," said Gerry,

ed in leather, smiled down at her from the driving seat. On one of the flats Inspector Manderton was standing, intently gazing up the Solent through a pair of field glasses.

The Sprite had stranded on a shoal close inshore. The tide had carried her above the river mouth, and she lay opposite a patch of mud and shingle just past the entrance. On the beach, not thirty yards away, the dinghy was drawn up. There was no sign of Vroque. The foreshore, which ran up to a patch of grass, fringed with wind-stricken pines, was deserted.

"Ronnie," said Freckles, "tell me quickly, is Alix all right?"

"Yes, thank God!" he answered.

"That shot, what was it?"

He looked at her gravely.

"Frankie—" he began, then stopped. With frightened eyes she sank down in the stern seat.

"Suicide, do you mean?" she asked in an awed voice.

He shook his head. "Vroque shot him. . ."

"Is he—is—"

"He never spoke again. He died before we came away."

"Poor old Frankie!" The tears started into her eyes, and she was silent for a moment. "How did Alix take it, Ronnie?"

"Badly, I'm afraid. We left her crouching by his dead body on the croquet lawn, waiting for the ambulance that was to take him away to Vanner for the post mortem. No tears, or anything like that. She answered all Manderton's questions in a queer, impersonal way that frightened me. She seems dazed, crushed. . ."

"The poor darling! Oh, Ronnie, I know she wants me. Can't you take me to her?"

"We must wait for the launch that's following on behind—unless the tide floats us off before. I see Gerry's making ready in case. . ."

The boy was out on one of the plane's floats, watching the pilot filling a gasoline can from a feed-pipe which he had disconnected.

"And Mr. Vroque," Freckles asked presently—"why did he want to kill Frankie?"

"To stop his mouth. When he was shot Frankie was making a statement about the murder to Alix that he would make a clean breast of everything to Manderton. Vroque determined to prevent it. . ."

THEN it was Mr. Vroque who killed Basil Stanismore?"

He nodded rather grimly: "Yes, it was. . ."

"But why? What had Mr. Vroque against him?"

Dene shrugged his shoulders.

"I haven't any idea. Manderton knows, I fancy, but I haven't had the chance to ask him. Everything happened in such a rush after Vroque's escape. I think the old devil counted on finding Snook on board, and when he saw that the Sprite was deserted he seized on you to run the boat for him. Well, he left us all gaping on the shore like a pack of idiots! We could do nothing but stand there and watch him show a clean pair of heels. Then Manderton woke up. He rushed back to the house and sent out an alarm by telephone. As soon as No Man's Fort reported that the Sprite had passed, we got to the Ryde police. They put out in a motorboat, but the margin of time was too narrow and they missed you. It's their launch we're waiting for now. . . Then Manderton had this brain wave about a seaplane. He rang up Calshot and the officer in charge happened to be a bright fellow who promptly wirelessed one of his planes that was over the Solent training, to come across to Node and pick Manderton up. . ."

"I remember it passed us," she put in, "on the way to Node, I suppose, and swooped down ever so low. The pilot waved to me. I never realized, of course, that he was going to fetch help. . ."

"I was worried to death about you, as you can imagine," Dene continued, "so I persuaded the inspector to take me with him. Then Gerry refused to be left behind, so, in the end, we all went along. The machine's only a two-seater, so it was something of a squash. When we caught you up we could see that the Sprite's engine had failed. She was drifting along anyhow past the river mouth. As we skimmed down over you we could see Vroque staring up at us from the cockpit, but you were nowhere in sight. We came down on the water about 150 yards away and taxied straight across. But before we hit the sea I saw Vroque jump into the dinghy and row like blazes for the

Continued on page 48



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VIROL

in his new joy. Willingly he would have gambled his life on his chance of winning. But confidence displaced none of his cunning. He rubbed his hands and said:

"Gawd, but won't it be a surprise for Jan? I told him that some day I'd come. I told him!"

IT WOULD be a tremendous joke—this surprise he had in store for Jan. He chuckled over it again and again as Marie went about her work; and Marie's face flushed and her eyes were bright and she laughed softly at this great love which Duval betrayed for her husband. No; even the loss of his dogs and his outfit couldn't spoil this pleasure! Why should it? He could get other dogs and another outfit—but it had been three years since he had seen Jan Thoreau! When Marie had finished her work he put his hand suddenly to his eyes and said:

"Peste! But last night's storm must have hurt my eyes. The light blinds them, *ma cheri*. Will you put it out, and sit down near me, so that I can see you as you talk, and tell me all that has happened to Jan Thoreau since that winter three years ago?"

She put out the light, and threw open the door of the box-stove. In the dim firelight she sat on a stool beside Blake's cot. Her faith in him was like that of a child. She was twenty-two. Blake was fifteen years older. She felt the immense superiority of his age.

This man, you must understand, had been more than a brother to Jan. He had been a father. He had risked his life. He had saved him from death. And Marie, as she sat at his side, did not think of him as a young man—thirty-seven. She talked to him as she might have talked to an elder brother of Jan's, and with something like the same reverence in her voice.

It was unfortunate—for her—that Jan had loved Duval, and that he had never tired of telling her about him. And now, when Blake's caution warned him to lie no more about the days of plague in Duval's cabin, she told him—as he had asked her—about herself and Jan; how they had lived during the last three years, the important things that had happened to them, and what they were looking forward to.

She went on, telling Jan's life away, betraying him in her happiness, crucifying him in her faith. Blake knew that she was telling him the truth. She did not know that Jan had killed Francois Breault, and she believed that he would surely return—in three days. And the way he had left her that morning! Yes, she confided even that to this big brother of Jan, her cheeks flushing hotly in the darkness—how he had hated to go, and held her a long time in his arms before he tore himself away.

Had he taken his fiddle along with him? Yes—always that. Next to herself he loved his violin. Oo-oo—no, no—she was not jealous of the violin! Blake laughed—such a big, healthy, happy laugh, with an odd tremble in it. He stroked her hair again, and his fingers lay for an instant against her warm cheek.

And then, quite casually, he played his second big card.

"A man was found dead on the trail yesterday," he said. "Someone killed him. He had a bullet through his lung. He was the mail-runner, Francois Breault."

It was then, when he said that Breault had been murdered, that Blake's hand touched Marie's cheek and fell to her shoulder. It was too dark in the cabin to see. But under his hand he felt her go suddenly rigid, and for a moment or two she seemed to stop breathing. In the gloom Blake's

The Fiddling Man

Continued from page 7

lips were smiling. He had struck, and he needed no light to see the effect.

"Francois—Breault!" he heard her breath at last, as if she was fighting to keep something from choking her. "Francois Breault—dead—killed by someone—"

SHE rose slowly. His eyes followed her, a shadow in the gloom as she moved towards the stove. He heard her strike a match, and when she turned toward him again in the light of the oil-lamp, her face was pale and her eyes were big and staring. He swung himself to the edge of the cot, his pulse beating with the savage thrill of the inquisitor. Yet he knew that it was not quite time for him to disclose himself—not quite. He did not dread the moment when he would rise and tell her that he was not injured, and that he was not M'sieu Duval but Corporal Blake of the Royal Mounted Police. He was eager for that moment. But he waited—discreetly. When the trap was sprung there would be no escape.

"You are sure—it was Francois Breault?" she said at last.

He nodded.

"Yes, the mail-runner. You knew him?"

She had moved to the table, and her hand was gripping the edge of it. For a space she did not answer him, but seemed to be looking somewhere through the cabin walls—a long way off. Ferret-like, he was watching her, and saw his opportunity. How splendidly fate was playing his way!

He rose to his feet and hobbled painfully to her, a splendid hypocrite, a magnificent dissembler. He seized her hand and held it in both his own. It was small and safe, but strangely cold.

"*Ma cheri*—my dear child,—what makes you look like that? What has the death of Francois Breault to do with you—you and Jan?"

It was the voice of a friend, a brother, low, sympathetic, filled just enough with anxiety. Only last winter, in just that way, it had won the confidence and roused the hope of Pierrot's wife, over on the Athabasca. In the summer that followed they hanged Pierrot. Gently Blake spoke the words again. Marie's lips trembled. Her great eyes were looking at him—straight into his soul, it seemed.

"You may tell me, *ma cheri*," he encouraged, barely above a whisper. "I am Duval. And Jan—I love Jan."

He drew her back toward the cot, dragging his limb painfully, and seated her again upon the stool. He sat beside her still holding her hand, patting it encouragingly. The color was coming back into Marie's cheeks. Her lips were growing full and red again, and suddenly she gave a trembling little laugh as she looked up into Blake's face. His presence began to dispel the terror that had possessed her all at once.

"Tell me, Marie."

He saw the shudder that passed through her slim shoulders.

"They had a fight—here—in this cabin—three days ago," she confessed. "It must have been—the day—he was killed."

Blake knew the wild thought that was in her heart as she watched him. The muscles of his jaws tightened. His shoulders grew tense. He looked over her head as if he, too, saw something beyond the cabin walls. It was Marie's hand that gripped his now, and her voice, panting almost, was filled with an agonized protest.

"No, no, no—it was not Jan," she moaned. "It was not Jan who killed him!" "Hush!" said Blake.

He looked about him as if there was a chance that someone might hear the fatal words she had spoken. It was a splendid bit of acting, almost unconscious, and tremendously effective. The expression in his face stabbed to her heart like a cold knife. Convulsively her fingers clutched more tightly at his hands. He might as well have spoken the words: "It was Jan, then, who killed Francois Breault!"

Instead of that he said:

"You must tell me everything Marie. How did it happen. Why did they fight? And why has Jan gone away so soon after the killing? For Jan's sake, you must tell me—everything."

He waited. It seemed to him that he could hear the fighting struggle in Marie's breast. Then she began, brokenly, a little at a time, now and then barely whispering the story. It was a woman's story, and she told it like a woman, from the beginning. Perhaps at one time the rivalry between Jan Thoreau and Francois Breault, and their struggle for her love, had made her heart beat faster and her cheeks flush warm with a woman's pride of conquest, even though she had loved one and hated the other. None of that pride was in her voice now, except when she spoke of Jan.

"Yes—like that—children together—we grew up," she confided. "It was down there at Wollaston Post, in the heart of the big forests, when I was a baby it was Jan who carried me about on his shoulders. *Oui*, even then he played the violin. I loved it. I loved Jan—always. Later, when I was seventeen, Francois Breault came."

She was trembling.

"Jan has told me a little about those days," lied Blake. "Tell me the rest, Marie."

"I—I knew I was going to be Jan's wife," she went on, the hands she had withdrawn from his twisting nervously in her lap. "We both knew. And yet—he had not spoken—he had not been definite. Oo-oo, do you understand, M'sieu Duval? It was my fault at the beginning! Francois Breault loved me. And so—I played with him—only a little, M'sieu!—to frighten Jan into the thought that he might lose me. I did not know what I was doing. No—no; I didn't understand."

"Jan and I were married, and on the day Jan saw the missionary—a week before we were made man and wife—Francois Breault came in from the trail to see me, and I confessed to him, and asked his forgiveness. We were alone. And he—Francois Breault—was like a madman."

She was panting. Her hands were clenched. "If Jan hadn't heard my cries, and come just in time—" she breathed.

Her blazing eyes looked up into Blake's face. He understood, and nodded.

"And it was like that—again—three days ago," she continued. "I hadn't seen Breault in two years—two years ago down at Wollaston Post. And he was mad. Yes, he must have been mad when he came three days ago. I don't know that he came so much for me as it was to kill Jan. He said it was Jan. Ugh, and it was here—in the cabin—that they fought!"

"And Jan—punished him," said Blake in a low voice.

Again the convulsive shudder swept through Marie's shoulders.

"It was strange—what happened, M'sieu. I was going to shoot. Yes, I would have shot him when the chance came. But all at once Francois Breault sprang back to the door, and he cried: 'Jan Thoreau, I am mad—mad! Great God, what have I done?' Yes, he said that, M'sieu, those very words—and then he was gone." *Continued on page 69*

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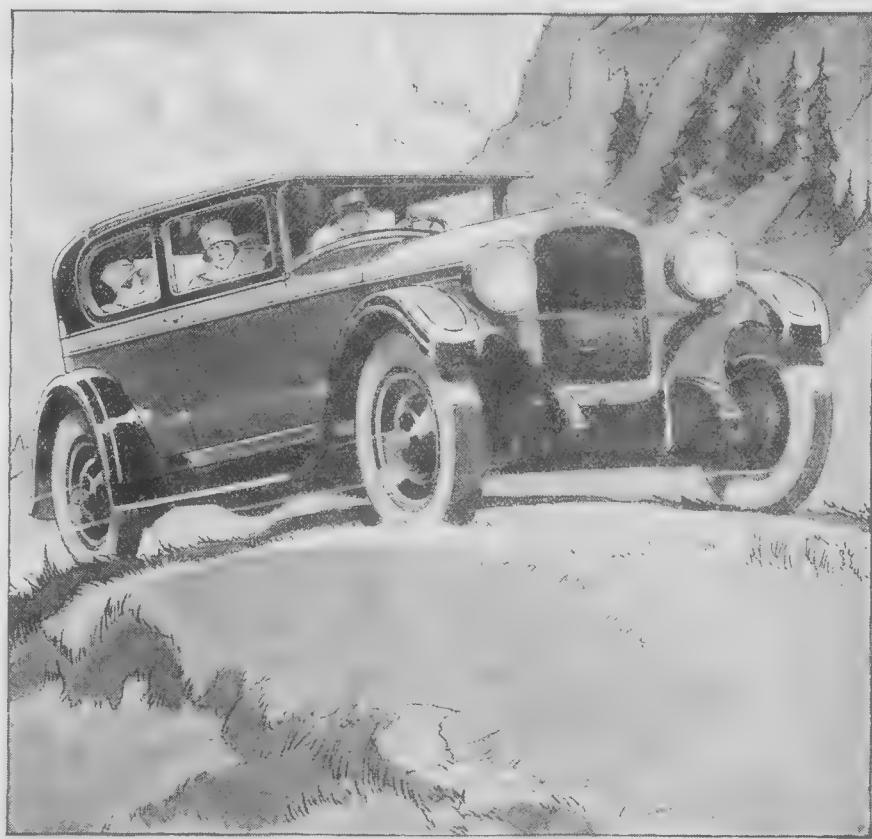
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Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

I HAVE been fortunate lately. Canadian writers have been remembering me, and I have had several parcels of books. One contained two volumes written by Vancouver's noted poet Mrs. A.C. Dalton. "Flame and Adventure," is not a recent publication, but a new edition to my personal library. The second, called "In a Garden," appealed to me most of all, and I think "The Evangelist," the most original and striking poem. The other volume "The Silent Zone," has touched me deeply. Perhaps I find this volume more appealing since I have been in fairly close touch with Mr. W. A. Streeter's work for the deaf of England. During the year that he held daily a clinic for these unfortunates who inhabit the "Silent Zone," I had the opportunity to speak with a number of patients and to learn from them of the hardships under which they live. I shall never forget the poignancy of this remark made by a woman after several treatments at this clinic. "I shall never be able to hear," she exclaimed, "my children's remarks when they open their Xmas parcels." Mrs. Dalton has done a most unique piece of work in interpreting for us the thoughts and feelings of the deaf. It is not possible to read these poems and remain dry-eyed.

Two Mighty Tombs.

ERNEST BENN, publisher, seems to be rivalling Jonathan Cape in his output of important publications. I have lately been dipping into two recent and fascinating volumes: "Disraeli," by D. L. Murray, and "The Last Victorians," by A. A. Baumann. It would be a dull dog indeed, who could not write interestingly of Disraeli, but this biographer has done more than merely being interested. He has built up a vivid picture of the complex, illusive, dominant, personality known as Disraeli. Mr. Murray has made no hero of the author of "Vivian Grey," but neither has he gone to the other extreme and tried to prove that England must have been mad to have ever accepted Disraeli as a leader. Unlike so many other biographies, this is neither burdened with trivial anecdote nor padded out with irrelevant quotations. It is fascinating from the first page to the last. It is illuminating and a solid contribution to history. The closing paragraph is unforgettable.

"An Abbey burial had been offered, but Beaconsfield had marked out in his will the resting place he wished—the family vault in Hughenden Churchyard. There he was laid between two women who had adored him, his wife, and the strange old Jewess of Torquay. A few days after the funeral, the vault was opened again with solemnity and a third woman stooped to place a wreath on the coffin. It was Victoria, Queen and Empress."

Arthur A. Bauman, better known to Londoners as A.A.B., is a true-blue Tory, an extremist and an accomplished journalist. Having said this, you are prepared for the type of portraiture presented in "The Last Victorians." When A.A.B., is describing Queen Victoria's middle years, or Viscount Goschen, or Anthony Trollope, it is always the true-blue Tory speaking. This is the type of book that supplies men and women with anecdotes for the drawing-room after a formal boring dinner party.

An Engrossing Story.

THOSE who found tremendous pleasure in Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son," may be disappointed in his latest novel "Doomsday," for somehow or other, it just misses the spiritual strength that made "Sorrell and Son" so memorable. This may be due to the fact that Warwick Deeping has permitted sensationalism, almost of the Ethel M. Dell type, to invade his new novel. Here we have a very strong and very silent giant farmer, the pretty, shallow money-seeking girl, true love flaunted, and purity bought by Mammon. Only one character in this book reveals the physician in the author—for Warwick Deeping holds a medical degree. The portrayal of the

wealthy, physically sub-normal, Percival Fream is a masterpiece. Mary Fream's regeneration, struck me as being on a par with the type of melodrama one sees at the "Lyric," and yet, despite these weaknesses, "Doomsday" (Cassell and Co.), is an enthralling story for a free Saturday afternoon.

A Pose

EDWARD GARNETT, the noted critic says it is very beautiful, this novel by H. E. Bates called "The Two Sisters" (Jonathan Cape), so I should walk humbly. The writing, that is the phrasing, is decidedly beautiful, and sounds lovely, but it all means nothing. A couple of weeks ago my son and I went to a performance of Juno and the Paycock, acted with distinction by the Irish Players. The hero, Paycock, was making a long speech about the sun, moon and stars. My son whispered to me "Even if it is rubbish, mother, you must admit it sounds very beautiful." "Yes," said I, and thought again of "The Two Sisters".

All is mad, even the young man. There is a reason for the girl Jennie being queer, for her father is insane, but why the young man Michael Winter should be equally unbalanced, I know not. It may be very clever, to write like this, but the atmosphere is created out of untruth. The whole thing is a pose.

A Scrap Of Paper

IT is a detective story right enough, "The Missing Piece" by Mrs Philip Champion de Crespigny (Cassell & Co.) but that is not its first claim for distinction. An introduction to Aunt Celia—the rambling inconsequent Aunt Celia, who tells the story of the crime, of all the people who were suspected of it and who, eventually, herself unravels the mystery so dramatically—is a rare addition to one's friends and a valuable specimen for the psychologists' cabinet. She is delightful, full of wise aphorisms and shrewd common sense—a joy to the reader if somewhat a trial to everybody else concerned in the story.

The story itself is outstanding—it has

not got the usual complement of detectives—professional and amateur. Only one professional figures and he is neither a Sherlock Holmes nor a fool. One suspects everybody in turn and the real solution does not depend on the guilt being brought home to the least suspected—so usual in recent detective stories—but follows a logical conclusion once the dramatic story of Everal Deeping is divulged.

But it is Aunt Celia who will be remembered even when the mystery is solved. And for her Mrs. C. de C. deserves our gratitude.

While dealing with a detective story it may be of interest to refer to the books of Mrs Agatha Christie, the famous disappearing lady, the lady of the lost memory. Frankly I never heard of her or her romances till she caused such a sensation a few weeks since and had the whole of three countries searching for her. Since then I have read her two best known thrillers. Equally frankly I was neither thrilled nor amused by them. It is true they were well written, but they were terribly mechanical and stupid and have none of the charm and sketch characterization of Mrs. de Crespignys "Missing Piece."

The Way Out

A LITTLE while ago Canada's Nellie McClung was good enough to write and tell me that she did so enjoy the little personal bits in this monthly chat about books. She said that she was sure that my readers appreciated the pen portraits I sometimes gave of writers whom I had the luck to meet personally. So I am going to take "Nellie's" hint and tell you about E. Almaz Stout, who has just written "The Door in the Wall" (Stanley Powell & Co.), a problem novel that is arousing much controversy.

It is my privilege to know this writer well. It is just three years ago, shortly after I left Canada to take up residence in London, that I attended a tea given by Mrs. Eustace Miles to the Society of Women Journalists. Towards the end of the afternoon someone got up and in a few gracefully turned sentences, expressed

the Society's gratitude for our hostess's hospitality. I was much struck by the speaker's personality and on returning home, I remember remarking to my husband that a Dresden Shepherdess had come to life and spoken. Several months later I was introduced to my "Dresden Shepherdess". She was Miss Almaz Stout. Since then I have mentioned her, I know, once or twice in this column, but always in connection with either short stories or serials that she has written. "The Door in the Wall" is, in truth, Almaz Stout's first real novel, that is to say, it was not written for serial use and then published in book form, but was conceived as a novel and written as such, and because of this, the author has a very tender regard for it. She explained to us when speaking to the Writer's Circle that there is a great difference technically in writing a serial and writing a novel and no better proof of this contention could be found by comparing "The Door in the Wall" with her previous work. Not that a strong well-knit novel cannot be adapted for serial purposes—only last week I heard that a leading Danish paper had bought serial rights of the "Door in the Wall" for immediate use and now a Danish translator is busily at work translating Miss Stout's strange and emotional story.

It is a simple act, is it not, to walk through a door, but have you ever thought of the variety of experiences that may befall one who passes through a door? You may bound into happiness, you may stumble into despair, you may come face to face with great success or be met by disaster. One never knows what is on the other side of the door.

But Ann Lester had a pretty good idea of what was going to happen to her when she went through "The Door in the Wall". She knew that she was about to barter her womanhood for money and yet she was a high-minded, fine young girl. Could there ever be any justification for such an act? This is the problem that Almaz Stout puts before us.

You will remember the storm that broke loose after the publication of "This Freedom" by A. S. M. Hutchinson. There was not a paper devoted to women's interests, nor a women's organization that did not discuss the future of this book, discuss it heatedly and vehemently so vital a problem did it present. I prophesy such a storm when a sufficient number of people have read "The Door in the Wall".

Let me say now at the outset that Miss Almaz Stout has not written a shocker, she has not written a sex novel, not in any sense of the term. True, she has taken a most delicate and intimate theme and she has treated it courageously, but not sentimentally. Those who do not see the spiritual significance of it are doing the author an injustice and robbing themselves of enjoying the full significance of this provocative story.

Usually, when one says "this novel would make a good film" there is an implication that the reviewer wishes to show scorn. There is no scorn in me when I say most emphatically "The Door in the Wall" would make a magnificent film. It has action; it is a story that grips and thrills and it has what so many film stories lack, much thought.

Read "The Door in the Wall" whether you decide that Ann Lester was justified in taking the fearful step she did. You will, I am sure, be interested in the way the story is developed and brought to a happy climax.

Aerial Laundress

A small fire on Friday at 423 East Gordon Street was caused by sparks from the chimney, occasioned by a colored woman who was ironing clothes, falling on the roof.—Georgia paper.

What o'Clock, Please?

Engineers surveying for a railroad in Northern Turkestan have uncovered the skeleton of a massive saurian that must have passed away 3,000,000 years ago last Friday.—Los Angeles Times.



Jackie Coogan proudly displays one of his young prize winners raised on his recently acquired hog farm



Parish Church at L'Assomption

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Through scientific research, Simmons is contributing to the public knowledge about sleep, and is building equipment to induce sound sleep.

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WARM, dark colouring—big windows with floor-length curtains of rich material—massive furniture on a carpet nailed close to the wall—portraits in oil, of the important members of the family, or when the family fortunes did not run to portraits, big steel engravings, Sadler studies, perhaps, with their whimsical of romantic subjects—can't you see the diningroom of not-so-long-ago, in these furnishings that were almost as universal as the dining table itself? Of course, individual taste and treatment did make certain differences—practically the same equipment in different hands would create an effect of dignity and hospitality or of mere heaviness and dullness, with the same responsiveness that modern rooms show to the handling of different individuals. But there was a sort of inevitability, a feeling of an underlying formula, about all diningrooms, that established kinship between most of them, in spite of differences in taste, requirements and wealth.

An analysis of these former diningrooms could not help but reveal the fact that the really attractive ones amongst them needed some wealth as well as good taste, to carry them to success, for unless the formula were executed in handsome materials, the result could scarcely hope to be anything but stereotyped and more than likely, rather dull.

When we look at the diningroom possibilities that are ours today, we can congratulate ourselves on the scope they offer, on the interest, too, that attaches to them. It is laid down that a table and a number of straight chairs are required, but at that point, our limitations may almost be said to cease. We can consider the type of the house, the atmosphere we prefer for a diningroom, the amount of money at our disposal—and start out with the cheerful knowledge that we can achieve a thoroughly successful room, and if we like, a thoroughly individual room at the same time.

Perhaps a whole new diningroom is under contemplation; in a greater number of cases, however, an improvement on an existing room that has either become shabby or fails now to please its owner, presents the problem. It is easier to consider some of the various diningroom effects that may be achieved, and leave each person to adapt whatever may be suitable from the general schemes, than to attempt to deal with renovations as such.

LET us begin with the diningroom that is most directly descended from ancestors such as those I have described. No other type of room perhaps, suits quite so well the old house which has that mellow, homey atmosphere that suggests the long and delightful occupancy of people of taste. Dignity that is not austere, conventionality that is at the same time cheerful, will characterize such a room today as clearly as they did the best of the rooms of two or three generations ago. The furniture may easily be after the same designs, for much of the fine work of our present-day manufacturers adapts the most suitable of the old designs to its uses; we see any amount of the so-called "period furniture" that quite proudly bears the name of its maker in one of our own towns. When these modern candid reproductions are good, they are very, very good; when they are bad, they are worse than horrid!

Behind this furniture in the modern "period" room, we may find the very wall treatment that may have furnished the background for its authentic ancestor; wood panelling, perhaps—one of the most popular of diningroom wall treatments at present; mellow painted walls, that are always delightful; even the wall-paper can show authentic designs of other times than ours, for use when a style of period furnishing is adopted. The same is true of fabrics, so we need never be guilty of the sort of distressing anachronism that is forced home to us when styles of very obviously different times and spirit are combined with no hope of their ever being really harmonious.

And so far the house of rather impressive proportions and dignified tone, we find details that accord beautifully with rich and well-designed furniture; brocade or damask at the windows, perhaps; a large rug, (easily lifted for special cleaning or for floor polishing, in spite of any degree of nobility in size—one of our "modern improvements" that cannot be denied), contributing its mead of luxury underfoot and of colour and other decorative value; fine oil paintings—or maybe just a single picture in a strategic position



What of the Dining Room?

By Katherine M. Caldwell

—the self-same family portraits if they exist, or the much-liked floral panels the subdued brilliance of which strikes a delightful note on plain diningroom walls. Cheerful, charming, characterful, such a room, well carried out, cannot fail to express the finest traditions of hospitality and a gracious home life.

BUT let us suppose that the house that interests us is one of the bright, airy modern homes that makes no attempt to appear mellow, but strikes, on the other hand, a rather crisp note of up-to-date-ness—the kind of house that you know at first glance contains all the labour-saving devices possible, all the little tricks of the builders' trade that have begun with the housekeeper's need. Its gleaming paint, numerous casement windows, compact planning, do not suggest the same softened and traditional treatments for the rooms within. There is always a spice of interest to me, about a house that bespeaks from the first its trim modernity, even though I am an avowed lover of old things, for I know that if originality and a

love of colour and line happen to dwell here, I may find an interior quite different from any I have seen—and as charming as any I have known. Certainly what is known as the "modern style of furnishing" has opened up a new and enchanting field for the activities of the homemaker who has ideas of her own and an inborn or acquired taste to guide them.

We are conscious of a delightful feeling of things-as-they-ought-to-be, when we find in such a house a diningroom that is all abloom with flowered chintz or cheerful with lovely colours that now put forward their claims where once nothing but red, blue or brown would have been considered.

The walls of the modern room are first to speak of its emancipation. True, they may be panelled in dark wood—in the same mahogany or walnut or oak, or in the chestnut or the Canadian fir that have proved so adaptable for the purpose; or dark colours may be left behind entirely—especially in the room that does not boast a very bright exposure—and the walls painted in the soft tone of old ivory,

or the deeper champagne, grey or buff tones that we like so much as neutral backgrounds. Nothing can be lovelier than these painted walls, and they are not difficult of achievement in these days, when we find at our hand paints in every conceivable colour, mixed and ready for use. For walls, we like the flat paint that is prepared with that use particularly in mind; the flat finish gives to the surface an effect of texture, of depth, that we like particularly. And besides the durable oil paints, there are the water paints that have won, and deserve, great appreciation as a decorative medium. They can be applied to the plastered wall, or to an old wall-paper, so long as it is not torn or broken anywhere—an excellent means of renovation. The amateur who uses paint in a new way for the first time, should read carefully the instructions and helpful hints that the paint manufacturer provides, and follow them conscientiously, from the initial sizing of the walls, to the manner of laying on the brush strokes.

If one would combine the painted or papered wall with the panelling that seems so especially good in a diningroom there is no difficulty in doing so. Study your room, the size and shape of its walls, and if you decide that they lend themselves to panelling, it only remains to work out the size panels you would like in each place and buy sufficient wooden moulding to make them; the moulding must be carefully cut, with perfectly fitting angles, to outline the panels. Usually, it is painted the slightest shade darker than the wall background. As to the wall itself—it may be painted all the same colour, inside and outside the panel moulding; in other words, the entire wall is painted and then the carefully measured moulding is put on. A more ambitious but not necessarily more successful treatment, makes the panels a little lighter than the background colour; or if wall paper is used, a different paper—sometimes a scenic paper—may be used within the panels. Panelling of this latter type is more suitable for the large room—everyone knows that the surface that is in effect unbroken, appears much larger than one showing decided differences in treatment.

The polished or painted floor, with the liftable rug, is a feature of all our new diningrooms and needs no stressing. The rug is most comfortable when it is large enough to accommodate the chairs when they are drawn up around the table.

As I mentioned earlier, we have one thing common to all diningrooms—the actual dining equipment; a table, suitable chairs, are basic essentials. But what a variety we find in them today! Tables square or oblong, round or oval, or built on the long narrow lines of the ancient refectory table that graced the manors and monasteries of old! Tables supported by legs in varying style and number by pedestals, by glorified trestles—everything from the simplest of four-legged squares to the most intricate of gate-legs and adaptable drop-leaves!

So we find the furniture of the modern diningroom an interesting study in itself; new designs by accomplished artists intrigue us continually; we are therefore not surprised when the diningroom in our very modern house contains something quite fresh and original in the way of furniture, something that is essentially right with the light walls and bright chintzes that go to make the room so inviting.

AND the modern diningroom goes even farther afield from its old limitations, than the realm of new designs in furniture, colourful striped and flowered fabrics, delightful coloured glass and charming china. It has struck out—with no sacrifice of taste—along lines that would once have been termed daring, if not bizarre. In the hunt for things new and interesting that was the outcome of a revolt against a deadening sameness and dullness that for a time dominated the great mass of homes, adventurous souls looked in unheard-of places for inspiration; we have two results—a gay, youthful delight in colour for colour's sake, that has given us brilliant little rooms of the utmost informality, but which are essentially sophisticated in effect; and on the other hand, we have the wide spread adaptation of peasant styles, that has followed closely on our new appreciation of the simple and sincere arts and craftsmanship of the peasants of various lands. Oddly different results to come, in a

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Obedience in Marriage

By Janey Canuck

It's great to feel fit in
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Nourishing, easily digested foods help you keep cool, peppy and vigorous!

How you'll enjoy Kellogg's Pep for breakfast! For a crisp, inviting lunch. A feast of flavor that quickens the laziest appetite! That peps you up!

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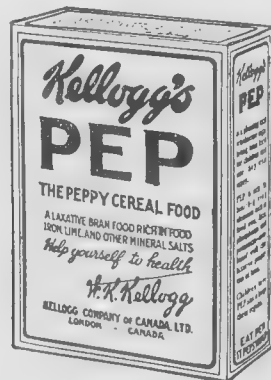
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A wonderfully balanced food for young folks and folks who stay young. Builds vigor! Brings vim!

Serve Pep often. With milk or cream. Try it with canned or fresh fruits, or honey added. Comes ready to eat. Your grocer has Pep.

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PEP



Whole
Wheat
including
the
Bran

A FRENCH essayist once asked the question, "Should a wife obey her husband?"

That there might be no division of opinion, he made answer himself. "Certainly not: every action in matrimonial life should be committed by mutual consent."

In other words, he told us that neither party to the contract must believe that the other exists exclusively for its personal satisfaction or advantage.

Speaking of this same matter, but in a different strain, a male novelist gives the following advice to all and sundry who are wavering husbands:—"Never, never give way to 'em. Liberty or death! When your legs are shot away, fight upon your stumps. While one predatory woman remains on this soil, never lay down your arms, never, never, never."

It was a consideration of these and other marital grievances that caused a Feminist to recommend what, without a doubt, makes for an unduly drastic procedure. "I have sometimes thought," she said, "we women do not exercise the natural privilege of killing our husbands as often as we might."

Yes! this is the time-honored principle that, till death does them part, the wife must ever remain in obedience to her husband, be he rake, gambler, tyrant, drunkard, madman, or all in one.

Well, hardly "until death," because, nowadays, when her children grow up these usually array themselves into a band, with their mother, against misrule. It is an almost daily experience to find young people, still in their teens, bringing their mother to the Police Station and asking protection for her. This is especially true of courageous, self-reliant young foreigners who have learned the English language and ideals.

It was probable that a similar consideration of these marital grievances led the women of Great Britain to insist that the word "obey" be deleted from the Marriage Service of the Established Church.

In the marriage ritual of the Quaker, Roman Catholic, Hebrew and Dissenting Churches no obligation so crudely primitive is placed upon the bride. Neither does the registry office have anything to say concerning subordination of wives. In all these rituals or contracts, the promises are practically the same. Assuredly, this is the reason why heathen women rage in England, and they speak ill of constituted authority. This is why they have said "Sing Ho, for a Justice of the Peace, a Presbyterian pastor, or even a captain of the Salvation Army—Yea, even unto the tenth time."

With feverish outburst, these women have urged that because of the tremendous influence of German teaching upon Archbishop Cranmer, the Prayer Book of the Church of England is essentially a Prussian compilation. This fact is also noted by his biographers.

It may be argued, however, with quite as much propriety that the word "obey," in the Marriage Service, is a sad survival of Saxon England when a bride was transferred like a piece of land, and when part of the wedding ceremony consisted in touching her head with a slipper. In this respect it may be noted too that Archbishop Latimer in advising the youth, Edward VI, concerning the choice of a wife, gave vent to the following weighty comment which still finds echo in the hearts of our day: "It is a very hard thing" declared the prelate, "for a man to rule well one woman."

At any rate, now that this vexatious matter is being settled to the satisfaction of ecclesiastical authorities of Great Britain, there can be little doubt that a decision must be reached by the Church of England in Canada. It, too, must decide whether the foundation stones of the home are to be laid in the cement of peace and amity or in those of coercion and hatred.

Be this as it may, no odds what the Prayer Book says about obedience, the whole thing resolves itself into a matter of human chemistry. A husband's authority or influence over his wife depends upon the relative strength of their individualities and upon the extent her nature is open to impressions—this, and nothing more. A man finds his level in marriage just as he does in the world of men.

Husbands do not promise to obey their wives, but the average man does—that is, presuming there are averages among men. Some persons naturally rule; others naturally obey. In the end, the fittest survives. It was a far-seeing facetious Torontorian who said that at his own wedding a man is never best man, and but rarely afterwards.

THERE was once a man in Winnipeg—listen to this—who objected to certain culinary work in the kitchen and who, accordingly, quoted scripture to his wife, aiming to show that these with the task of dish-washing, had been properly assigned to women.

It was from the 2nd Book of Kings, Chapter 21, and Verse 13, that the woman made answer to him. It is the verse that runs like this:—"I will wipe out Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down."

The Winnipeg man is still "doing" dishes.

Of course, the most pliable of husbands has his obstinate traits and, when a woman runs foul of these, she might as well give in with grace. This is a procedure that undoubtedly makes for a cloudless domesticity.

Personally, I am of the opinion that the clergy and lay-folk of the Church of England in Canada will follow the example of the Mother Church and also delete the word "obey." They will because it has ever been the chief duty of the wise to annul the doings of the merely good.

Returning to the subject of the British women who revolted against the vow of obedience in the marriage ritual, it may be said that however vigorously the man resents the woman's opposition, he must at least admire her sincerity.

No honest woman is willing to make so grotesque and humiliating a vow "before God and this company," for, assuredly, this is a vow that does violence to her self-respect and her religious instinct. Obedience implies a difference in rank, whereas the marriage of modern times is based upon absolute equality. The woman knows it is her part to keep her husband's respect and that no man who truly respects his wife will ever humiliate her with orders. Being properly constituted and sensible, she will be reasonably ready to act on his suggestions and to yield to his opinions—even to his prejudices—presuming he explains these as to an equal. It may be, too, that she has reached the happy stage where she can adopt the dictum of Whitman: "Unfolded out of the justice of the woman all justice is unfolded;

Unfolded out of the sympathy of the woman all sympathy is unfolded."

Sometimes, a woman who is not quite honest will say she intends to obey, but she has mental reservations which she calls "hedging a bit." With a sly little twist of her eye, she explains that "where there's a will there's a won't."

Then why do people quarrel about the word? you ask.

Aye, there's the rub! The word should never be mentioned at all. Any woman who hints she rules her husband is neither discreet nor courteous. In truth, she is an imbecile and graceless. The same applies to a man. The model husband in this particular was probably Sir Thomas More. Writing of More's relations with his second wife, Alice Middleton, old Erasmus said, "He rules her with jokes and caresses better than most husbands do with sternness and authority, and though she has a sharp tongue, and is a thrifty housekeeper, he has made her learn the harp, cithern and guitar, and practise them before him every day."

In the defence of husbands, it must be said that the vast majority have outgrown the ritual of the church in this respect, and no longer require that one will shall serve for two lives. It is the favor of their wives for which they sigh, rather than for their obedience. From this, we get assurance and an exceeding comfort.

Awhile ago, we said that quite as often the wife is the dominant party in the marriage union because of her superior will. Yet, it sometimes happens that she, too, is a tyrant, a virago, or even insane, going so far as to inflict grievous bodily harm upon her husband. Many a

Continued on page 47



© B.&B., 1927

Two of the talented and beautiful Albertina Rasch ballet dancers, appearing in Ziegfeld's dazzling musical comedy "Rio Rita."

How Corns are conquered by the Opera Ballet

Exercise wards off, but does not prevent, foot cal-luses. When a corn comes, it must be routed quickly.

"Of the girls who come to me for instruction in stage dancing, a large percentage have foot-trouble of one kind or another."

So writes Albertina Rasch, the eminent Ballet Mistress who has trained hundreds of girls for the Opera Ballets of Vienna, Paris and New York.

"Corns and calluses are quite common among these candidates for the ballet", she continued. "And a twinging toe will spoil the grace and stamina of almost any dancer."

"I always advise a pupil who is troubled with corns to visit a chiropodist regularly. But sometimes emergency First Aid is necessary . . . then I advise a Blue=jay plaster."

As Mr. Ned Wayburn has said, with the Blue=jay treatment, no time is lost by the dancer . . . The Blue=jay plaster stops the pain the moment it is applied and enables the pupil to continue her lessons in comfort.



ALBERTINA RASCH, head of the Albertina Rasch School of Dancing, who has trained hundreds of girls for the Opera Ballet in Vienna, Paris and New York.

The soft pad fits over the corn and protects it from shoe-friction during dancing practice. And usually, in forty-eight hours, the corn is gone.

Blue=jay is the safe and gentle way to end a corn, because the medication is "controlled" and standardized. No guessing how much or how little to put on. No chance of injuring skin tissue by an over-application. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to remove the corn. It reaches you "all set" and ready for action.

The new 1927 Blue=jay offers you several new refinements. A dainty white pad, instead of a blue one. A more flexible disc to fit even the odd-shaped corn. And a sprightly new package to charm the fastidious.

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For calluses and bunions . . . get quick relief and comfort with Blue=jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN



THE New Blue=jay

Practicing dentists reveal a beauty secret

*They say you must guard The
Danger Line to preserve the
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EVERY year, millions of women waken to the vital importance of proper care of their teeth and gums. For there is a mass of evidence which says: "If your teeth decay; if your gums weaken and become diseased, gradually your health will go. Those priceless assets, beauty and charm, will become but hollow shells, apt to crumble at any minute."

But what is proper care? How can the average person, busy with the affairs of every-day life, give her teeth and gums effective protection?

That the question might be answered by highest authorities, E. R. Squibb & Sons asked a world-famous research institution to make an investigation that would include the entire dental profession. 50,000 practicing dentists were asked certain questions relating to mouth hygiene. Here is a summary of their replies.

95% of the answers agree that acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation.

95% of the answers state that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line.

85% state that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

The result of this investigation is truly overwhelming evidence of the soundness of the Squibb warning to guard The Danger Line.

Millions of people have found that Squibb's Dental Cream gives adequate protection because it is made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every time you use it, small particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice in sufficient quantity to neutralize the acids and

Guard
The
Danger
Line



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DURING the course of the next few issues we propose giving brief reports of different cases decided in the various Courts whenever any interesting points arise. There is no better way of learning the fine points of law than by hearing of the legal ventures of your next door neighbor. So multitudinous are the various laws, particularly in Canada, under our system of Provincial and Dominion legislation that it is almost impossible to avoid falling into a pit-fall sometime or other in one's life. The defence of ignorance of the law cannot avail; for the very simple reason that such a plea would render conviction on any charge almost impossible. There would be no way of deciding whether a man actually knows the law if he swears that he does not; for, as it has been quaintly said by Chief Justice Brian as reported in the Year Book of the 17th year of Edward IV's reign, "For it is trite learning that the thought is not triable, for the devil himself knows not the thought of man".

A contractor agreed to build on an hotel a metal roof which was to be completed and built in a good and workman-like manner for a certain sum of money. The contractor worked on the job for some time but left it unfinished and that it was not soldered, the tin was not properly nailed on the edges and a cap was not put on. The hotelkeeper completed the soldering himself and asked the contractor to finish the job. This was never done but subsequently the parties met and made a settlement, at which time the contractor agreed to finish the roof.

Afterwards a very severe wind storm blew the tin roof off the hotel, the rain damaged the plaster, floors and furniture and the hotelkeeper was obliged to close the hotel during repairs. The contractor was sued but the Courts held that he was not liable on the grounds that the hotelkeeper, after the Defendant had failed to complete the work, should have had the work executed by another party. If he had done this he would have been entitled to deduct the amount so paid to the third party out of the amount coming to the contractor. It was held, moreover, that by giving the contractor an extension of time he voluntarily accepted the possibility of the hotel being damaged by a storm which might blow up at any time.

In another case a landlord sought an injunction to prevent his tenant from removing from the premises a hot water boiler placed upon the premises by the tenant some years after he had entered into possession under a written lease. Under the terms of the lease the tenant was permitted to remove the heating plant at the expiration of the lease. The written lease ran out but the tenant continued in possession without any new lease being entered into. It was held that in the absence of some agreement showing that it was not the intention of the landlord to permit this right to continue, the tenant was entitled to remove the plant and the landlord was refused the injunction.

"A" purchased a quarter section of land from "B" under crop payment subject to a covenant that if the crop payments provided therein should not have paid the full purchase price on or before December 31st, 1928, the balance unpaid should on that date become due and payable. "A" died, having appointed his widow the sole executrix and beneficiary under his will. Since that time she had remarried. The widow administered the property and transferred certain lands to herself in her personal capacity, as she was entitled to do. Up to this time there had not been any default under the Agreement but "B", the Vendor, was of the opinion that by transferring these lands to herself he would be unable to collect the balance due in 1928 and he endeavored to have the Court make an Order stating that the lands which she had transferred to herself were to be retransferred and further that she be prevented from disposing or encumbering the land. The Vendor was unable to show that the security held by him, namely, his Lien,

was insufficient and, moreover, could not establish that there were any other creditors. The Court held that he was not entitled to any such remedy and dismissed the action against the executrix.

In Manitoba the Court of Appeal has given a very interesting decision in connection with an attempt to evade the dower rights of a husband. Sometime before her death the wife transferred to a certain party a lot she held in the City of Winnipeg. The husband subsequently registered a Caveat stating that he was the owner of the lot and that his wife was merely the trustee for him. The transferee brought an action for a declaration that the husband had no interest in the said lot. The evidence showed that the lot had been bought by the husband and the title taken in the wife's name. The wife suffered from an incurable disease and before her death she arranged with the transferee that he take the property and after her death retransfer it to certain parties whom she named. Under the Manitoba Dower Act the husband is entitled to one-third interest in the wife's Estate and the Courts held on the evidence submitted that this was an attempt to bar him from such right. The action brought by the transferee was dismissed on the grounds that it was an attempt to transfer property which transfer was only to take place upon death and that the only way in which this could be done properly was by means of a Will.

Answers to Queries

Fleming, Sask.

Q. I would like a little information about following. Three years ago I made assignment and a sale was called and the Bank being biggest creditor, sold everything but my exempted four horses and line of implements. The Estate was dealt with and the creditors got a certain percentage. One man that I bought two mares of in 1914 for \$450.00 and in the meantime we had paid one time and another over \$700.00 for these mares. We also had \$200.00 from his wife but when we made our assignment they sent in a bill for over \$600.00 and got their percentage of the Estate, when divided. Now, after the assignment was registered he went to the Bank and by some trickery got the Bank to give them seven horses. He claimed they were his mares offspring. Now he had no claim on the offspring, no paper or agreement of any kind but we don't know what he told the Bank. Anyhow, the morning of sale he came and took three horses and now he has been after us for three years to pay him money on his account but we said no. When we have money we intend to pay all our creditors but he has tried to bind us to make acknowledgment but we have not done so. Now, what I would like to know is:

Can he enter into any agreement with the Bank after our assignment is made or does he have to abide the same as other creditors?

Can he seize our exempted horses? They are not even from his mares. Has the Bank any authority to give out exempted horses or could they now allow us to have our exempted horses?

Can we do anything to stop this man from dogging us? We have no money to pay with and we are trying to start on a farm again. This man is rich and he is the only creditor that has bothered us. He claims the Bank would not let us have any horses for exemptions—that these four horses are his.—Farmer.

A. Your creditor can make any agreement with the Bank that he sees fit but no such agreement can affect you in any way. The creditor's rights against you are the same as any other creditors. He cannot seize your exempted horses unless he has some lien or chattel mortgage which would still make them his property. Without such security, he cannot seize these animals from you. Neither the Bank nor the creditor can seize your exemptions or otherwise deal with any of your property.

Continued on page 66



THE writer was recently consulted by a woman whose husband had died suddenly without any warning. He was a comparatively young man who had started a very promising business in partnership with two others. Through the deceased the firm had acquired a large clientele and his sudden demise was being very keenly felt particularly from the financial angle. It transpired that the deceased carried no insurance of any kind, although he had often expressed his intention of doing so. The firm was not in a position to pay off his share of the profits; for, if it did so, its activities would be greatly curtailed, if not altogether suspended. It is a case of great hardship and the recollection of it has induced the writer to say something of insurance, particularly as it affects business men in relation to their families and business associates.

It would be idle to comment upon the advantages of life insurance, so firmly entrenched has it become in the life of a nation. The years have seen an ever increasing amount of insurance taken out by individuals and this increase is a tribute to the worthiness of the proposition. Not only does it afford ample protection in the event of untimely death, but it promotes the habit of saving, which is of incalculable benefit to the community, guarantees the possibility of education to a man's family, relieves a widow's fears as to her future and comforts the insured with the thought that in his old age he shall not be penniless.

There are as many types of policies almost as there are sands of the sea, but the most common are Ordinary Life, Limited Payment Plan, Endowment, Term, Investment and Educational. In an Ordinary Life Policy premiums must be paid until death, at which time the policy becomes payable; whereas in Limited Payment Plans, though the policy is payable at death, the premiums are limited in number and may all be completed long before the insured's death. In an Endowment Policy the premiums are payable for a fixed term of years and the policy becomes payable at the expiration of that term or at death if that should occur before the expiration of the term.

The other types referred to demand a little more space. Term insurance has been greatly increased largely due to the many splendid advantages it affords to business men, especially by the creation of capital and the protection of credit. In the example which came before our notice the firm would have been in an advantageous position if each of the partners had insisted upon the other partners taking out insurance for say a period of five or ten years, or until such time as the firm had become well established. If any of the partners were to die suddenly, the firm would have a fund from which it could satisfy the claims of the widow and at the same time protect its financial credit.

The advantages of term insurance are well summed up in the following quotation taken from a pamphlet issued by the Spectator Company and written by Eugene G. Webb. He gives the following reasons for advocating such insurance by all businesses:

1. To tide over the shock following the death of some man vital to the business.
2. To safeguard the credit of your concern.
3. To protect endorsers of company paper.
4. To protect a business against the death of one who is endorsing the paper or backing it financially.
5. To provide a fund which, if desirable, could be used in acquiring the deceased's interest in the business for the survivors.
6. To protect special debts or obligations of a business.
7. To provide a fund which in an extreme case will make liquidation of the business easy.
8. To give an incentive to create a special surplus fund or cash asset, such as

would exist in the surrender values of the policy contracts.

Investment insurance represents a new departure in the insurance world. It consists of the payment of a single premium whereupon the Company undertakes to pay through the beneficiary, a definite monthly sum for a named period of years. The premium so paid yields an annual cash dividend which is to be added to the amount stipulated. The policy is redeemed at its face value at the end of the endowment period or in the event of prior death. Such policies usually carry cash and loan privileges at the end of the first year. The premium required by one Company for a twenty year endowment of this nature at the age of 35 on the basis of \$10,000.00 is \$6,400.00, being the total amount invested by the policy-holder. At the end of the period this policy has a guaranteed cash value of \$10,000.00. It is thus creating a safe investment "yielding a good rate of interest with no coupons to clip and of unquestioned security and also an investment which greatly increases the value of an Estate."

No thought is stronger in the breast of a father than that his children shall be afforded an opportunity of enjoying a good education. Sometimes, however, it is not possible to carry this into effect, especially if a father should become incapacitated or should die, but Insurance Companies have endeavored to meet these possibilities by the institution of what is known as an Educational Policy. The features of this policy are most interesting.

It is usually provided that by the payment of yearly sums a certain sum will be available when the child is ready to go to college, say at the age of 19, with the added right that should the father die or become totally or permanently disabled the Company will pay all the rest of the premiums to maturity. If the child should die before 11, all the moneys paid in are returned with compound interest, and if the child dies after 11 the full amount of the policy is paid to the father as ordinary insurance. The premium is not very heavy and this kind of policy will undoubtedly meet with wide and unanimous approval.

Richard Barthelmess Tells of Some of Europe's Feminine Types

"The girls of Switzerland with their long plaited hair was one of the things that impressed me most on my recent first-trip to Europe," says Richard Barthelmess. "On a beautifully serene Sunday they all go promenading along the parkway fronting Lake Geneva. There is something wholesome and sweet about them. They are buxom and pinkcheeked, seemingly brimming with the healthy glow of the snow-covered Alps. It was a genuine thrill to see long hair once again.

"The smartest looking women on the entire trip were on the Riviera, at the Paris Opera and the Autueil races. The French woman is truly chic; she is also daring in her attire without being glaring. Brilliant colours and radical designs seem to fit her personality, of which she has plenty. I also met several Russian women in France who left an indelible impression of brilliancy, wit, poise and that indefinable appeal of dark, exotic women. The tongue of the French woman is vivacious but the eye of the Russian expresses that sparkling spirit.

"In England I found the women differing only in exterior. Upon first meeting they present a formidable remoteness—sort of a quiet dignity. The American girl, it seems to me, upon observing those I met abroad and those I have seen upon my return, is a composite of all these types. Being a melting pot of the world I guess it is natural that American women should retain a little of the characteristics of the French, the German, the Russian and the others."

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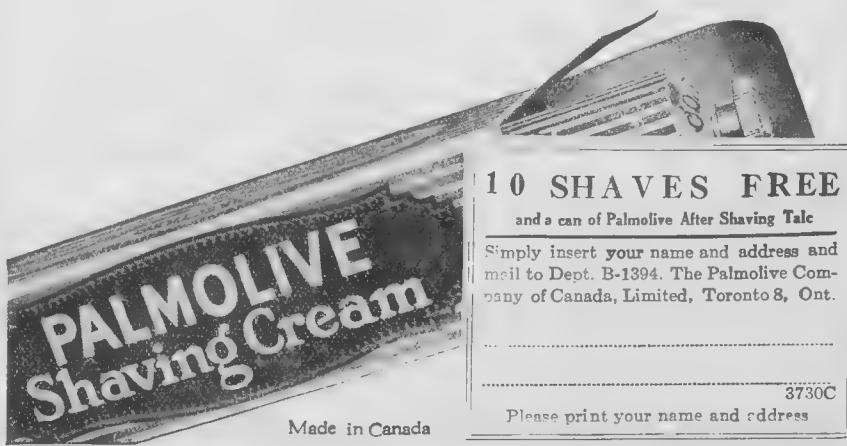
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Shall My Child Study the Piano?

The Child's Music and the Home

WHAT should it mean to a home when a child in it is taking music lessons? Is it to be simply the tinkle of plodding practice, an occasional sweet melody, laboriously learned, and speedily forgotten, the monthly bill from Miss So-and-So's studio? Or is it rather to be an added joy and a strong link in our family life?

The child who studies elocution has some selections ready to recite. The child who studies dancing knows some simple solo steps. But the average music pupil, when asked to play, has rarely even one finished number to offer. This fact has depleted the ranks of music pupils, discouraged patient mothers, and caused practical fathers to rate the whole procedure foolishness.

The teacher who sees the child twice a week at most cannot spend all her time keeping review material in playable shape, so it is a case of the mothers to the rescue. From the time that the first tiny five-finger melody is memorized, the building of a repertoire should be carried on without a break. The viewpoint of the mother and her tactful management will be the largest determining factors in this absorbing process, for they will shape the child's attitude toward music.

In other studies we use certain projects to arouse and hold the child's interest. There are tangible ends to be attained, and results once won may be securely held. But alas, in music, study after study, piece after piece, shuttles through the child's hands into the realm of the forgotten. This need not be so, for the teaching material now in use for beginners is very melodious, and many of the little tunes have words that the child may sing while he plays. With such miniature solos, perfectly memorized, the little music pupil has something to contribute to the general enjoyment.

The child who is trained to love and retain the piano pieces he learns, will grow up ready for concerts, and symphony orchestra music. Folk music and classic themes will come to be a part of him, and he will listen to good music with a keenness of enjoyment far beyond the average.

Keep an indexed list in a notebook of the numbers the child has memorized, and once in a while ask to hear one of them, and express pleasure in it. This will wear off little roughnesses, and be the most stimulating form of review work. As the list grows, the child's pride in it will spur him on to more willing and earnest endeavor. If he is allowed to make entries in the book, and a bit of ceremony is made of the addition of each memorized piece, the numbers in the repertoire will seem too precious to be lightly forgotten.

Gradually drop the earlier pieces, but still keep a goodly group. Impress on the child that these tunes, which are so familiar to him, are always new and fresh to the friends who ask him to play. When you have made sure that the child has a memorized list ready for performance, insist that he play promptly and graciously whenever asked. Train him to give the title of what he plays and the composer of more advanced compositions.

Let the child prepare a short program for Daddy, and play a group of three or four pieces that he has not heard before. Daddy must be coached to listen with due courtesy and attention, and his own pleasure will make this an easy task. The child may confer a unique gift by learning some old favorite and playing it as a special gift for Grandmother, Uncle or Aunt. One little girl and her cousin were the stars at their grandfather's Christmas party, because their gift was a simple violin and piano duet. At family gatherings and parties, the child should be ready to supply his small part of the entertainment. There are some simple arrangements of folk songs and familiar airs, and the teacher will be so proud to have her small pupil acting as accompanist for the family group that she will gladly provide this material for the child. A few Christmas carols, an Easter hymn, the Foster songs—these are all too seldom in the child's material. If you show an intelligent interest in

making your child's music a vital element in the home, any wise teacher will meet you more than half way with alacrity and gratitude.

It is a tactful thing to teach the small child some simple phrase to use in reply to any praise he may receive. "Thank you, I'm glad you like it," is easy to say, and a reply is much more graceful than a silent and hasty disappearance from the piano stool.

If you have friends who play well, let your child hear them, and tell him that such skill and artistry are quite within the possibility of his own accomplishment. The child's joy in his work will grow with his ability to do. All the praise he merits should be freely given, and some day the men and women whose stubby fingers you once made trudge over the piano keys will look back with grateful memory to the childhood home that was brightened and made richer and happier with music.

Turning Back the Hands of Time With The Aid of Music.

HAVE you ever realized the power of music to carry the memory back years and years, until the illusion is so realistic that when your mind returns to its immediate surroundings you realize with a start that it was only a day dream—that you were not actually and physically where your thoughts were?

A few bars from one of the old songs carry you back to the old home. You see the fields, the river, the old swimmer's hole; you almost feel the evening breeze on your cheek and hear the old familiar sounds. You are living again in those old days just as vividly as you did long ago.

This is one of the reasons why music has such a great hold upon people, and why its charm never wears; why some selections, no matter how old, no matter how familiar or how often heard, are always warmly received and often more greatly enjoyed than something strictly up-to-date.

Can anyone doubt the influence for good that has been engendered by "The Rosary"? When you hear Wagner's sublime "Star of Eve" doesn't it cast a spell of awe over you, and is it possible for you to think other than noble thoughts as you drink in its beauty?

To the writer, "Silver Threads Among the Gold" has the power of bringing back the past as has few melodies. Hart Pease Dank wrote that song fifty years ago. Some years ago an old man was found kneeling beside his bed in a cheap lodging house in Philadelphia. On an old copy of "Silver Threads" he had written: "It's hard to grow old alone." It was Hart Pease Danks thinking of his wife, from whom he had been separated for years. She, too, died alone in a Brooklyn rooming house.

But this sad story will not lessen a song's power for good, or in any degree impair its humanizing effect. Therefore:

"Tho' a man who writes a song
May not make history,
He does his part in making life
Worth while for you and me."

Music is one of the greatest essentials of our daily life. Shakespeare said: "Why was music ordained—was it not to refresh the mind of man, after his studies or his usual pain? Then give me leave to read philosophy, and while I pause serve in your harmony."

Schumann said: "Air we breathe penetrates even to the inward man, and a man's life and work are greatly influenced by his surroundings."

Let's have more music in our schools, churches and homes. They claim the home is soon to vanish. There isn't enough interest in the home circle to hold it intact. Buy the children musical instruments. Let them have all the neighbor children in to practice. Whether any of them ever make good players or not, is of little consequence. You'll get value received for the humanizing influence that one little brush with music has had on their lives.

Let 'em play—let 'em sing—let 'em dance and do all their "jazzing" at home. Make the fireside interesting with music and watch results.

South Germanic Poetry

Continued from page 28

Among the Dutch poets of Belgium, K. L. Ledeganck (1805-1847) is perhaps as representative as any. The following song is a vigorous expression of his Flemish loyalties:

A Flemish Song

We are the roistering lads of good old Flanders,
We have the blood of youth and Flemish life,
We have no use for him who sleeps or ponders
Wrapt in sluggish dream, avoiding strife.
We love the flowing Flemish glass
In jollity to pass,
With kisses from a dimpled Flemish lass.

Yes, we uphold the ways of good old Flanders;
Stand by the good old Flemish barley-brew.
Down with the fellow who our brown beer slanders!
Up with the foaming draught, and here's to you!

We love the flowing Flemish glass
In jollity to pass,
With kisses from a dimpled Flemish lass.

Throughout the nineteenth century various currents have flowed across the surface of Dutch poetry. The Romanticism of Feith, Bogaers, and Staring was followed by the "Victorian" school of Potgieter, Genestet, Heije, and Hofdijk, and this again in the eighties by a new lyric school of revolt in Perk, Emants, Verwey, and Couperus. The following poem by Heije is given, not for its intrinsic merit but because it illustrates an age-old connection of Dutch life with the sea:

Skipper's Song

The wild east wind is blowing,
And eastward must I travel;
But while the billows harry,
And foaming towards the gravel
Compel my ship to tarry,
I wait, my hopes foregoing.

At anchor we will seat us,
Cheerful and uncomplaining;
For what we cannot alter
Calls for our bold sustaining.
We shall not fail nor falter—
And west winds soon will greet us.

In adverse tides distressful,
With adverse winds' commotion
Through days and dark's obscuring—
Such, mates, is life on ocean!
But watching and enduring
Will bring us off successful.

THE Frisian language, now largely confined to the Dutch province of Friesland and the North Sea islands of the German coast, is the speech of an ancient Teutonic people more closely allied to the English than to any other group. So close was the original relationship that in the seventh century missionaries from England found that they could converse freely with the Frieslanders.

Frisian literature has always been overshadowed and threatened with extinction by Dutch on the south and German on the east; yet it has maintained an unbroken existence from the fourteenth century down to the present and is more vigorous to-day than ever before. The out put of most of these six centuries is nevertheless so scanty that it would be rather absurd to outline a succession of distinct movements in the sense in which they are found in Holland and Germany. Gysbert Japicx and J. J. Starter are Friesland's best-known poets before the nineteenth century. Waling Dykstra, E. Halbertsma, Murray Bakker, H. S. Sytstra, Pieter J. Troelstra, J. B. Schepers, and P. Sipma are among the more important names since 1800. The following poem by Sytstra has something of the pastoral quality which one would expect from a region predominantly rural:

Swallow Song Dark

Up, up through the sky
Without twitter or cry,
But a wheel and a whirl
Like an arrow in speed,
Then lift and a lead,
Take so swiftly a swirl,
Catch a gnat on the wing
With a whirl and a wheel
And a veer and a heel
And a spin and a spire
And a loop and a gyre.

To the eaves once again,
And there repeat the swallow's old refrain:
"Twas just last year
When I was here,
This box was full
And that was full,
And now they all are tira-lira-lira-lira leee."

This sonnet by Sipma, a prominent Frisian scholar and philologist, is perhaps more typical still of the spirit of his people:

Dark, dark and dreary is the night: no gleam
Of sunlight or fading moonbeam falls
On the still earth, where equal darkness
palls
Meadows and ploughland, sea and shore
and stream.
The timorous urchin grasps his father's hand
And walks beside him through the sightless field;
A-tremble at the dark tree half-concealed
Beside the water on the silent strand.

So in the dark, cold midnight of the tomb,
When the mute bearers let us sink to earth
And pass in terror into death's cold gloom,
Our souls shall grasp the holy hand of God
And passing through that field of murky dearth
Shall come in joy to His serene abode.

English Poetry

LAST, and on the whole greatest, among the South Germanic literatures comes English. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon English readers, however, that the comparative greatness of English poetry has many qualifications. In formal beauty it is inferior to Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. Among the Germanic languages, High German excels it in lyric poetry and philosophical depth, and Dutch in didactic verse. It is only by virtue of high imagination, especially in Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, that England can lay claim to the greatest poetry in modern times.

Moreover, its development has not been native and spontaneous but intimately related to cultural movements on the Continent. Thus, apart from the old Anglo-Saxon verse, whose interest is largely philological, the first great phase of composition is that era of feudal poetry introduced by the Norman-French court and culminating in Chaucer. French epic and romance and Provencal lyric had here an expression genetically related to that in Portugal, Castile, Aragon, Italy, and among the Minnesingers of all the German states.

The next stage is the Renaissance, which was kindled from classical and Italian fires and flamed high in the glories of Elizabethan drama, the allegory of Spenser, the numberless lyrics and sonnets of the age, and the soaring epics of Milton. Complete comprehension of these poets is impossible without some knowledge of the alien elements which they wove into the fabric of their vision.

In the third phase, the Augustan or classical canons of seventeenth century France were invoked and employed by Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and a host of others. Rationality, lucidity, point, and technical correctness became the guiding principles of English poetry up to 1798.

In that year a revolt that had been slowly maturing for fifty years, in part through foreign influences, definitely broke out in the work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, who, like their later Romantic contemporaries Byron, Shelley, and Keats, reaffirmed the supremacy of imagination in art.

The further course of the nineteenth century brought the superb technique of Tennyson and Swinburne, the ratiocinative character-studies of Browning, and the poignant sincerity of Arnold and Clough. In our own day, the greatest poetic figures are Thomas Hardy the pessimist and John Masefield the realist.

Such is an appallingly concentrated sketch of one of the world's greatest poetries. Those who are aghast at my brevity may well reflect that the exigencies of space have enforced similarly savage compression in the case of the thirty-nine other literatures treated in this series.

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The Queen Alexandra Solarium

Continued from page 18

with the full consent of the parent body on the mainland, became incorporated as a separate society, under the title of the "Queen Alexandra Solarium for Crippled Children" (initiated by the Women's Institutes of British Columbia).

At an early stage of the proceedings the representatives of the Women's Institutes wisely called to their assistance representatives of the various important interests on the Island, and specially appealed to Dr. Cyril Wace for guidance and assistance in the realization of their project, he being well known on the Coast for his skill in orthopaedic work, and his intimate acquaintance with the methods of Dr. Rollier in Switzerland, Sir Henry Gauvain, at the Treloar Homes for Crippled Children at Alton and Hayling Island, in England, and other experienced exponents of this form of treatment. Dr. Wace has given unsparingly of his knowledge and time to the fulfilment of the plan formulated by the Women's Institutes, and is now acting as Honorary Medical Superintendent of the Solarium.

The appeal for funds met with a warm response, so that the building was opened on March 1st free of debt; though, in order not to delay this desired end, the equipment was confined to the barest necessities. It is hoped, therefore, that the stream of contributions will continue, not only to add to the comforts and conveniences of the nursing and service staffs, but also to provide funds for enlargement; for, already the available number of beds are full, and there is a long list of waiting applicants. It must ever be borne in mind that this treatment may have to be carried on for from one to three years, consequently the large number of patients who pass through a general hospital can never be compared with those relieved at a Solarium, which is designed to assist a quite different type of case.

THE building is situated about 30 miles from Victoria on Vancouver Island, admirably sheltered from cold winds by the Malahat Mountain and by thick belts of trees. The ground slopes gently down to the waters of Mill Bay and affords a wonderful view of fairy-like islands in the Straits of San Juan del Fuca and the snow-capped peaks of Mt. Baker. It faces east with a little south, for it is the early morning rays of the sun which are so rich in the curative ultra violet rays; the site purchased is of sufficient area to permit of the erection of two similar units, as funds for the purpose become available.

It is of bungalow type, with a total length of 240 feet and an average width of 50 feet. The entire structure is built on solid concrete foundations, the inside being finished throughout with hardwall plaster and "Lamateco" panel dados. The outside is covered with cream cement stucco, while the fire-proof roof is colored a cheery red. The entire frontage is occupied with the three ward units, which can be separated by folding, sliding glazed doors, and afford accommodation for about fifty cots and beds. More than thirty of these beds had been given by various societies and individuals before the Solarium was opened, at a cost of \$50 per bed or cot.

A special feature of these wards are the "Hoffman" windows, which fold back on themselves in such wise as to leave the whole front of the wards open to the air; and it is anticipated that they will rarely be closed except during the worst winter storms. Three large

double doors give access in any case from these wards to the wide balcony, which extends the entire length of the building, and upon which the small folk spend their entire days, and, during the summer months, they will also sleep in the open air.

Sloping, carefully graded runways give access from the balcony to the grounds and beach. Plans for the laying out of the grounds are already in hand, while quite shortly a cement bathing pool will be available for the children's use, into which the sea will flow at high tide; the water will thus become warm enough at the earliest possible date for bathing purposes; for bathing, splashing and paddling in sea water is looked to as one of the most important agents in the restoration to health and utility of diseased limbs or of debilitated children. From the first, delighted little patients splashed their feet and legs in big tubs of sea water; but, obviously, special provision must be made for the comfort and safety of these fragile folk; who sit around a charcoal brazier when they come out of the sea, and are stimulated by mugs of warm milk, while their feet are plunged in tubs of hot water.

On the northwest angle of the building are the nurses' quarters, with a charming bay-windowed sitting room; and behind the wards is a well planned kitchen and pantry, with linen room, plaster room and doctor's office. On the southwest corner, near the main entrance, is a spacious enclosed verandah, 70 feet long, for the children's use. Rows of lockers are built in for their personal treasures and long, low blackboards to provide for their instruction or amusement. Long low tables will minister to their comfort also, when they have reached the "sitting" stage. Doll's houses and a wealth of other toys also find accommodation here, from which a selection can be made for amusement in the wards; where Jimmy, aged five, shows with triumph his "very own" teddy-bear, nearly as big as his jolly little owner and Margaret, the "baby" of the institution, solemnly holds out her wooden beads to the visitor, as she coyly whispers her name and her age. One little inmate in a bed nearby is mothering a beautiful doll, which some fairy god-mother bestowed on the birthday she celebrated only a few days before.

NEEDLESS to say great precautions have been taken for protection against fire. All the electric wiring is in steel conduits; hydrants, fire gongs and fire extinguishers have been installed; and the engine and dynamo for generating the electric current for lighting purposes and for power to run the laundry equipment, etc., are housed in a separate building at a safe distance from the Solarium.

The total cost of the site, building and equipment amounted to about \$50,000; and it is hoped that, apart from enlargements to meet growing demands for accommodation, the running expenses should be met almost entirely by the patients' fees. Not that any child will be refused admission on account of inability to pay, but already several societies have undertaken to endow cots for one or more years, at an annual cost of \$250. This endowment will be supplemented by an average Government grant of \$1 per day per child, under the provisions of the British Columbia Hospital Act; and there is good reason to believe, after careful comparison with the average cost in the Junior Red Cross Hospitals

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The Romantic Story of "Mary Had a Little Lamb"

By Ralph Darlington, F.R.G.S.

THE month of May celebrated the birthday of "Mary", the real subject of the nursery rhyme, "Mary had a little lamb", sung by children everywhere throughout the British Empire and America. "Mary", who is a widow, Mrs. Mary Hughes, has now reached her eighty-seventh year, and though an invalid, is still interested in everything that goes on in the world and is specially fond of children and animals. America is trying to claim the authorship of the Children's favourite rhyme, and is crediting Horatio Hale, the American poet, with having written the verses to Miss Mary Sawyer in 1890, while Mr. Henry Ford, the American millionaire, has just completed the building of a school at Redstone Hill, Sterling, U.S.A., in her honour.

The one and only original Mary, benefactor of baby lambs, and actor in the immemorial drama of the village school-room, has stepped out from the pages of nursery rhyme books, and is a charming and vivacious old lady. She has for some years suffered from acute rheumatism, and can only move about her room in a wheeled chair which she propels herself. Her hair is white, and her face beams with smiles as I take her photograph in that enchanted chair.

"Mary had a little lamb" was written, not in 1890, but in 1847, when "Mary" was a child of seven, living with her father at Ty Issa Farm, in the beautiful Vale of Llangollen, North Wales. Let Mrs. Mary Hughes tell her own story. Interviewed at her home the silver-haired lady gave the

which often occurred in severe weather, my father would entrust the little one to me to bring up. I used to take off the finger of an old glove and tie it over the spout of a teapot filled with warm milk to feed the orphans. Sometimes three or

four of these frail lambs would be waiting for me on my return from school. I became greatly attached to the little creatures and they would prance about and follow me round the farm. My sister and I had a daily walk of two miles to school. When I was about seven I had two pet lambs, 'Nell' and 'Billy'. 'Nell' was spotlessly white, and very tiny, but 'Billy' was strong and if a dog or goat approached 'Nell', 'Billy' was immediately on the offensive and often there

was a fight. 'Billy' could butt very vigorously and he always came off victor and would proudly protect little 'Nell'. He would come with me everywhere, and was always waiting for me in the morning when we went together a quarter of a mile to the farm-gate on the Holyhead Road, to fetch the letters from the postman. One day 'Billy' followed me to the village school. But when we got there, he frisked and gambolled about the room, causing such a commotion among the other pupils that the schoolmistress, a Miss Coward, made me take the lamb away. It was too far to walk home with him so I took my little pet to a friend at the old Toll-Gate House near by. In those days there were toll-bars on all the main roads in England and Wales, and this toll gate was on the famous London and Holyhead Road, constructed by



Mrs. Mary Hughes, author of "Mary had a little lamb".



Ty Issa farm where Mary was born and brought up her little lambs

narrative in a very simple way. "I was born", she said, "86 years ago in the merry month of May in the Valley of the Dee, two miles from Llangollen where I went to school. My father, John Thomas, was an experienced farmer and a rearer of Welsh mountain sheep. As a child I was very fond of lambs. Welsh sheep are smaller than those in most countries and the lambs make great pets. Whenever there was an orphan among the flock,

Telford, the engineer, who also built the Toll Cottage.

"It was along this highway that Daniel O'Connell, the Irish leader, and his Party coached with teams of horses to Parliament, and Llangollen was a sort of half-way house between Dublin and Westminster, and the Irish Party always spent a night here.

"Llangollen, too, was a favourite resort
Continued on page 47



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The Queen Alexandra Solarium

Continued from page 44

in Saskatchewan and Alberta, for instance, that these two sources of income should cover the daily expenditure for food, upkeep and so forth.

An original scheme is also being organized under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary, by which many gifts in kind offered by the Women's Institutes of the province should be so arranged that each of the 110 Institutes which desires to participate therein shall undertake to send a specified contribution in kind or in cash at a fixed date each year, thereby adding substantially to the required supply of fruit, vegetables and groceries. Thus the Women's Institute at Sooke has promised so many sacks of apples each October; the Saanich Institutes will send crates of fresh berries in season; Parksville will send a specified donation of eggs in March, with waterglass for their preservation, and so on. One distant Institute on the Mainland prefers to send five dollars each January, to be spent on vegetables during the winter; another offers a sack of sugar at a fixed date; and ere many months are over it is believed that the scheme will represent a valuable contribution to the dietary of the institution, without imposing hardship upon the kind donors.

The whole outfit of house and table linen, household cloths, children's bedgowns and capes, etc., amounting to many hundred articles, were beautifully made by the voluntary work of many organizations and individuals, chiefly in Victoria and the neighborhood (here again the Women's Institutes bore a generous share in the labor), but also throughout the whole of Vancouver Island.

The Women's Auxiliary has subdivided its work under several heads, each with its own convener. Thus one member will organize periodical entertainments for the children; another is responsible for desirable publicity; a third will see to the collection of funds to carry on the activities of the Auxiliary, and so forth. The Solarium itself is under the control of a board of twelve directors, of which one-third retire annually; and Dr. Wace has the assistance, when necessary, of a staff of specialists in Victoria, willing to give their services for the assistance of the children.

THE directors feel themselves to be congratulated upon securing Miss Hilda Willis as Nurse Superintendent, for she has had long experience in helio-

therapy and in orthopaedic nursing, some of which was gained under Sir Henry Gauvain, when she was for some months Sister-in-charge of a ward of seventy beds at the Solarium at Alton. Miss Willis went through the whole of the terrible experience of the war in Serbia, including the historical retreat to Dalmatia, in the depths of winter, which involved the crossing of high mountains, in imminent hourly danger of attack from the enemy. It was at Ragusa in Serbia that she and her friend Miss Stone, who by a happy chance is able to join with her again at the Solarium, organized a similar institution for the treatment of the crippled tuberculous children after the war. Working under the staff of graduate nurses are probationer nurses, who will gradually qualify to carry the blessings of this method of treatment to other localities.

Much has been accomplished in the opening of the Queen Alexandra Solarium, but much yet remains to be done to round out the full object in view. Not only are there many "wants" still to be supplied by generous donors, but the institution itself will be incomplete until provision is made for systematic and sufficiently prolonged training in a useful and profitable trade or handicraft of those children whose condition does not permit of the complete cure which may be foretold in some cases. Where alleviation only is possible, and where some muscular weakness or deformity will be a permanent handicap, the work of the Solarium must include such training as will fit these young people to take their places in the world as self-supporting self-respecting citizens. Few worthier objects than the financing of such technical classes could enlist the sympathies of those richly endowed with this world's goods.

In conclusion, it may be well to point out that for Solarium purposes the term "crippled child" includes children disabled by cardiac or other diseases, in whom the acute stage is passed and where prolonged care can establish a cure or procured marked alleviation. No limit of time will be placed on the period of treatment of these pitiful sufferers from tubercular diseases of bones, joints, spine, glands or skin; or from deformities, whether congenital or acquired. "Delicate children" will also be eligible for admission, and will be retained under treatment until such time as the pathological tendency is eradicated.

The Trials of the Profession

By Wm. P. Schramm

AS is generally known, Sir A. Conan Doyle was a physician before becoming a writer. Once asked why he had abandoned the practice of medicine for a literary career, the creator of Sherlock Holmes said:

"It happened during the second year of my career as a doctor. One stormy winter's evening, with a sixty-mile-an-hour blizzard raging, and the thermometer 20 below zero, I received a call from a home some five miles out in the country, saying that a little girl had suddenly become violently ill.

"Donning my wraps and taking my grip, I stepped out. The blizzard having raged since three o'clock in the afternoon, a rig was out of the question; I would have become marooned in the huge drifts in no time. So I set forth on foot.

"Twice the wind snatched my hat. The first time, after groping about for half an hour in the darkness, plunging into drifts up to my waist, I recovered it. But the second time I didn't. So hatless, my ears and fingers frost-bitten, I finally arrived at my destination. After pounding a quarter of an hour on the

back door and an equal length of time on the front one, I heard a window raised somewhere on the top story of the house, and then a voice called out above the roar of the elements:

"Who is it?"

"It's I—Doctor Doyle," I said as cheerfully as my disposition would permit.

"Sorry to hav' troubled ye, doctor," the voice said, then. "Little Janie was havin a bad spell when we called you, but right after she got over it, an' now she's sleepin' soundly. So I don't think we will need you, doctor. Sorry to hav' put ye to th' trouble o' comin' out. G'night."

"With thoughts seething in my mind that could never be uttered in respectable society, I pulled up my coat collar again and set forth on the return trip. But I had taken only a few steps, when the voice called: 'Hey, doctor.' Thinking that the little girl had suddenly taken a turn for the worst, I hurriedly retraced my steps. When I reached the doorstep, the voice called down:

"You won't charge anythin' for this trip, will ye, doctor?"



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EDNA FERBER

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Obedience in Marriage

Continued from page 38

husband lives in an actual state of perdition by reason of this, and because he does not venture to retaliate.

One such woman came up the riverways to Edmonton from "the Land of Forever Whiteness" that lies within the Arctic Circle. The gallant officer of "the Mounted" who brought her into court, averred the woman to be insane because she was regularly given to beating her husband.

With similar occurrences in mind, this evidence seemed hardly conclusive, especially as Laura, the Eskimo woman, appeared amiable in the extreme and appreciative of the smallest kindness. We were mistaken though, for Laura actually was demented, and two years later died in the Mental Hospital, having again been returned to our Province for attention.

We are not maintaining that every woman who is the blister of her home, or who makes her husband knuckle under upon all occasions, is actually heading for the lunatic asylum, but only that there are horrible examples of the kind.

In the marriage relation, as in the world of affairs, the question of who shall rule is one which must be worked out by the individuals.

To this end, the chiefest advantage, as well as the chiefest privilege, lies in the serving. Whoever obeys a force commands it. Although love neither gives nor takes receipt in full, the secret of demonstration, for the most part, lies in non-resistance. This is a wonderfully fascinating exercise and one that either a husband or wife may depend upon to yield immense returns in happiness and richness of life.

The Romantic Story of "Mary Had a Little Lamb"

Continued from page 45

of English, Colonial, Continental and American visitors, because of its sylvan beauty and many charms. Three sisters from London, the Misses Burl, were staying with my mother at the farm. Miss Jane Burl, the eldest sister, wrote children's stories and nursery rhymes, and I used to act as guide, taking her from place to place about the valley. 'Billy' used to follow us and this greatly interested Miss Burl. When she heard of his escapade at school, she was so amused that she wrote the pretty little poem which appears in her book of Nursery Rhymes:-

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule—
It made the children laugh and play
To see the lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, 'I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me from all harm!'

'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The eager children cry,
'Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know',
The teacher did reply.

"I never thought in those long-ago days that this little ditty would be sung by tens of thousands of children in various parts of the world, but it is a joy and solace to me to think about it all in the eventide to my life."

The recent cold snap took people the more completely by surprise from its having been predicted in the press—Punch.

Contemporary poet writes of "The little flowers with their lifted faces." Gosh! They haven't started that stuff on the flowers, have they?—Arkansas Gazette.

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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 30

shore. He had the devil's own luck not to stick on the mud with the water as low as it is. Anyway, he reached the beach and dashed off inland. Manderton had his gun out, but he never got a shot at him. . . .

A deep voice from the seaplane cut across his recital.

"Here they come," it said. "And they've taken their time about it. . . ."

Mr. Manderton handed the field glasses up to the pilot and clambered over the side of the Sprite. "Glad to see you all right, Miss, he remarked to Freckles with a smile. A small launch came swirling through the waves toward them. Gerry, with his coat off, was tinkering with the Sprite's engine. As the launch drew near they recognized Mallow, with his head bound up, in the bow, and Smith, Snook and a couple of uniformed policemen distributed amidstships and aft.

"It's the launch I ordered to follow us from Chine Bay," said the inspector.

"The Ryde boat broke down and had to put back, sir," explained Mallow.

"You look none the worse for your crack on the head, Mallow?" said the inspector humorously.

"It's not the first I've had," the plain-clothes man answered hoarsely, "as well you know, gov'nor! But I'd dearly like to get me 'ands on that great, murderin' rascal. Pickin' me up and bashin' me agin a tree like I might be a doll!"

Snook was left in charge of the Sprite, and the detective, with Freckles and the two other men, were transferred to the Chine Bay launch. The Sprite was becoming unpleasantly lively, and the inspector arranged that Freckles, Ronnie and Gerry should land with the rest and wait for the Sprite to float off, while Manderton and his men set off in pursuit of the fugitive.

To avoid the mud the launch made for a spot on the other side of the little point, round which Vroque had abandoned the dinghy, as the water was deeper there and a strip of shingle afforded a reasonably good landing place. The party, led by Manderton and his two assistants, the two uniformed constables bringing up the rear, clambered up the foreshore and came in sight of the dinghy drawn up on the beach on the other side.

A VERY small boy in a ragged shirt and a much abbreviated pair of flannel pants was bending over the boat, submitting it to such serious and thorough investigation as a small boy will bestow upon anything that interests him. They looked at each other in surprise. No one had seen the urchin arrive, and behind him the flat shore, with its edging of coarse grass and unfriendly pines, was as desolate as they had seen it when Vroque's gaunt figure had first been swallowed up in the bluish dusk under the trees. At the sound of feet on the stones the boy straightened up and looked around. When he caught sight of the little column of strangers bearing down upon him, his eyes widened, and with some haste he put the dinghy between himself and them.

"Seen anything of a tall gentleman around here, son?" said Manderton, gazing down benignly upon the small, rather scared face. The urchin nodded vigorously, his saucer eyes on the detective. Then he thrust a grimy hand into the pocket of his Lilliputian breeches and produced in succession a knife, a piece of string, a much-creased cigarette card, a glutinous substance which at some earlier stage might have been a piece of chocolate, a shilling and, at the last, a folded sheet of paper.

Clasping the rest of his treasures to his bosom, he held out the paper to Manderton.

"Gentleman told me to give yer this," he piped.

Manderton snatched the paper from the boy and, before unfolding it, said sharply:

"Where did you see the gentleman sonny?"

The infant pointed back over his shoulder.

"Back in the woods there. 'E was settin' under a tree writin'. 'E told me to go down to the point and . . . and I'd find a boat. If I'd wait beside the boat and . . . and give the paper to a man what came, 'e said I should 'ave . . . a shillin'." The interesting juvenile nodded mysteriously. "I gotta shillin', I 'ave!" he announced solemnly.

With a brusque movement the inspector unfolded the paper. His companions, anxiously scrutinizing his face, saw a puzzled look give place to an angry frown. The detective read to the end, then handed the paper to Dene.

"Keep it for me, will you?" he said. He turned to the urchin. "Come on, son," he cried. "You show me where you left the kind gentleman and I'll give you another shilling." He beckoned to his men and, led by their diminutive guide, the party swept up the beach.

Meanwhile Dene was perusing the paper. It was a letter, scrawled in pencil in a crabbed hand.

"Read it aloud, Ronnie," Freckles urged him. With sundry pauses, for in places the writing was almost illegible, Dene read out:

"Dear Inspector Manderton:

"It will save you further trouble if I tell you that I killed Stanismore. I was of service to him, and when he had achieved his purpose he cast me aside. I will not weary you with details of the intrigue I conducted on his behalf, except to say that not gain was my motive, but the pure joy of hoodwinking this rabble of intellectual crooks and unblushing time-servers who arrogate to themselves a sort of divine mission for the conduct of the nation's affairs. It amused me to substitute a ruthless selfseeker like Stanismore for a solemn humbug like Chesterham.

"If you measure this man's value to humanity against mine, you must acquit my act of deliberation. Even to rid the world of Stanismore the sacrifice of my life would be too great. No, to suffer the public hangman executioner to extinguish the light of an intellect such as mine that an earthworm should be crushed underfoot would be illogical. It was this consideration that sealed the fate of the unfortunate Barleston. When it became a question of him or me, I did not hesitate. Better a thousand times that a thing of no account like Barleston should die than that I, with my preëminent brain, should be delivered up into the hands of the undiscerning, indiscriminate justice.

"How did I come to kill Stanismore? Ah, my dear Inspector, that time passion clouded intellect. For a fortnight Stanismore had evaded me. But I would not thus be slighted. When I read in the newspapers that he was going to attend a political function at Portsmouth I wrote, summoning him to Node.

"That night we met face to face in the grounds. I upbraided him with his ingratitude; he insulted me, my temper got the better of me and I struck him down. I went away and left him there, and when I had cooled down returned to find him dead. To guard

against interruption in the task that was before me, I bolted the sea door, then picked up the body and cast it forth like carrion over the wall. On my way back I found his cap, which I brought indoors with me. The stick with which I killed him I buried under leaves in the Wilderness. When your investigations became inconvenient to me, I hid the cap in Major Barleston's room: from the outset he had seemed to me the most worthy subject upon whom to throw suspicion. It diverted me to learn from you this morning that the major lost no time in using the cap as a means to incriminate Captain Dene. I should like Captain Dene to understand that I had no hand in this. Intellectually speaking, the military type is so low that, in my opinion, it should be preserved, if only for the reason that, in the modern state, professional soldiers are inevitably destined to become the only class foolish enough to devote itself to the useful task of exterminating the military.

"You will agree that I have been frank with you. But do not imagine, my dear Inspector, that I propose to gratify your professional vanity by lending myself to a hue-and-cry, with handbills and bloodhounds and all the paraphernalia of your engaging occupation. Sophocles has written: 'Death is not the worst evil, but rather when we wish to die and cannot.' You will find the passage in the Elektra.

CURTISS VROGUE.

Ronnie finished reading.

"What an extraordinary letter!" said Freckles in a hushed voice.

"He was stark, staring crazy!" exclaimed Gerry.

"Crazy with intellectual arrogance," Ronnie put in. "Wait a minute; there's a postscript overleaf. . . ." He read out slowly: "Morte magis metuenda senectus." That means: 'Old age is more to be feared than death,' doesn't it?" he paused, and his eyes clouded over reflectively. "What a strange, bitter creature!" he murmured at last. "Well, may God have mercy on his soul."

A brief silence fell between them as they stood about the abandoned dinghy on that lonely beach.

"You think—you think he means to kill himself, Ronnie?" the girl asked rather tremulously.

"His letter makes that clear, doesn't it? He shot Frankie in a fit of homicidal mania, I imagine. Frankie's death wouldn't have altered the ultimate result. If Vrogue had stopped to reason, he'd have seen that, apart from everything else, this act must definitely throw suspicion upon him in respect to the other crime. When he cooled down I suppose he realized that a man of his extraordinary appearance could not long avoid arrest, and his pride revolted at the idea of standing his trial for murder. Therefore. . . ."

"But what's all this stuff about Stanismore and an intrigue?" Gerry interrupted explosively.

"Manderton will have to tell us that," Dene replied, "if he knows, that is to say. If he doesn't, well, I don't think he can rely on getting it from Vrogue." He tapped the letter. "This is the old boy's swan-song. He's said all he means to say. By the time Manderton reaches him, I fancy it will be too late. . . ."

Even as he was speaking, from the hidden fastnesses of that barren shore, somewhere in the distance behind the wind-bent screen of trees, there fell a single, short report, muffled, hollow. Their eyes exchanged a wondering glance and, with one accord, they turned to stare up the beach, listening, listening. . . . But to their ears came only the patter of sand against the branches as the wind swept through the pines, and the sad, wild cry of the sea birds everlastingly wheeling over the azure thread of the Solent.

A hoarse call rang from the sea. Snook was hailing them.

"See," said Ronnie, "the Sprite's afloat."

Slowly he led the way up the shore, with Freckles and Gerry behind him.

AFTER dinner that evening, when the house was quiet and the clinging darkness of the June night rested like warm velvet over the grounds of Node, Gerry Leese walked down to the terrace where Ronnie sat enjoying the calm of sea and stars over a contemplative cigar. Manderton was coming up the steps. His gait was dragging; he looked tired and depressed. He stopped before the two men and doffed his hard felt hat to wipe his brow.

"Well?" said Dene.

"Dead when we reached him," said the detective moodily. "In a little copse he was, 'bout a mile inland from where we left you. He'd shot himself through the temple. Whew! what a strapping big chap! Proper job we had getting him away, I can tell you! That's what kept me so long. . . . By the way," he added to Dene, "I'll have that letter if you've got it. . . ."

Dene handed over the document. Manderton put it away in his pocket and sank down on the bench.

"Well," he remarked, mopping his brow, "he's simplified things, anyway. The doctors will testify that he was unbalanced, and that'll save the washing of a heap of dirty linen!"

"You mean this intrigue that Vrogue speaks of," said Dene, sitting down beside the detective. "What was it, Inspector?"

Mr. Manderton began to fill his pipe. "A dirty business. Stanismore was behind this campaign of the Daily Radical's to drive old Chesterham into surrendering the leadership of the party; and Vrogue was the intermediary. . . ."

"But I thought Vrogue barely knew Stanismore?"

Mr. Manderton grunted. "He knew him a good deal better than anybody had any idea of. Stanismore kept the acquaintance dark, and I've not yet definitely discovered where they met. It wasn't at Grosvenor Crescent, nor yet at Vrogue's rooms in Curzon Street. Latterly Stanismore had taken to visiting the British Museum, to go to the reading room, he said, and Stoale—that's his private secretary, you know—thinks he may have met Vrogue in one of the museum galleries. No doubt Stanismore thought that the sort of people who frequent the museum wouldn't be likely to recognize him. . . ."

"But why did Stanismore select Vrogue of all people? Rather a strange choice, wasn't it?" Dene put in.

"Not so strange when you know that Vrogue and Willis, the editor of the Daily Radical, were close friends. Stanismore didn't miss much. The Daily Radical has been trying for a long time to push out old Ches. Stanismore decided to turn these attacks to his own advantage and to strengthen them with the finest ammunition that a newspaper can obtain for a job like this, and that's accurate information from the inner circle of the party. Where or how he first became acquainted with Vrogue I don't know, but I haven't the least doubt he deliberately picked him on account of the old devil's relations with Willis. . . ."

"How do you know all this?" asked Dene.

"I made Willis tell me. He was difficult at first—you know how stuffy a good newspaper man is about disclosing the sources of information on which a campaign is based. Vrogue would not say the name of his informant, and Willis did not press for it; it was good enough for him that the old ogre's stuff was red hot and always dead accurate. Willis realized, of course, that someone in the party was leaking; it never

Continued on page 50



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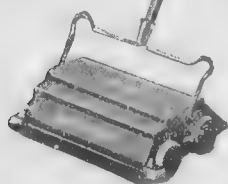
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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 49

occurred to him that it would be Stanismore, for Stanismore never lost an opportunity of denouncing the paper for its scurrilous attacks on Chesterham. Oh, he was a deep one, was Stanismore! Now, pay attention to me! About a fortnight before Stanismore was murdered old Vogue ran dry; not another scrap of news did Willis get out of him for the Daily Radical campaign. After Stanismore's death Willis discovered that, a fortnight before, old Ches had decided to retire and had privately promised Stanismore to secure him the leadership. Willis never noticed the coincidence in dates until I pointed it out to him. Now we know why Stanismore, as the letter mentions, evaded Vogue. Stanismore had got what he wanted, and his bottle washer could go to blazes. . . .

"By Jove!" exclaimed Dene admiringly, "you've certainly made out a convincing case, Inspector. Did you know all this when you came back from London this morning?"

"All of it except the valuable corroboration which that letter contains. . ."

"Then why didn't you arrest Vogue straight away?"

THE detective laughed and wagged his head.

"I'm going to be frank with you, Captain Dene," he said. "My first suspicions were centred on you. You weren't open with me; you had a strong motive—namely, jealousy—for the crime, and, apart from Vogue, you were the only person at Node physically capable of dealing the fearful blow that killed Stanismore, not to speak of hoisting his heavy body over the wall. And there was evidently some secret between you and Mrs. Barleston. But I was puzzled to discover that, while the major sought to incriminate you, Vogue went out his way to poison my mind against the major. . . ."

Mr. Manderton paused to take a few reflective whiffs of his pipe.

"On these same physical grounds," he resumed, "the major, in my opinion, was out of it. He hadn't the physique to kill this man the way he was killed and get rid of the body. I should not have believed him guilty of the actual murder, at any rate—even if I'd known about his money troubles, of which Mrs. Barleston has told me. Incidentally, if Stanismore did have any connection with these money lenders, it has not come out in the settlement of his affairs, and I'm inclined to think that he was bluffing the major, just as he frightened Mrs. Barleston with the lie about Kavanagh, the con man. And that brings me to Vogue. A rather cunning attempt of his to discredit the major's alibi made me wonder what his game was, for at first Vogue seemed to be right out of the picture. I was hard put to it to link him up with Stanismore as with Mrs. Barleston, who, I felt all along, held the centre of the stage. Then a chance conversation with Dr. Pontifex, the police surgeon, revealed to me the fact, which Vogue's London doctor fully confirmed, that Vogue was an abnormal type, subject to accessions of violent rage. This disclosure brought Vogue nearer to the crime, but still left me stumped for a motive. I then discovered that he and Willis were intimate friends, and also that, despite their relationship, Vogue had declined to receive the Daily Radical man down here, notwithstanding an introduction from Willis, and had actually threatened the reporter with violence. I thought that Willis could give me a line on Vogue, and so I went to London, with the result that you know. . . ."

He stopped to relight his pipe, which had gone out.

"In London," the detective went on, blowing out a cloud of tobacco smoke, "I found awaiting me the first direct clue pointing to Vogue. I had submitted to the typewriting expert at the Yard a fragment of a letter, written on Node House paper, which I discovered in a book on Stanismore's yacht. The bulk of the letter is missing, but from the scrap which fell into my hands, it appears to have been an invitation to Stanismore, in rather threatening language, to come to Node. With this fragment I sent a copy of the original which Mrs. Barleston typed out for me on Sir Harry's machine. The expert declared that the same machine was used in both cases, but that, in the case of the original, the typing had been done with excessive force by an unskilled hand—experts have their own way of telling these things, you know. This report pointed straight at Vogue, for Sir Harry told me that Vogue's touch on the typewriter was so heavy that on one occasion he smashed the space bar."

"I know," said Dene. "I've heard Sir Harry chaff Vogue about it more than once. . . ."

"Now then," Inspector Manderton resumed, "I had a strong suggestion of motive and one straight clue leading to Vogue, but still no direct evidence to implicate him in the murder. I decided that I could get him only by a process of elimination. And the first stage in this process was to get at the truth from the three material witnesses who, I felt sure, were concealing it. That's why, Captain Dene, I used you to frighten the facts out of Mrs. Barleston, and Mrs. Barleston to squeeze the story out of the major. I handled her rough, but she had only herself to blame: I gave her fair warning. I'd have had the whole truth, let me tell you, if Vogue hadn't lost his head. . . . He broke off, musing. "Well," he concluded moodily, "his suicide don't make much difference. It might have been a long and wearisome business, but"—his voice grew hard—"I'd have got him in the end. Anyway, he'll get a fair trial where he's gone; no judicial errors on the other side!" He stretched himself, yawning cavernously like a wild beast, and stood up. "I've had a long day and I think I'll say good night. It's probably good-by, gentlemen, for I go up to London in the morning, and I doubt if I shall be coming back to Node."

"There's one question I'd like to ask you before you leave, Inspector," said Dene. "Why, as between me whom you suspected and Vogue whom you did not, did you turn your attention to Vogue?"

A pleasant twinkle gleamed in the detective's keen eyes.

"Well, sir," he answered slowly, "I'll tell you. I'm not altogether without intuition, and you didn't strike me as the murdering type."

With that he clapped his hat on his head with a little air, nodded brightly to the two young men, and strode away.

GERRY went off to bed, but Ronnie remained sitting on the bench. He was thinking, as he had thought all day, of Alix. He had not seen her since his return, and she had not replied to the little note he had sent up to her room. His heart was heavy for her. He felt that she was unhappy and it galled him to know that he must not seek her out. Was Frankie, who had separated them in life, to hold them, from beyond the grave, asunder? Who was it who

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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 50

said that the dead are always in the right?

And then, without warning, she was beside him. Though he did not hear her come, he knew that she was there, even before her face looked whitely down upon him out of the darkness that mingled itself with the sombre black of her dress. He rose up and stood at her side, quietly waiting for her to speak.

SHE remained in silence for a spell, her face turned toward the cable blue of the Wilderness, jewelled with the gleaming gold of the fireflies, where the trees were stirring in the dark. Then she uttered a single word:

"Vroque. . . ." Her voice was toneless, dead.

"It was all over when they found him," he answered simply.

The murmurous voice of the distant ocean bridged the hush that fell between them.

"Ronnie," she said at last in the same muted tones, "I've been grievously at fault. . . ."

"Oh, my dear," he answered tenderly, "who am I that you should say such a thing to me? You've nothing to reproach yourself with. It was I who failed you. . . ."

She shook her head sadly.

"Love is always jealous, and jealousy breeds suspicion. There was justification for you, but oh, Ronnie, there was none for me. I failed you, and I failed Frankie, too. If I'd been less proud, if I'd been more understanding, this last tragedy would never have been. . . ."

"No one can foresee the end of things," he told her. "The unexpected always defeats us. . . ."

"For it is a tragedy," she went on, as though he had not spoken, in the same lifeless voice. "Oh, Ronnie, his death has humbled me to the very dust. . . ."

He gazed into her face, tense and tearless, and spoke boldly.

"Death wipes the slate clean," he said, "and I'll say no more of Frankie than this: Swiftly, terribly, he has been called to settle a long debt that you and all others he had wronged had accumulated against him. Life is nothing but a series of compensations, my dear, and he had to pay the price. Why should you torture yourself with vain reproaches? He came down to Node with intentions even baser than those you first credited him with, and if he held his hand, if he flinched at dragging you into a horrible blackmailing scandal, it was solely because you proclaimed your faith in him to Stanismore. It was you who revived decent feeling in him."

Suddenly she, who had been all tearless, was weeping convulsively, her head drooping on his shoulder, as they stood by one another in the dark.

"Oh, Ronnie," she sobbed, "I knew that you would comfort me!"

His eyes were hungry with the longing to fold her in his arms and wipe away her tears. But he schooled himself to wait. He made no move. His dark eyes tenderly embraced the pale face, unwrought by grief, the clinging brown hair, the white hands feverishly crumpling the little handkerchief—all the appealing loveliness of this woman he had loved so long and faithfully. Rather huskily he said:

"Some day you must give me the right to comfort you for always."

From the depths of the Wilderness below went up the liquid notes of the nightingale. The night air, warm and fragrant with the scent of roses, seemed to quiver with the deep-throated trills and shakes. Then a small, broken voice, rather breathless for tears, stole across the perfumed duskiess of the terrace:

"Some day, if you still want me. . . ."

A light footfall sounded on the gravel, Ronnie Dene was alone.

THE END

The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

Continued from page 15

THEN from the cook's tent comes the cheery "Ya-hoo. Come and get it!" and a second call is never necessary. There is a rush from all quarters and appetites inclined to be fastidious over the dainty dishes of civilization attack the camp fare with relish. While breakfast is under way the guides and packers, who have already eaten, round up the horses, bring them into camp, and saddle them. With the meal over duffle bags are brought out from teepees and packed once more upon the ponies. In a few minutes the cavalcade is ready to take the trail again.

Usually once in the course of the morning a halt is called in some little valley and riders are glad to throw themselves from the saddle and rest for a brief spell. Then on again to make the noon camp, where a fire is built and lunch prepared. The pack horse carrying the dishes and grub is led by the cook and accompanies the riders so that a meal is ready in very rapid time. After the briefest pause riders are in the saddle again to resume the trail and follow it through the afternoon until the cheering sight of the teepees which is the night's camp is glimpsed.

Evening in the camp is as pleasant and enjoyable as the day, for the single file method of travel does not permit much conversation or any great inti-

macy. As supper concludes and dusk begins to creep on the white covered pack train becomes discernible entering the far end of the valley and all eyes fix upon the narrow ribbon winding through the gloom until the animals, hitched head to tail, reach camp. Then, as they are unloaded, a wild scramble ensues to secure duffle bags and a wild rush is made to pre-empt quarters in teepees.

But this is only the beginning of the evening. A huge bonfire of spruce and larch is lighted, to rapidly assume the proportions of a forest fire, and about this the riders, guides, and packers gather in groups. A small organ which is taken over the trail on a pack pony is produced and the evening sing-song, a most important part of the Trail Riders' ritual, gets under way. The organization has its own collection of songs, for the main part well written parodies sung to familiar tunes, all telling of the glory and beauty of the Rockies and expressing the love of the life there.

Gradually the groups break up and wander off to teepees. Blankets are lain upon soft balsam boughs which cover the ground and into these the trail rider rolls. For awhile he lies listening to the tinkling of the bells on the hobbled pack horses and the dull roar of the water rushing down the

Continued on page 60



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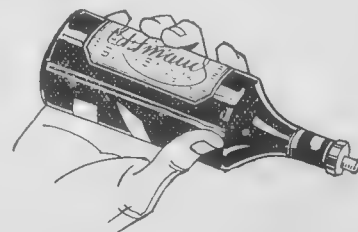
Tingling and glowing, the scalp takes on new vitality. The hair again becomes live and vigorous.

You will be astonished at its improved appearance after even a few treatments.

For Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates active scalp circulation.

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PINAUD'S
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One Aim One Claim to CLEAN

*To clean teeth and clean them perfectly—that
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THE Colgate idea of a dentifrice is the same that dentists have—something made to clean teeth.

Because Colgate's is made only to clean, it does that one thing superlatively well. Modern hygiene calls for a cleansing, washing action. Colgate's works on this principle. The moment it is brushed on your teeth, two things happen:

Why Colgate's Cleans better

1. It expands into a sparkling foam. In this remarkable foam is calcium carbonate—a finely ground powder that safely scrubs off all bits of food and harmful foreign matter, polishing teeth to a dazzling cleanness.

2. Then, in a detergent-washing wave, this foam sweeps through the entire mouth, washing

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Colgate's cleans—dentists cure

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If you think you need more than cleanness, if you fear disease of teeth or gums—better go to a dentist for treatment.

Don't rely on patent medicine dentifrices to cure a condition that only a dentist can treat successfully. Rely on your dentist to cure; rely on Colgate's to clean your teeth.

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Please send me a sample of this cleansing
Dentifrice.

Name

Address

City



FREE to the readers of this publication—a
sample of the dentifrice most people use.

A Modern Cinderella

Continued from page 16

vigor, while poor Camilla was left, as usual, to make polite conversation with Mrs. Weston and one or two other older people who had drifted in from the bridge-tables. But this time she sat in a half-dream, her eyes on the tall figure, who was dancing so blithely, and smiling down at his partner with those heart-shaking eyes of his. If he had only known the thoughts of the quiet mouse of a girl, sitting so demurely on the sofa! But he never even noticed her existence.

"Oh, God!" she was praying, "let him dance with me just once! Let him look at me, and talk to me, and like me a little!" You see, she was very far gone already, because she had always considered it wicked to pray for anything but to be saved from perils, and made good, and things like that, out of the prayer-book. But here she was, praying with all her little heart—she, who had never cared a jot, before, what any boy thought of her appearance!

The next dance started, leaving Bill partner-less against the wall. . . . With many apologies, the girls were all swept away by their promised partners, for this was the "moonlight" dance, the most popular one of the evening, and everyone had been booked up for it from the beginning. . . . Kind Mrs. Weston, seeing Camilla and Bill both unoccupied, fussed up and introduced them to each other.

"Camilla, my dear, this is Bill Dacre, the son of an old school-friend of mine—Miss Hirst, Bill," she added, and smiled affectionately upon him as she moved away, little knowing that she was, temporarily, a maker of destiny.

Bill Dacre looked down at the little pale, dowdy thing thus thrust upon him, and swallowed a "darn the luck!" beneath a society smile, as he murmured: "Care to dance?" and placed a flabby arm around her. Round the room they went, close together physically, but in thoughts—what miles apart!

"This is heaven!" she was thinking. "How adorable his eyes are! If he'd only look at me! How I wish I could say something clever and bright—something to make him notice me—I wonder what he is thinking about; he looks so solemn."

"What rotten luck," was his inward comment. "This first-class music and dim lights—and this poor little waif-and-stray partner! Lucky she doesn't dance badly—but what a dull and homely wench she is! If I'd only had Nancy or Robin, this dance would've been marvellous!"

They collided in the semi-darkness with a wildly-whirling couple, and in the ensuing scramble he tightened his hold on her and smiled—she clutched his shoulder and drew a deep breath.

"Heaven!" she murmured.

"I beg your pardon?" asked Bill, politely, "what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" answered poor Camilla, hastily.

"Perhaps—he does like me a little," she thought—"maybe he'll ask me to dance again; or sit beside me, and talk!"

But alas! The music over, Bill deposited her with alacrity on the nearest chair, and disappeared with a gang of boys, who swept him off for a smoke. For the rest of the evening Camilla sat between hope and fear, watching her idol dancing and flirting with girl after pretty girl, hoping against hope that he would come and speak to her again.

Once he passed quite close to her, with another man—the latter made some remark, with raised eyebrows, which made Bill turn and glance in her direction.

"The poor little shrimp!" he said—"that was a heck of a dance—I tell you, Sam—" they passed out of ear-shot.

Camilla rose and sought her mother, who was a most ardent bridge devotee, and never left the card-room until she was obliged. "Mother," she said, "I'm going to slip away home; I have a headache. . . ."

"Indeed, you look like it," said Mrs. Hirst. "Run along and get to bed; I won't be long."

Camilla's pillow was wet with bitter tears before the advent of Jean and Evelyn, escorted by their particular cavaliers. Their whispered "good-nights" and the tender bass rumblings in reply were wafted up the stairs, to add yet one more stab to the quivering heart of the little girl who had only just become aware that she owned such an organ.

THIS, then, is why we find our heroine regarding the invitation to the fatal dance through a mist of tears the next morning.

Looking up from her mournful task, her eyes encountered a framed motto, hung above the little rosewood desk at which she was seated: "Be the Best of Whatever You Are," it urged—in gold letters, which sprouted here and there into impossible twigs and twirls, upon which corpulent butterflies and emaciated birds perched precariously. Her tears dried as she looked, and an idea came to her.

"I'm not," she thought—"but I will!" which rather obscure remarks she proceeded to elucidate:

"I'm certainly not the best kind of a girl," she continued—"I could be much prettier than I am—I could make him notice me if I tried!" A brave light flashed into her eyes, as she ran upstairs to her bedroom and plumped down in front of the mirror, gazing earnestly. . . . My eyes are not bad—when they're not red," she murmured. "My face is a good shape—hair—rotten!" viciously tweaking the unattractive knob. "I know! I'll have it bobbed—it can't look worse than it does now, anyway."

"And I'll get some good face-cream and powder—and some rouge!" She whispered the last word, feeling rather wicked—she really was very early Victorian!

". . . And some really smart clothes," she went on—"and I'll practice smiling and being witty. . . ." "Hullo, Cam," said Jean, bursting in upon her reverie, "what are you smirking to yourself about up here? Come along down—Bill Dacre is staying over at the Westons for a couple of days, and we're going to have no end of a good time—we're all going to the dinner-dance at the 'Cumming Inn' tonight, and you are to come, because Nancy has sprained her ankle and we are one short—and it will do you good anyway; you stay at home too much." She was ready for the usual protests from Camilla, who generally flatly refused to be dragged to parties—but this time they did not come. "All right," she said, the light of battle in her eyes; "I'll come, Jean—and surprise you all," she added to herself. "But let me go now; I have a busy morning ahead."

Hastily slipping on her hat and coat, she snatched up her purse and sped downstairs and away, leaving her surprised sister gaping dumbly after her. She returned late that afternoon, and crept stealthily to her room, laden with parcels. . . . She deposited them carefully upon the bed, all except one, which she tossed contemptuously into the wastebasket. . . . "That's for you, old hair," she said. *Continued on page 61*



Even Nature Cannot Dim This Beauty

Now come we to the Autumn when glorious are the leaves in their scarlet and gold. Soon even these will wither and die when Nature changes to her winter coat of drab uninteresting grey.

But even mighty Nature cannot dim the lustrous velvety finish of No-Mar furniture which is impervious to heat, acids, hot water, ink, perfume, medicine or any other liquid.

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FURNITURE



Are You Getting the Most From Your Oil Stove?

A FEW years ago, some people occasionally used an oil stove in very hot weather to boil the kettle to make tea for supper, perhaps to cook potatoes and eggs, but never for baking or any "real" cooking. It had an important place, too, for making coffee at various big suppers. Now the oil stove has reached such a stage of perfection, that a great many women use it the year round in preference to any other fuel, unless they may have an up-to-date electric stove in a region where electricity is very cheap. A one burner stove is of so much less service, that nowadays one would not think of getting a size smaller than a two-burner. They may be secured with three, four, or five burners, which are large enough for all the cooking of the very biggest families. They have either stationary or portable ovens. The stationary oven may be located on either side left or the right side; a housewife must decide which is most convenient for her particular use and kitchen. The portable ovens may be set off to allow all the burners to be used for other than oven purposes, when desirable. They may be had in a variety of sizes ranging from the large ones covering two burners, with inside dimensions of about eighteen by fifteen by sixteen inches, down to the tiny ones with inside dimensions of about ten inches each way. These latter are big enough to bake two pies, and are excellent for small families. The ovens all have two grates, and most of them have glass doors.

The new oil stoves are attractive enough in appearance to be an ornament to any kitchen. They are so perfected as to be just as quick in action as any other fuel. The unpleasant odor which used to be an objection has been eliminated. With ordinary common sense, in its use an oil stove will give excellent satisfaction.

After getting a stove which seems to meet all one's demands, the first detail to attend to is to see that it is perfectly level.

It must always be kept clean. Many people prefer a type of stove with a wick. A little soft crumpled paper should be used every day to wipe off the charred bits. They should not be cut, or will make it uneven, if food boils over onto the burner, it should be well-cleaned, if necessary boiling it in a solution of washing soda and water. If there is a flame spreader it must be kept clean by means of a stiff brush. With short chimney burners, the combustion tubes must be kept clean. Many stoves have beautiful enamelled tops which only need to be wiped off to be kept in perfect condition.

It is a wise precaution to drain the stove every three months or ten weeks, as sediment is apt to collect in the feed pipe. Unscrew the cap on the end of the feed pipe, and tip the stove up so that all the oil will run out. Run a little clean oil through it to flush it out. This should always be done before commencing to use a stove which has been put away for the winter months. All parts should be well cleaned before storing the stove in a dry clean place.

If one buys a standard make of stove, any parts which get out of repair may be easily replaced. Especially is it important to replace any mica which may be broken in the window of a chimney, or there will be too much draft, which will interfere seriously with the proper burning of the stove.

An up-to-date oil stove will add infinitely to the comfort of the women who have to cook for large

families of hard-working people, especially in hot little kitchens. The oil stove may be put where ever she wishes it without regard to chimneys.

If You Have a Fireless Cooker

The use of some type of fireless cooker adds immeasurably to one's comfort in the very hot weather. Hard-working men and active, growing children must have satisfying meals, no matter how hot it may be. There are excellent cookers on the market with which one may accomplish wonders, but a home-made "hay-box" gives very good results. The principle is extremely simple. The food is brought to the boiling point, then

put it over the flame to bring the food to the boiling point. A straight-sided vessel is the most satisfactory, as it is more readily surrounded by the packing.

There must be a well in which to bury the kettle of boiling food. In the Norwegian hay boxes, this is a hole in the hay. A neater arrangement is secured by making a well of white oil-cloth. A rectangular piece is cut, to fit around the sides of the food vessel. Sew up the side seam, and sew in a round bottom which fits the cylinder. To the top sew a collar of oil-cloth, which will hold the packing in place. This well may be made enough larger than the inner vessel to permit of a cylinder of asbestos being put between it and the oil-cloth. It may be purchased from a hardware store for a few cents a yard.

The packing is important. It must be a good non-conductor of heat. This may be paper, wool, ground cork, excelsior, sawdust, hay, torn asbestos, etc. Ground cork may be secured from grocers who import high-class fruits, such as Malaga grapes for the Christmas trade.

A layer of packing is put in the outside box to a depth of four or five inches. A layer of asbestos or of newspapers may be tacked inside the box if one wishes. Then the oilcloth case is put in and the packing put around it and well packed down. A cushion to put on top of the food vessel is made. It fits in the box closely, and is made with a side rim four or five inches wide. A soapstone radiator may be bought for about ninety cents heated and put under the vessel of boiling food. This would necessitate a layer of asbestos between it and the oilcloth, but does add considerably to the efficiency of the cooker. A little more packing may need to be added from time to time as it packs down, leaving the space not quite full.

Important Points To Consider

A large amount of hot food retains its heat much longer than a smaller quantity. It would not be worth while trying to cook just a cup or two of food in a fireless cooker. Less than a quart

at least is not advisable. Neither should there be a small amount of food in a vessel much too large for it. Perhaps a smaller pudding dish could be put in the larger container set on another dish of a second kind of boiling food, or boiling water. Care must be taken that no rust-forming dish is used. Both should be tightly covered to prevent a mixture of flavors, if they are antagonistic to each other. It is not well to use a very small dish in a hole meant for a larger dish, or the space will cause loss of heat.

Have the cooker near the stove, the cushion off and lying right beside it, so that the food will not lose any heat during the process of being moved from the stove, inserted, and shut up in the cooker.

The cooker must not be opened until time to use the food, without again bringing the food to the boiling point and shutting it up in the box.

The pre-boiling of food must be long enough to heat it through to the center. In the case of a ham this would be much longer than of foods in small particles. It is well to cook cereals till slightly thickened, or they may settle into a solid mass in the center of the kettle.

Some foods such as rice, potatoes, custard mixtures, are spoiled if over-cooked, so should not be left too long in a cooker. Protein foods such as meats, should not be left tightly covered till cold or ptomaines might be developed.



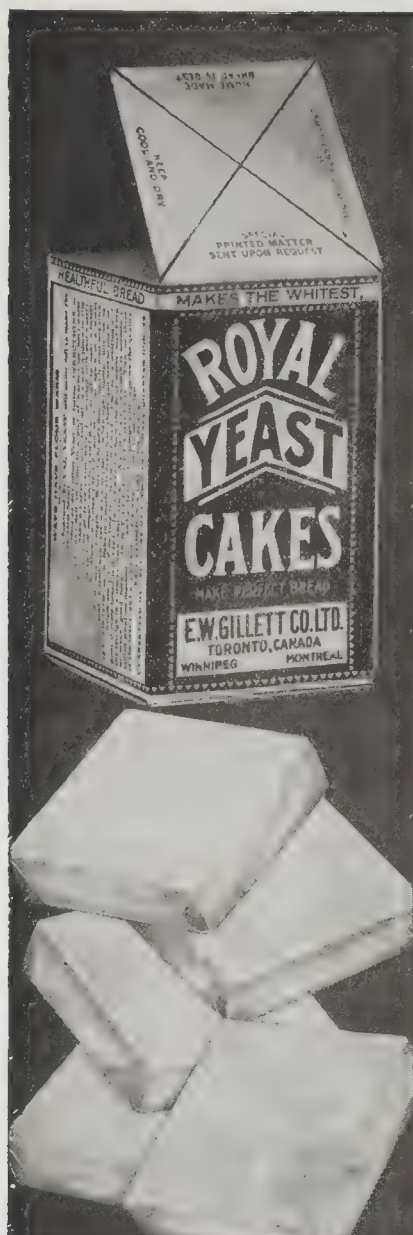
The oil stove illustrated here is of the long chimney type in which combustion is entirely completed within the chimney. No flame but only a column of clean odorless heat strikes the cooking utensils.

put in a container which will not permit the heat to escape. The food is cooked by the stored heat. Some foods will be ready to serve when taken from the container. Others, if one's home-made cooker is not as perfect a non-conductor of heat as it might be, may need to be re-heated, which takes but a very short time.

To Make a Cooker

A cooker may be made from simple materials, at a very small cost. An outside container is needed. It may be a wooden box, large wooden pail or butter tub, a new garbage can, or a can similar to those in which sweeping compound is purchased. The lid must be tight. A wooden box may be provided with hooks, etc., to hold the cover down. The container must be large enough to allow at least five inches of packing on all sides of the cooking vessel.

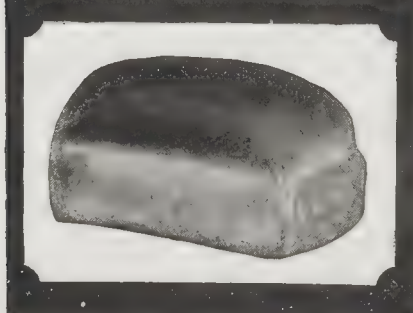
The inner vessel is the most important part of the equipment. From aluminum companies one may buy regular fireless cooker containers at a cost of seventy-five cents up, according to the size. The cover must be absolutely tight fitting. Aluminum is the best material as it will not rust. Tin, iron, etc., are not safe, as they might rust, or develop unpleasant tastes, or even poisonous substances. A good grade of graniteware pail, if one can get a granite lid to fit it tightly, is satisfactory. Earthenware will not do as one cannot



ROYAL YEAST CAKES

EACH CAKE IS SEALED IN AN AIR-TIGHT WAXED-PAPER WRAPPER

The Standard of Quality For over 50 Years




Continued from page 54

When not in use, it is well to keep the cooker open to prevent mustiness.

The fireless cooker may be used equally well to keep cold foods cold.

Directions for its use come with a commercial cooker, and to obtain good results, one should follow them carefully, at least till she has become thoroughly familiar with it. Then experiments may develop many new uses for it. In all cases, good judgment must be exercised. The following recipes were intended for using with a home-made cooker, but may be used also with a commercial one. Heated soapstone radiators if used, will shorten the time required. Radiators on both top and bottom of the inner vessel will make the necessary time shorter than when one is used only on the bottom.

Breakfast cereals are never so good as when the flavor is developed by the long slow cooking in a fireless cooker. The woody fibre which they contain is by this means broken down and made delicious and digestible.

Rolled Oats

Water, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Rolled oats, 1 c.

Salt, 1 t.

Stir the oats into the salted boiling water and boil at least five minutes, stirring constantly. Set at once into the cooker, close tightly, and cook at least two hours, but much longer if convenient. Overnight will not be too long, although the cereal may need to be reheated by setting the kettle in another kettle of hot water. A smaller amount of water is needed for cereals cooked in the fireless cooker than on top of the stove because there is no evaporation for which allowance must be made.

Farina or Cream of Wheat

Boiling water, $3\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, 1 t.

Cream of Wheat, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cook in the same way as oatmeal.

Corn Meal

Boiling water, 4 c. Cornmeal, 1 c.

Cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, 1 t.

Mix the cornmeal with the cold water before adding to the boiling salted water. Boil for five or ten minutes, then cook for at least five hours in the cooker.

Pettijohn's

Boiling water, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Pettijohn's, 1 c.

Salt, 1 t.

Cook as oatmeal, etc., not serving till cooked at least three hours, preferably over-night.

Soup Stock

Bone and meat, about 3 lbs

Salt, 3 t. Cold water, 3 qts.

Seasonings.

Cut the meat in pieces-crack the bone, and let soak in the cold water while preparing the seasonings. They may be sprigs of parsley and thyme, a piece of bay leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ t., peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ c., each of diced carrots, turnips, celery, and $\frac{1}{2}$ c., chopped onion. Part of the meat may be browned with the fat in the frying pan before being added to the cold water. Bring all the ingredients to a boil and boil for ten or fifteen minutes, then put in the cooker for about nine hours. Strain and cool quickly, unless it is to be served at once.

Beef Broth

Lean beef from round, 1 lb.

Salt, 1 t. Cold water, 2 c.

Wipe the meat and cut it in small pieces. Add the cold water and salt and let stand for half an hour or longer. Heat to just below the boiling point, set over a pail of water almost boiling in the cooker, cover and let stand for half an hour, serve at once strained into a hot cup. This is less trouble to prepare for a sick person than on top of the stove where constant watching is necessary to keep it below the boiling point.

Vegetable Soup

Soup stock, 2 qts. Cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Turnip, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Onion, $\frac{1}{3}$ c.

Carrot, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Salt, 1 t. Rice or macaroni 2 tb or $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Cut the vegetables in small pieces, mix the ingredients together, and boil for five minutes. Cover closely in the cooker and let remain for three hours or longer.

Tomato Soup

Soup stock, 1 qt. Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Tomatoes, 1 qt. Flour, 2 tb.

Salt, to taste. One onion, (chopped)

Continued on page 56

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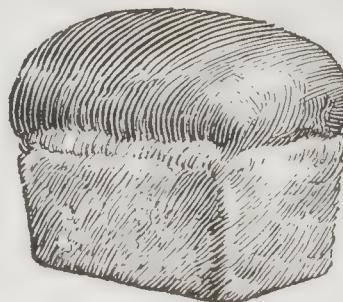
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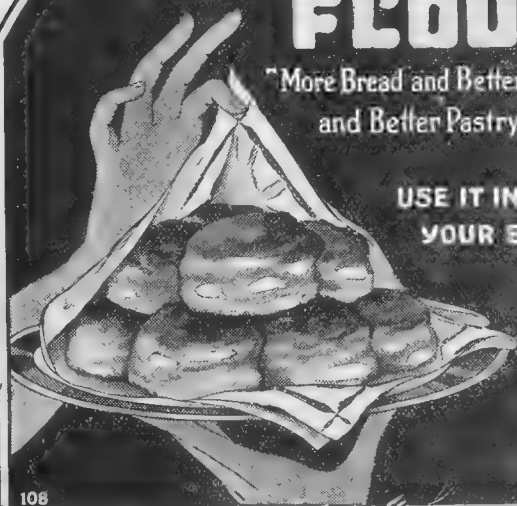
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EVERYWHERE

21



Continued from page 55

Cook the onion and stock for half an hour, strain, add the tomato stir in the butter and flour mixed together, season to taste, bring to the boiling point, and put in the cooker for an hour or longer.

Cream of Celery Soup

Water, 3 c. Flour, 2 tb.
Celery, 3 c. Hot milk, 3 c.
Onion, 1. Salt and pepper.
Butter 3 tb.

Cook the celery, cut fine, the chopped onion and the water. for 3 hours in the cooker, rub through a sieve, add the hot milk, butter and seasonings and serve hot.

Cream of Asparagus Soup

Make as celery soup, using the water in which asparagus has been cooked in place of all or part of the plain water, and cook in it the tougher pieces of asparagus which are not suitable for using as a vegetable. Rub through a sieve, and add the same ingredients as for the Celery Soup.

Split Pea Soup

Dried peas, 2 c. Cold water, 2 qts.
Soup bone, 2 or 3 lb. Salt and pepper.

Soak the peas overnight. Drain in the morning. Boil the soup bone in the water for ten or fifteen minutes and skim. Add the peas and seasonings and bring to the boil, then put in the cooker for four hours or longer. Remove the bone and serve the soup. A ham bone is especially good. If a beef bone is used the meat may be cut from it, cut in very small pieces and serve in the soup.

Cream of Green Pea Soup

Green peas, 2 c. Onion, 1 slice.
Sugar, ½ to 1 t. Butter, 2 tb.
Water, 2 c. Flour, 1½ to 2 tb.
Milk, 2 c. Salt and pepper.

Either canned peas or those which are a little too old to use on the table as a vegetable may be used. Cook with the water and finely minced onion and sugar, in the cooker for two hours. Rub through a sieve, add the hot milk, flour and butter and seasonings, and serve.

Cream of Lima Bean Soup

Dried lima beans, 1 c. Milk, 2 c.
Water, 5 c. Flour, 2 t.
Onion, ½ a small one. Butter, 4 tb.
Salt and pepper.

Pick over and wash the beans, and soak overnight. Drain and add to the water and onion, chopped. Boil, put in the cooker and cook for four hours or longer, rub through a sieve, add the hot milk, flour, butter and salt and pepper.

Vegetable Soup

Carrots, ½ c. Tomatoes, 2 c.
Turnip, ½ c. Butter, 6 tb.
Celery, ½ c. Parsley, 1 tb.
Onion, ½ c. Salt and Pepper.
Water, 1 qt.

Prepare the vegetables, cut in small cubes. Cook the carrots, turnip, celery and onion in the frying pan with the butter for eight or ten minutes, then add the potato, tomato, water and two teaspoons of salt and a little pepper, and when it is boiling well, put in the cooker for three hours or longer. Add more seasonings if needed, and the chopped parsley and serve.

Pot Roast of Beef

Beef, boned and rolled, 3 lbs.
Boiling water, 2 or 3 c.
Salt and pepper. Carrots, 3 or 4.
Onion, 1. Celery, ¼ or ½ c.
Flour.

Four or five pounds of beef will make a three-pound roast when the bone is removed. Wipe it with a damp cloth, dredge with salt and pepper and flour. Brown on all sides with some of the fat or some drippings, in the frying pan. Put with the water and vegetables in the cooker kettle boil for half an hour then put in the cooker for eight or nine hours. Strain off the liquid and thicken it for gravy.

Corned Beef

Wash six or eight pounds of corned beef in cold water. Put in a kettle with enough cold water to more than cover it. Bring to the boiling point, drain off the water, add fresh boiling water and simmer for half an hour. Put in the cooker for ten or twelve hours. Serve either hot or cold.

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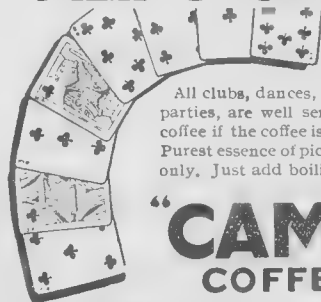
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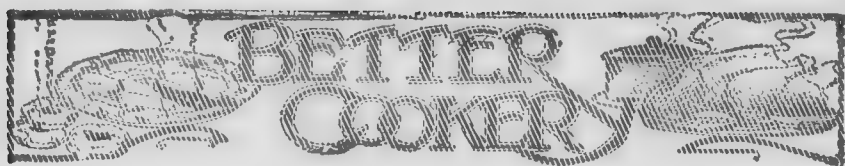
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Continued from page 56

The Garden and the Cook

The habit is growing, fortunately, of so planting the kitchen garden as to extend the season of many of our most delicious short-season vegetables. Why not plant a short row of radishes, then a week later a few more? There is no good reason why we may not have tender green peas, string beans, little carrots, etc., till the frost comes.

On the market are to be found steamers, costing about two or three dollars, in which one may cook four or five or more vegetables, over one burner of a stove. The vessels sit on top of each other, with the lid fitting on the top one. Nothing is more attractive for a hot summer dinner than a single-plate meal, consisting of a variety of vegetables, attractively arranged in the kitchen, then brought hot to the table. It also has the advantage of saving the washing of serving dishes. Meat, or eggs or fish or cheese dishes may be added to the vegetables. The secret of success lies in the dainty arrangement, and thought regarding color scheme.

Strips of toast, mashed potato put on the plate with a bag, or sprigs of parsley, may be used to separate the piles of vegetables. Two white kinds such as cauliflower and lima beans, should not be placed side by side. Neither would beets and slices of tomato be used on the same plate. Cream sauce should be used with care, as there is a tendency to have foods sloppy. Men are not as a rule as fond of sauce as women. A little melted butter is often preferable. We have a large variety from which to make a selection. Among the white or cream colored vegetables, we find potatoes, lima beans, cauliflower, white turnips, vegetable marrow, celery, cucumbers. We have the green of spinach, chard, beet greens, peas, string beans, young green onions, tender boiled cabbage, asparagus, and the reds of beets, radishes and tomatoes. Butter beans provide a pretty yellow.

Very important is it to see that all vegetables are perfectly drained, or the resulting dinner will be an unappetising sloppy mess.

Spinach

One of our most valuable foods, but not liked as it should be, perhaps because it is not always as carefully cooked as it might be.

After being carefully picked over and well-washed, there will be enough moisture adhering to the leaves to cook it in its own steam. Put in a tightly covered saucepan, preferably enamelware or aluminum, sprinkle with salt, and cook for ten minutes or a little longer. Drain well, chop, press, and season with butter and pepper and a little salt if needed. Some people like a little lemon juice or vinegar on it. Mounds of hot tender spinach are excellent beds for poached eggs.

Spinach Souffle

To cooked spinach, which has been well-chopped, add two or three well-beaten eggs (according to the amount of spinach,) a tb., of milk or cream a tb., of butter, salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly, put in a buttered bake dish and bake ten or fifteen minutes and serve at once.

Baked Spinach

Wash the spinach thoroughly, put in a baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cover closely. Bake for half an hour. It is advisable to cut the spinach with a sharp knife before putting it in the dish. Drain and chop, add butter, more salt and pepper if needed.

Asparagus

There is no way asparagus may be served that is superior to plain boiling in salted water, keeping the tender tips above the water, by standing the bunches upright in the kettle, draining, seasoning with salt, pepper and butter. Lay on the plate in neat little bundles, with the tips all running the same direction. But if the asparagus is not quite as tender as it might be, there are other ways of preparing it. It may be cut in pieces, and have various sauces poured over it.

I

Two tb., butter creamed, yolks of two eggs, beaten and added to the butter, beat, add 1 t., lemon juice, a little pepper, and 1 c., of boiling water, adding it slowly, to prevent lumping, set over hot water and stir till thick and creamy. Beat well after taking from the fire, and pour over the asparagus.

II

Butter, 3 tb. Milk $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour, 3 tb. Yolk of eggs, 3.
Cheese, 4 tb. Salt and pepper.

Follow the usual method of making white sauce, add the cheese, grated, and season to taste. Put a layer of cooked asparagus in a buttered bake dish, then a layer of sauce, a layer of asparagus, repeat, having sauce on top. Sprinkle with crumbs and cheese, and bake till the crumbs are brown.

Baked Cabbage

Boil cabbage in an uncovered kettle for 20 minutes, changing the water once if a very mild flavor is liked. Drain and chop. Put in a buttered bake dish with alternate layers of white sauce, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake till the crumbs are brown. Grated cheese may be sprinkled on each layer of sauce.

PEACHY SUGGESTIONS

By Barbara B. Brooks

Among the fruits at this time of the year which give most satisfaction and best results in canning is the peach. Both the free-stone and the cling-stone varieties can be used, but the cling is preferable for canning because of its more even color and finer and firmer texture.

Peaches for canning should be ripe but not soft. Those which are over-ripe may be used for jam or peach butter.

Canned Peaches (Cold-Pack Method)

Scald the peaches until the skins loosen and plunge into cold water or place under cold running water for a moment or two so that they can be handled more easily. Remove skins and pack (halves or whole) without crushing into clean hot fruit jars. Fill the jar to within a half inch of the top with a hot (boiling) medium thick syrup made with three parts of sugar to two parts of water. Partly seal the jar and process (boil) in a water bath canner, with water completely covering the jars, for sixteen minutes. If a steamer is used, process (boil) for twenty minutes. If canning in an oven, process at a temperature of 250°F for forty minutes. Remove the jars from the canner and fully tighten.

Even though you want as many jars of peaches as possible on the shelf for winter use, don't neglect to serve fresh peaches in season. Use them sliced for breakfast with corn flakes or other cereal. Serve them chilled and sliced with cream for dessert.

There are several delicious ways in which to cook peaches. They may be dotted with butter, stuck with whole cloves and baked in syrup. Have you ever fried them? Cut the peaches in halves and remove the stones. Fry in butter, sprinkle with brown sugar and cook until the sugar and butter form a caramel syrup.

Peaches au gratin may be made from either fresh or canned peaches. If the fresh ones are used, make one cup of syrup to take the place of the syrup from the can.

Peaches Au Gratin

6 peaches (skins and stones removed and cut in halves).
1 cup rolled crumbs (corn flake or fine bread crumbs).
2 tablespoons butter.

Roll peaches in crumbs, place on a baking sheet and dot with bits of butter. Bake in hot oven until the crumbs are browned. Serve with the following sauce:
Butter, 1 tb. Flour, 1 tb.
Syrup from can of peaches or 1 c., syrup.

3 tb., chopped preserved ginger
3 tb., syrup from preserved ginger

Melt the butter, add flour and syrup from peaches and bring to a boiling point. Add preserved ginger and syrup.

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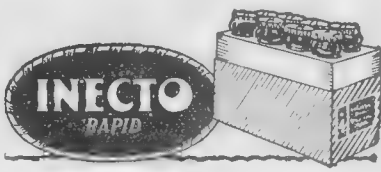
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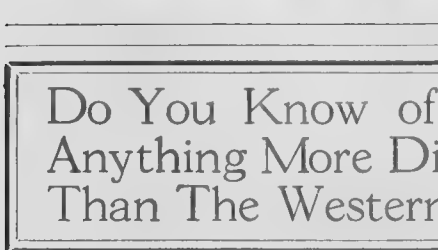
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The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Man



Grandmother's Beauty Aids and Ours

By Phoebe Cole

THE American Chemical Society has recently completed a survey of the cosmetic industry in this country, and announced that the cosmetic trade had increased 600 per cent. since the war. That is to say, today Americans use \$141,488,000 worth of toilet preparations a year, themselves, besides supplying the rest of the civilized world with their dentifrices, powders, rouges, creams and lotions.

If great great-Grandmother could come back to earth today, perhaps she would not be more impressed by radios and flying machines and electric waffle irons than by the great number of little pots and boxes, jars and tubes, bottles and cakes of nice-smelling things that modern woman keeps in her medicine cabinet—not medicines, mind you, but dainty beauty aids.

Cosmetics were few in great Grandmother's day. If a girl had a very worldly heart she sometimes sneaked a little cornstarch from the pantry to powder her face; if she had a good deal of courage she sometimes secretly moistened a bit of red ribbon to deepen the flush in her cheeks. But as for making up her lips, her eyes and lashes, no really nice girl would have considered such a thing. If a girl had freckles it was considered decent and permissible for her to apply buttermilk to her skin as a bleach, but that was just about as far as a good girl could go towards rectifying Nature's blunders.

Today the modern woman has dozens of safe and efficient beauty aids at her service; and fortunately, because they are manufactured in enormous quantities for the masses, they are quite inexpensive.

Beauty unadorned and unassisted is a delightful idea but in real life the cold fact is that the more assistance a woman gives her looks, the more attractive she is. Even very beautiful women need to have their best features emphasized and the poorest ones helped out. The most classic little nose in the world is not pretty if it has an oily shine; the most perfect teeth in the world will not remain perfect, nor will they shine with pearly lustre, unless they are regularly and thoroughly cleaned with a good dentifrice. Hair that is not constantly groomed soon grows coarse and ugly; hands that are neglected soon show it, in coarse pores, ugly nails and broken cuticle.

If great Grandmother had an oily skin, she just accepted it as part of her fate; if the modern girl's skin is oily, she uses a good cleanser, followed by an astringent. If she has freckles, she knows half a dozen safe and efficient bleaches. If she has unwanted hair on her face or arms or legs, (and never before have women shown their legs so calmly as today, with their short skirts and sheer hose) she uses a mild depilatory cream once every week or ten days, and keeps her skin as free from hair as a baby's. If her eyebrows and lashes are pale, she deftly darkens them. If she is naturally pale, she applies a bit of rouge to cheeks and ear-lobes.

Does she spend a great deal of time fussing with her cleansing creams, her astringents, her manicuring, her deodorants, her non-perspirants, her make-up? Yes but not more than Grandmother spent arranging elaborate coiffures and getting herself safely barricaded inside her whalebones, her heavily starched camisoles, her chemises, her beruffled petticoats and hoop skirts. The girl of today can slip into her two or three simple, straight-hung garments in two minutes, and when she emerges from her room she is not only dainty, sweet-smelling, and lovely to behold, but she is comfortable, free, and ready for any kind of fun and activity, able to breathe deeply, stretch her arms without splitting a seam, and jump a fence or mud puddle without assistance. Truly the modern girl is not only prettier and daintier and better groomed, but she has lots more fun and freedom than great Grandmother ever dreamed of.



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FALL WINTER FASHIONS

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?

Two Leaders

TO take the old metaphor off the sea and plant it on dry land, the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin, the British Prime Minister, is well-skilled in controlling the throttle of the Locomotive of State. The roadbed may not always be the smoothest—we can say that without getting ourselves mixed up in politics—but whatever may be the troubles in running an engine that pulls the British Empire behind it, so to speak, Premier Baldwin has stuck to the track. Now whether he ever sat in the cab of any locomotive other than the figurative one before coming to Canada we do not know; but at any rate, here he is, mounted and looking quite comfortable.

was the engine which hauled the Royal train from Kingston to Toronto, on the occasion of the opening of the new station at Toronto by the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness at that time received the first ticket from the Canadian National wicket, one which is "good on all lines, for all time." Prince George and Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin received tickets number two, three and four.

Accompanying the Royal party from Kingston to Toronto was Mr. R. H. Fish, General Superintendent of the South-Western Ontario district of the Canadian National Railway, who, when he was a locomotive engineer, was in charge of the engine drawing the Royal train during the



Englands Premier Rides the Engine

When he was visiting Kingston, Ontario, recently, Premier Baldwin heard about the forty new engines which were being built by the Canadian National Railways. He was told that they were known as the "Northern" type and were the largest and most powerful locomotives in the British Empire. He was keenly interested, particularly when he was informed that the "Northern" was an all-Canadian product, designed by Canadian National Railways engineers and built in Canada; twenty in Kingston and the other score in Montreal. Mr. Baldwin was busy—Canada would hardly let him off without making speeches, even if he was on holiday—but he insisted on inspecting the big engines, and ended up by climbing into the cab of one of them and trying his hand at the levers. "It is a wonderful piece of machinery," he said as he came down, "and should be a source of pride to the Canadian designers and builders."

Number 6120, it is interesting to note,

visit of His Majesty King George V, then Duke of York. Mr. R. Norton, who was conductor on the train behind Number 6120, has had 51 years' service on the railway, and, like Mr. Fish, was a member of the train personnel when King George was a visitor to Canada, and a member of the train staff of the Prince of Wales' special train on the last three Royal visits.

Engine Number 6120, as the others of its class, weighs 326 tons and is nearly 94 feet in length; it is fifteen feet four inches in height and has a limiting width of ten feet, eleven inches. The boiler pressure is 250 pounds to the square inch and the engine can develop more than 3,200 horse power. The big locomotives are convertible and will be used in freight as well as passenger service. Pulling the International Limited, between Montreal and Chicago, the "Northern" will inaugurate the longest run in the Dominion, between Montreal and Sarnia, 510 miles without change.

The Animal Hospital

"The Nomad" in Boston Evening Transcript

WHO can say that the succor, the mercy, and the pity shown to animals in the past hundred years has not increased the amount of generosity and helpfulness extended to human beings? The love of animals, the trust and affection of animals toward us consequent on kindness to them, softens the heart of the human race, and brings all forms of mercy and benevolence within its scope. The lands where animals are mercilessly beaten, overworked or neglected, are also the lands where cruelty to humans is rampant. At the door of any hospital for sick and wounded animals we may see the Angel of All Mercy brooding.

Who can measure, and who, in a civilized state of life, can resist the appeal of the sick and suffering animal? Here are sorrow and pain that cannot be expressed in words—an agony that can only be described to the physician by inarticulate cries, by dumb movements or by anguished eyes. The doctor who devotes his efforts to the help of suffering animals must have a keen intelligence and a careful knowledge as well as a merciful

soul. He must know the structure of the creature, and learn to understand the meaning of pitiful pained actions. His guide is his science, his eye, his trained perceptions. The Nomad has more than once seen a veterinary standing by the side of a sick horse or cow, wrapped in deep thought, pondering the case, observing and studying for a long time. He cannot say, "Do you feel pain in this spot?" or "When and how did this trouble begin?" You would say he must guess, but he does not want to guess—he employs his reason and his knowledge in an attempt to seek the cause of the difficulty. He is in the presence of a mystery, but he knows at least it is a real physical mystery and not a psychological one. The hospital for pets will help his science, because it will afford a chance for examination, for intelligent experimentation, for comparison and synthesis. It will yield up secrets which will be of advantage for the human race in the treatment of its ills. Brother horse, brother dog and sister cat, even by their sickness, bring their blessing of help to merciful man.

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Attention of Western Home Monthly Subscribers!

Notice of Change of Address Must be Sent in By 10th of Preceding Month.

The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

Continued from page 51

creek, then falls into healthy, unbroken sleep. He rouses early in the morning and stumbles out into the invigorating air to find a glorious sun which has just topped the mountains, and so commences a fresh day.

ON THE last day the different groups of riders meet together in some large, mountain-rimmed valley where the last camp has been pitched and the sundance lodge erected. Rope corrals are constructed for the horses which now number some hundreds and altogether the scene is a very active and brilliant one. The scramble for lunch is wilder than ever.

An impromptu rodeo is scheduled for the afternoon and after lunch all repair to a level stretch in the bottom of the valley. There the riders are treated to all the sports of the Western ranges. There is an exhibition of expert work with the lariat by cowboys, followed by trick and fancy riding of every description. A number of outlaw horses have been brought into the valley, numbers are drawn from a hat for these, and the broncho-busting contest is on, the packers and guides proving themselves equal to the sterner side of Western range life.

The real termination of the expedition, however, is the great pow-wow in the evening, when all riders, cowboys and packers gather in the large decorated sundance lodge and sit around in a circle in true Indian fashion. Speeches are made by European, American and Canadian representatives, short and sincere, expressive of the spirit of truly universal brotherhood born in the heart of nature and binding men in a common love of the great open places. The little organ is produced for the last time and the now familiar songs of the Trail Riders are sung in fuller volume than ever. Then when the light grows too dim to read the song sheets and the outline of neighbors grows shadowy the gathering troops out of the lodge to resume proceedings by light of the gigantic bonfire.

After breakfast next morning to saddle again and out upon the last of the mountain trails, leading back to the edge of the civilization in which most of the Trail Riders have to live for another year. It is, however, a vigorous, bronzed, healthy and happy cavalcade which bids a reluctant farewell to the valley and files over those last miles of trail back to the land of motor roads and railways. There they disperse in many directions carrying with them a refreshing memory of a life big and clean and wildly beautiful and a feeling of closer kinship to fellow man.

ARTISTS

By Evelyn Gowan Murphy

*Oh Spring, she paints in pastels,
And in dainty hue she chalks,
The ranks of mauve-blue hyacinths
Along the garden walks.*

*She tips the pale hepatica
With touch of tender rose,
And every early blossom
With elf-like tinting glows.*

*Now Summer, on the other hand,
With batik craft-work tries,
To cover gorgeously the land,
And with her radiant dyes,
She blotches color everywhere
And tones it down with green,
Then midst the flowers, she dapples black
For shadows in between.*

*But Winter is an etcher,
And with his magic tool
He draws the lace-work of the boughs,
The rushes by the pool.*

*He etches frost-stars on the glass
And o'er the tall spruce tree,
With acid burns a tiny hole
In heaven's floor, and we
Behold the point of light that shines
From out the pierced sky,
And greet it as the evening star
That twinkles up on high.*



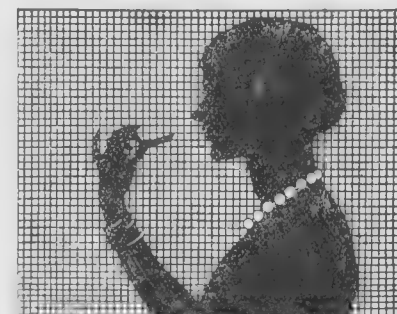
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A Modern Cinderella

Continued from page 52

Throwing aside her hat, she gazed long and earnestly at herself—smooth and shining, her hair made a glossy cap for her well-shaped little head—bangs across the front hid her rather high forehead and enhanced the attractive line of her straight dark brows—the ends curled softly against her smooth cheeks, and added charm to the nape of her pretty white neck. Eyes sparkling with excitement, cheeks delicately flushed, she danced in the middle of the floor. "Now for it," she said—"I'll get dressed and give everybody a surprise!"

Which she did!

WHEN she came downstairs, purposely a little late, a sudden hush fell upon the group of young people assembled below. Jean and Evelyn gazed dumbfounded for a moment, before they made a rush for her, showering compliments and questions.

Soft apricot georgette swathed her slender body, and swung seductively just below her knees, which were covered with the sheerest silken shimmer of hosier's art. A silver girdle confined her slender hips, and the daintiest of silver slippers showed to advantage the arch of her pretty foot. And the flush and sparkle on her little face was miraculous, when one thought of how she had looked the night before. She shook her little bobbed head, laughing shyly as they all clustered about her; but her eyes strayed to the outskirts of the group, where Bill Dacre stood, gazing dumbly at her, as if he saw a vision.

"Come on, children," called Jean—"the cars are all waiting; let's go! You, Robin, go with me in Dad's car; Henry will drive. You others, sort yourselves as you please—one of you must go in Bill's roadster—that makes sixteen—that's right. . . ."

Amid the chatter and bustle, Bill had drawn nearer to Camilla, who faced him smiling bravely, though her heart fluttered beneath the new finery.

"Miss Hirst," he said hesitatingly, "will you go with me?"

"Very well," she replied, hoping her voice was not too eager, and turned away as she put on her wrap, to hide the light in her eyes. The drive seemed all too short, and the dinner and subsequent dance was a dream of happiness to little Camilla, the wall-flower, who was besieged by young men; courted, flattered, made much

of; whose every word was greeted with delighted laughter. . .

"Why!" she thought, "I don't have to say clever things at all! I only have to look pretty, and dress nicely, and say nothing at all; it doesn't matter what!"

Which, I suppose, is a rather sad reflection on modern intellect!

What cared Camilla for intellect, dancing lightly on little silver shoes, and listening with half-closed eyes, and a flush on delicately-rounded cheeks, to flattering whispers from Bob, and Sam, and Ted—who had hardly known before that she existed—seeing, with a leap of the heart, Bill standing glumly by the door, watching her with jealous eyes as she sailed past, waiting his chance to cut in, and encircle her with his strong arm, which enfolded her closely, caressingly, tonight. . .

"How different it feels!" she thought—"why didn't I realize before, what I was missing!"

There had not been an incentive before; she had never wanted admiration, or cared what she looked like, till Bill came through that doorway and touched her unawakened heart with magic; which now, unmistakably, miraculously, had also touched his own. . . .

Sitting out with Ted Jones on the verandah, she heard his voice coming from the open window behind them:

"Sam, he was saying, his voice husky with feeling, 'Isn't she adorable! And I called her a poor little shrimp!'"

Dancing with her a little later, he coaxed her out in the starlit April night, and persuaded her to go for a little run in his car. His hand clasped her arm lingeringly as he helped her in, and they sped into the darkness in blissful silence.

They stopped in the shadow of some pine trees, where the graceful branches made a web of silver and black upon the white road. "Will he kiss me?" she thought breathlessly—she was answered by the pressure of his mouth—his adorable mouth!—on hers—and the true meaning of life was revealed in a flash. . . .

"Intellect—pah!" said little Camilla. "What, sweetheart? I say, darling, I do love you! Your dear, soft little mouth! Say you like me a little, won't you?"

"Heaven!" said Camilla—aloud, this time!

What of the Dining Room?

Continued from page 37

manner of speaking, from the same initial impulse!

So we find sometimes the dining room that is enchanting in its simplicity, restful and soothing in its simple and unassuming dignity: Plain, soft-toned walls, softly glowing furniture in a rubbed-down finish and with the simplest lines and pleasing proportions; harmony in fabrics of hand-woven homespun or coarse linen, perhaps—naïve fabrics that are at the height of fashion at the moment; pure colour rather than subtle tones; design, where it appears, absolutely simple—the block-pattern types that were possible in the days of limited facilities and independent people who thought and worked for themselves; hand-woven or braided or hooked rugs upon the floor; porcelain and pottery in quaint design and happy colouring. Such rooms have come to be appreciated at their real worth these days, and people whose lives are intricate and crowded, who could make no attempt at the crafts that turn out these simple and beautiful furnishings, are willing to pay handsomely for the rugs and bedspreads and hand-woven linens and homespun that will create that, quiet, homelike environment.

The crowds who flocked from all over

Canada and many parts of the United States, to see and marvel at and aspire to the handicrafts of Quebec, during the recent Folksong and Handicraft Festival in the old province, attested that fact most vigorously.

So for the little cottage, or the bigger house built on the so-called cottage lines, do not fear to show appreciation for the simple, truly lovely furnishings that perhaps you may be so lucky as to possess most easily. Many a thoroughly successful bedroom in a lovely home, has been built around a candle-wick bedspread that had been Grandmother's; many another room has found its inspiration in a single bit of fabric or even an effective bit of pottery.

AND if you love a gay, carefree effect that you can achieve by the use of brilliant curtains of fascinating design, furniture painted an unusual colour, accessories that are distinctive and as far removed as possible from the convention-fruit-bowl-and-candlesticks treatment (which we must admit is an improvement upon the sideboard loaded with all the family plate, which preceded it)—don't hesitate to go after it.



COLOR—Plus Quality and Easy Comfort

COLOR is one of the leading features of furniture this year, but be careful! Don't buy reed and fibre furniture on the color alone.

Watson's Reed and Fibre Furniture is made up in over fifteen different color combinations, enough to satisfy the most exacting demand.

But, don't overlook the quality factor. Your reed furniture must be well built—with no Chinese reed worked into it. It must be built to last. It must have quality of design as well as workmanship.

Watson's Reed Furniture is identified by the metal label fastened on the back of each piece. If you buy this furniture, you will buy everything the heart would most desire in color scheme, design and quality construction. Accept no substitutes.



The J. B. Watson Furniture Co., Limited,
Kincardine, Ontario, Canada.

11

ACIDS IN STOMACH CAUSE INDIGESTION

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist some Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful of powder or four tablets in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

Make \$2.50 an Hour

YOUR PROFITS IN ADVANCE

STAY-PREST TROUSER PRESSER sells quick—everywhere. Thousands in use. Salesmen and saleswomen cleaning up. Sells on eight-minute demonstration. Reasonable price. 40% clear profit for you. You take orders. We deliver.

Wonderful New Invention

Puts perfect crease in trousers. Takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Easy to use—takes less than a minute. Folds into small size. Finely finished. Looks rich. Saves clothes and tailor bills. Every man wants one or two.

Make Big Profits—Others Do

Jack Ames made \$24.00 in four hours. Randle sold twenty-five the first day. Mary Roberts made \$10.00 in one evening. Others making good in full or spare time. So can you.

Write us quick for free sample offer and full details.

Smith & Rourke Co. London, Ont. Dept. 13

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

An advertisement in our columns will prove this to your satisfaction.

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Canada



A Brilliant Career Made Possible by a Father's Wisdom

TOM EVANS is the most brilliant student in his class. His college career almost completed, he will soon be a practicing physician. Everyone predicts a successful—even famous career for him.

And yet, had it not been for his father's foresight years ago Tom Evans, endowed though he is with natural ability, would today be one of the vast majority of young men who are starting out in life handicapped by lack of education and training.

When Tom was a wee baby his father made certain, through a North American Life Educational Insurance Policy, that his boy would have a University education.

By this satisfying insurance plan, Mr. Evans made absolute provision that, even if he died, the funds for his son's college course would be available when the time came. His plans have worked out perfectly. He has had no burden of extra expense during Tom's University Training.

What do you plan for your son? Will he be a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer or a business man? A College education will be a vital factor in his success. Let us send you our booklet "One in Fifty" and accompanying chart showing the costs of education at the various Colleges and Universities in Canada.

Please send me your booklet—"One in Fifty," and chart showing costs of education.

Name

Address

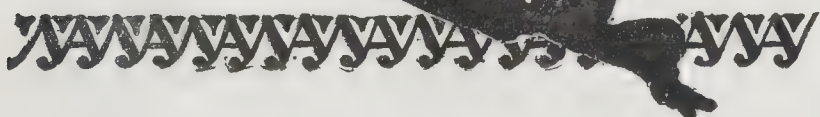
51

Agents in every Important Centre in Canada

North American Life Assurance Company

"Solid as the Continent"

HEAD OFFICE
TORONTO, CANADA



Droit De Seigneur

Continued from page 27

make some request, but each time he seemed to have forgotten why he had come or, disposing of the matter in hand, remained to talk of trivialities. Once or twice, a sudden pause had caused her to look up and she found him, gazing directly at her with a new light in his eyes. Both would flush furiously and laugh it off, but her heart would, thereupon, sing anew its pæan of triumph: "He loves, he loves me," and, each time, she tried to quell its song, her efforts were more and more futile.

One afternoon, when the frost had begun to paint the leaves that they might be more glorious in death than in life, Saber asked her to drive out into the country with him, to dine, and to drive back 'neath the clear autumn moon. Half-inclined to resist, yet eager to go, she yielded to the voice within her heart and accepted.

Saber was unwontedly silent throughout the drive and dinner but, with her keen, womanly intuition, Anna felt that he was fighting with himself so she, too, fell silent.

After dinner, they stood side by side on a rustic bridge near the inn, watching the sheen of the moon silvering here and there, the dark tumbling waters of the brook. The world of care and sorrow, of haste and frantic quest seemed far away; faint strains of music from the orchestra drifted down to them, in snatches; the leaves rustled now and then, the present drifted back to the first era when the first man stood alone with the first woman.

"Anna," Saber's voice, low with repressed emotion, came so suddenly that she started, "Anna, do you know how wonderful you are?"

She was silent.

"To me you are the most wonderful woman an all-loving Father has placed in the world. Ever since the first day—the day you fainted in my office—ever since I first saw you, I have lived only for the day I might tell you—" His voice trailed off into nothingness and the girl waited in silence. The night built a barrier about them, shutting out all save their beating hearts.

"But before I tell you—there is something else," and he plunged into his story while Anna listened in growing apprehension—"and so, before I can even hope for myself, the blood of my murdered father and of my mother who mayhap suffered worse than murder must be stilled. I must find Prince Casmir, that fiend in human form, who crushed the wretched peasant's hope of happiness to feed the flame of his own black passion. Anna, don't think harshly of me, my darling. I know that to mention, nay to think of you and of revenge in the same thought were sacrilege but Father Gregory, ere he died, laid the sacred charge of vengeance upon me and I must carry it out. I must never rest until I find him."

His voice rang weirdly, like the cry of the hunting wolf, through the night air. For the moment, he was back in the Ukraine, all the passion of his nature crying aloud for revenge. Centuries of oppression, centuries when his forbears served the passions of their masters, all sounded a knell in her soul. She was carried away by the force of his passion; all the elemental that lies so near the surface in the child of Russia, cast off its trammels of civilization; her mate's quarrel was hers. She wondered who the aggressor, who the murderer might be. Then—she shuddered.

"Let us go back—I am tired." She fought to control her voice.

"But, my darling—Anna, Oh, Anna

—let me hear some word from you—one word—Will you not hear me?"

Like the thunder of the gods, the awful realization of all she had overheard, of all he had told her, crashed in upon her horror-stricken soul. She knew Prince Casmir. Her world, her dreams, her love reeled from the shock and swirled as the dead leaves before the heralding breath of winter. Like one who from some towering pinnacle sees the dissolution of the worlds, she felt the breath of desolation envelop her.

Saber put out his arms to her in appeal, but, stifling a cry of repulsion and horror, she put up her arm as if to shield herself from a sudden blow and shrank back from him.

"Anna—" his voice was broken, pleading, penitent.

"Don't—don't—take me back—take me back," she moaned, still retreating from him.

"Oh, my darling," he groaned. "My God, what have I done? What have I done, Anna? What is it?"

"Take me back—take me back—take me back! I must think—I cannot—I cannot—"

Stricken to his very soul, he followed her in silence as she stumbled up the path to the inn.

As they approached, the monotonous semi-tones of a page came across the lawn.

"Miss Charles—paging Miss Charles—"

"Here, boy," Saber's voice was thin and weak.

"Message for Miss Charles—New York calling. Will she go home at once?"

"Are they still on the line," queried Saber, as Anna stared at the boy with a new fear in her heart.

"No, sir! They've been calling for an hour, sir, and left the message when they couldn't reach her."

"All right; tell them, if they call again, that Miss Charles has left for home."

"Yes sir! Thank you, sir!" and the boy scuttled away feeling the crisp bill in his fingers, anxious to know how large it was.

IN SILENCE, Saber swung the big car down the drive. In silence they drove through the night, the car hurtling, with blazing lights, like some evil monster of the shades, along the highway. Anna, unable to speak, unable to think coherently, sat like a carved statue, staring into the night with fixed unseeing eyes, while Saber, forced to drive as he had never driven before, concentrated all his energies upon keeping clear of traffic.

"Where do you live?" he asked as they slowed down to enter the city, and she told him.

When the car came to a halt before a modest apartment house in the suburbs, Anna, without waiting for a word, threw open the door, and was gone before he could speak.

Terror, suspense—gripped her as she flew up the steps—up—up, without waiting for the elevator, and threw open the door of the flat.

Through the hall, into the living room she fled. Her mother, with her gray hair—the hair, once so beautiful, the toast of many a gallant mess—the hair that had turned gray during their awful flight—falling about her quivering shoulders, knelt moaning, in dry-eyed sorrow, by the couch, where lay the figure of her father.

Meanwhile Saber drove slowly back to his apartment. As he drew up, a

figure sprang from the shadowed doorway to his side.

"Mr. Saber, I've found your man at last. He lives in the Hurstmore—Street Suite twelve."

The fury of years of inculcated and pent-up thirst for revenge seized Saber and drove all else from his tortured brain. Like a madman, he raced to his apartment, dropped before his clothespress and, with trembling fingers, unlocked a drawer.

His eyes blazed with insane frenzy, as he stood up, a terrible knout in his hands. He fondled it, raised it to his lips, gloating in hideous, awful glee.

His manservant, hurrying in from his kitchen at his master's approach, stopped stock-still in his tracks, terrified; then, with a squeak of fear, fled to the recesses of his chamber, where he crouched in shivering apprehension. He had lived through a term in Siberia.

Carefully concealing his whip beneath his coat, Saber hurried down to his car, whistling gaily. The moment he had so long expected, for which he had so ardently prayed, had come. He felt a terrible exultation; he had planned his course; he knew precisely what he would do; already he felt the throat between his fingers while the screams of agony from his dying victim rang in his ears like sweet music. What cared he for consequences? What punishment—even death itself—could take away the satisfaction he would feel? Law was nothing to him. Sinned against—he would exact justice and, to his Slavic mind, that process of reasoning was just.

He was there. He strode up the steps—up—up. Ah! there it was. Where had he seen this building before—Ah! yes—Anna lived here.

The knob turned slowly in his fingers; the door opened and he strode into a hallway. Steps came hurrying from the room beyond and he clutched his knout, in eager anticipation.

Amazed, his jaw dropped. Anna, every inch a princess, stood before him, calm, collected, as if she had expected him.

"He is gone, beyond the reach of mortal man, Ivan Saborov; thy revenge hath been snatched away from thee by One greater than thou and Prince Casimir stands face to face with his God."

Fascinated, the man peered into the room beyond. The face of his arch-enemy, now calm and peaceful, all the arrogance and lust gone forever, lay upon its pillow between the tall candles.

"Thou seest—*droit de seigneur*."

Her voice pierced the mists of his passion-seethed brain and involuntarily he crossed himself in the presence of the dead. Then, turning, he stumbled from the room—his resentment, his exultant hatred, forever gone.

Mechanically he got into his car and drove away. Faster and faster sped the car down the avenue, out through the dimly-lit suburbs, out into the night. Vainly, he tried to collect his wandering thoughts, but they eluded him.

Suddenly ten thousand glaring lights tore through his brain; a delicious drowsiness overcame him and he floated away on a sea of oblivion.

"JOHN! John! See, nurse, he is regaining consciousness!"

The words came like the sound of a far-away flute on a summer night. Back, back he sped from the lost land. With a mighty wrench, he opened his eyes, stared up—into Anna's face, read there the age-old message of surrender.

"Forgive—forgive—have mercy, Princess." He spoke with an effort; his face turned gray with pain.

"There is nothing to forgive. Mine have sinned against thine. Mayhap love can heal wrongs and—I—love thee—Ivan Saborov."

"Unworthy am I, oh Princess," gasped the man.

"Knowest thou not, stupid peasant, that here all be equal?" Her voice was tender and sweet.

She bent over him, and as her soft, warm lips sent a pulsating thrill through his soul he heard her murmur: "*Droit de seigneur*."

Fruit Juices Build and Protect Teeth

By Phoebe Cole

THE custom of starting a meal with a glass of orange juice or half a grapefruit or a fruit cup and finishing with some heavy sweet should be just reversed, according to Doctor J. Sim Wallace, eminent London authority on preventive dentistry now in this country.

"In England dessert is usually only fruit and nuts. The grapefruit and oranges that you eat first should be eaten last, as the acid in them saves the teeth. Sugary and starchy foods are particularly harmful to the teeth unless followed by some cleansing food, like a fruit juice."

Many people realize, after they have finished eating buckwheats and maple syrup for breakfast, or a rich plum pudding or mince pie for dinner, that some fermentation takes place, because they are conscious of sour stomach. Others, with stronger digestion, do not experience sour stomach, so never suspect that the heavy sweets consumed at the end of the meals they have so greatly enjoyed are undermining their teeth, by causing an acid condition in the mouth.

It is not generally understood that the juices of the citrus fruits: oranges, lemons and grapefruit, while they *seem* acid, really have an alkaline effect in the human body and are therefore the best kind of thing to counteract and prevent acidity.

One reason why child specialists prescribe a daily portion of orange juice for the infant and growing child is that the citrus fruits contain valuable mineral salts vitally necessary to build strong bone and tooth structure. But since these juices also *preserve* the teeth they

help to build, it would be wise for mothers to give the juice at the end rather than the beginning of the meals.

Unreasonable Teacher

When Freddy came home from school he was crying. "Teacher whipped me because I was the only one who could answer a question she asked the class," he wailed.

Freddy's mother was both astounded and angry. "I'll see the teacher about that! What was the question she asked you?"

"She wanted to know who put the glue in her ink bottle."

Appropriate

The young mistress sent her coloured maid, newly hired, for a bill of toilet articles.

"Mandy," said the mistress a few days later, "where is that tar soap you got for me the other day?"

"Lawzee, Miss," exclaimed Mandy, "what all's a blonde baby like you to do wid tar soap? Ah thought you ordered it for mah own pussional use."

A Remarkable Legal Memory

"Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before?" asked the attorney.

"Why, of course!" replied the young lady on the witness stand.

"Do you remember what suit it was?"

"It was a blue suit with a white collar and white cuffs and white buttons all the way down the back," replied the young lady.



300,000 Owners Praise Its Silence, Smoothness and Power

THROUGHOUT the country are over 300,000 drivers who are enjoying carefree motoring. They are the drivers of Willys-Knights.

They enjoy freedom from carbon troubles, valve-grinding, periodic lay-ups for engine overhauling. Their cars are always in active commission, always ready for the most strenuous service.

The Willys-Knight is the only type of engine that actually improves with use. The longer you drive, the smoother, quieter, and more powerful grows the famous sleeve-valve motor.

Only Willys-Knight Offers All These Important Advantages:

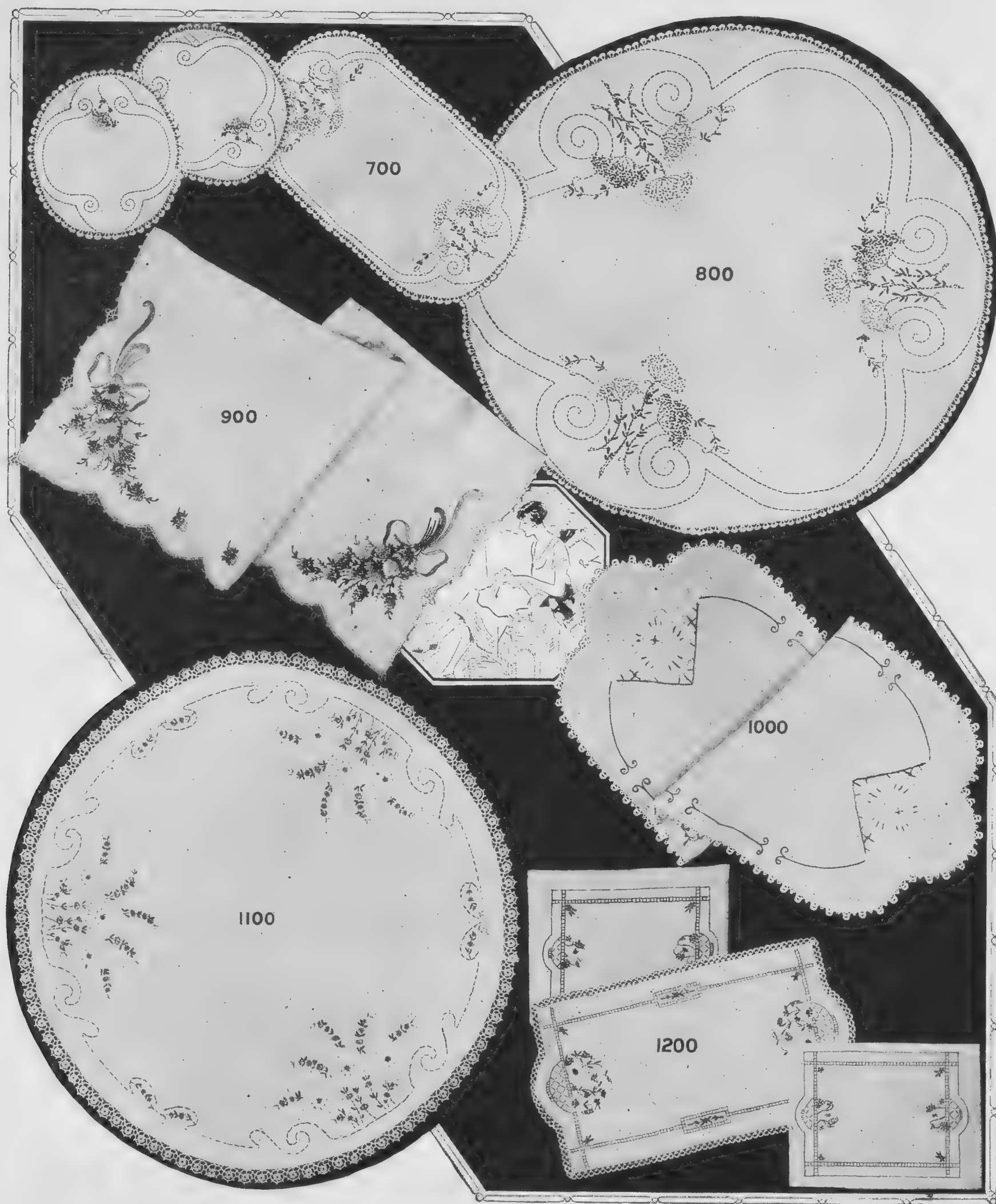
Knight Engine—7-Bearing Crankshaft—Skinner Oil Rectifier—4-Wheel Brakes—Belflex Shackles—Narrow Body Pillars—8 Timken Bearings in Front Axle—Light Control at Steering Wheel.

New Low Prices—"70" Willys-Knight Six: prices from \$1625 to \$1945, Willys-Knight Great Six: prices from \$2365 to \$3925 F.O.B. Factory, Toronto. Taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Limited, Toronto, Canada. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

"70" WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

WITH THE ENGINE THAT IMPROVES WITH USE

Clever Designs Stamped on Oyster Linen



Fine quality Oyster Linen on which it is a pleasure to embroider. Shown finished and price does not include threads. Edgings shown are only suggestive. Nos. 700 and 1200 Buffet Sets each 35c., Nos. 900 and 1000 scarfs 18x45, each 55c. Nos. 800 and 1100 centres, 36 ins., each 75c. When ordering from The Western Home Monthly be sure to state number.

Active Women of Today Are Free

From the Handicap of Yesterday's Hygienic Worries



Positive Protection, Under ALL Conditions, plus Freedom Forever From the Embarrassment of Disposal, is Provided, This NEW Way, Which is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Women by the Millions.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

ONE no longer fears sheer frocks, but wears them. The modern woman meets every day at her best—unhandicapped by even the most trying hygienic situation.

The uncertainty of the old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted with modern protection—protection that is absolute.

Women by countless thousands are constantly flocking to its use. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it.

The name is Kotex—different in every way from any other product of like nature known.

What Kotex is

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Today mail the coupon for a full-sized sample of Kotex, free. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for your sample today.

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

MADE IN CANADA

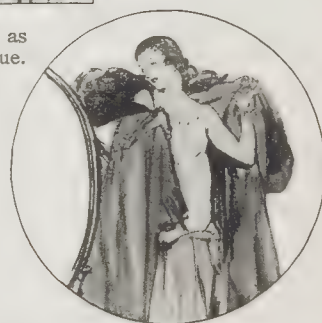
Kotex Regular:
75c per dozen

Kotex-Super:
90c per dozen



Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any drug or dry goods store, simply by saying "Kotex."

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FREE Sample of **KOTEX**

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You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

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W.H.M.-9



Dame Fashion Takes the First Step Into Autumn

Short jackets or capes over dresses of self or contrasting material, printed or plain coats over dresses of printed or plain material, express this season's, ensemble idea.

The long coat is especially attractive in calico prints showing small designs, on dark back grounds.

The dresses worn with such coats are of plain material in a color matching one color of the coat.

Very useful is the sleeveless jacket, the cardigan, or the short blazer or tailored jacket that is worn with a blouse and skirt or with a two piece jumper dress.

The majority of the styles today are snug over the hips.

For imperfect figures, there are jabots, wings and cascades.

For the woman of mature figure the blouse styles or the bolero are attractive.

The length of the skirt is still very short of being long. For slender figures as near to the knee as permissible seems the attractive length. Women of sturdy figures wear the skirts a little longer.

We have a variety of neck lines. The V, round, banded, collarless or made with small collars.

A neck line cut in one with tie-ends is new and pleasing.

Very lovely for youthful figures are the peasant frocks, showing colored smocking and embroidery in bright colors.

Diagonal lines are exploited on many frocks; in the form of trimming, draperies, berthas, tiers and cape effects.

For general wear in the country and also as part of an ensemble, are the cool sleeveless frocks. Such frocks are also liked for sports wear.

All lengths, types and widths of sleeves are in vogue. The bishop style finished with a band or tie cuff is very popular. The close fitting long sleeve is used on tailored models.

Bands are a great help to prevailing fashions. They may be applied to suggest a bolero on blouse or dress, and may appear in contrasting colors.

White is especially favored this season, especially for warm days. All shades of pink and light yellow are popular for country wear as are also the softer shades of blue.

Beige is a good town color, black and gray are nice for daytime wear, as are also the gray blues.

The popular evening shades, are black, blonde, brown, when of lace, and pinks and blues, also a new lip stick red.

Fringe makes a very lovely trimming for afternoon or evening dresses. It may be of silk for afternoon and of beads for evening. One may have a very elegant evening dress by trimming a very plain straight line model with fringe.

The youthful effect of a short skirt, and the grace of a long skirt may be combined in the uneven hemline now so popular.

The tailored prints and checks in silk and cotton are very attractive for daytime dresses, also for ensembles and suits.

For formal afternoon wear, voile, georgette and chiffon in small and medium designs are in vogue.

The waistline has not really moved up, one sees the normal waistline effected by trimming belts or bands, but one usually finds the waistline indicated at the hips.

Lace is used for yokes, flounces and jabots, for a finish at sleeve edges, and on draperies.

White lace is used on dresses of navy chiffon.

Separate blouses in crepe de chine, radium, georgette or satin are worn with skirt of pique, cheviot, jersey, or flannel.

The tuck in blouse is best for sport wear. The surplice or jumper blouse may be worn with or without the jacket of a soft tailored suit.

Formal evening dresses are of lace, brocade or sequin embroidery.

A dinner dress may be of flowered chiffon with or without sleeves. It may have a separate bolero.

Continued on page 68



Utterly different . . . in appearance, in results

Tissue-thin, transparent diamonds . . .

they have saved women a billion dollars

SYMBOL of value—the diamond-shaped Lux flakes! Symbol of purity—their transparency!

Each year from the diamond mines of the world come thousands of gems worth fifty million dollars. Yet department stores say truly: *In the last ten years Lux diamonds have saved women twenty times that sum—probably more than a billion dollars!*

Millions of silk stockings and sheer lingerie saved from dangerous alkali and hard rubbing—for, of course, in these tissue-thin transparent Lux diamonds there can be no

alkali! Miles of tub silks kept from yellowing! Thousands upon thousands of woollens saved from shrinking! In such ways Lux has piled up its savings to Canadian women.

Today women who first found Lux perfect for fabrics know that it frees hand from the “dishpan look” No longer does dishwashing make their hands red and rough. And one teaspoonful is plenty.

In every country of the world Lux is sold only in the familiar Lux boxes—never in any other form. Lever Brothers, Limited, Toronto.

**If it's safe
in water
it's safe in Lux**

When APPETITES are FICKLE

Win them back with Puffed Wheat
or Puffed Rice

Let Quaker Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat
tempt your appetite when hunger beckons
you to food but does not point the way.

Their delicious flavour will intrigue you.
Whole grains, just puffed to 8 times
normal size and then exploded. They win
the appetite.

Natural grain foods * * * only each starch
cell is broken down and thus made more
easily digested. Light * * * but satisfying.

For lunch on busy days when nerves are
strained * * * for any meal * * * for supper
when nature seeks refreshment and then
quiet sleep.

And the Variety!

No other foods are like them.
Delicious on fruits, fresh or
cooked, on ice cream, or just
with whole milk or cream.

Sensible foods, too. They sup-
ply gentle roughage for masti-
cation and digestive use and
the needed mineral salts to
tone the blood.

And then, so easy to serve.
Bring the package to the table.

Quaker
PUFFED WHEAT
PUFFED RICE

One of a series written for The Quaker Oats
Company by a well-known authority on Food
after a comprehensive investigation into the
qualities of Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat.

Federated Women's Institutes

MANITOBA NEWS

THE Institutes which have not been
holidaying have some very interesting
items for us this month. A large number
of picnics and socials have been held
showing that the Institutes are not
neglecting the lighter side of life.

A number of cemeteries are showing the
effects of the industry of the Institute
members. This is a very worthwhile
work as many of these places have been
existing in a somewhat neglected state.

Papers and demonstrations have not
been as numerous as usual owing to the
busy season but those that have been
given have dealt with summer problems,
or were in connection with some special
day or celebration.

Arnaud—This Institute is busy plann-
ing for its annual outing day. At the
last meeting a patching contest provided
plenty of amusement.

Arrow River—The members engaged in
a contest at their last meeting. Prizes
were given for the best articles made by
hand and costing 25 cents. A musical
programme concluded the afternoon.

Avonlea—Plans are under way for a
community picnic.

Belmont—\$100.00 was voted by this
Society to be spent for cemetery improve-
ments. The clean-up committee has been
busy improving the streets of the town.

Benito—A special strangers meeting, at
which new-comers were welcomed and the
work and aims of the Institute explained,
was enjoyed by everyone. A donation of
money and eggs was sent to the Fresh
Air Camps.

Bowman—This Society is raising \$100.-
00 which will be donated to the War
Memorial Fund. Every member is also
actively engaged in helping to beautify
the cemetery.

Carman—The members took an active
part in the Jubilee Celebration. They
decorated a float for the parade and
served lunch at the Exhibition grounds.
A donation of eggs was sent to the Fresh
Air Camps.

Cartwright—Even unfavorable weather
could not dampen the enthusiasm of the
members of this Society at their picnic
meeting held in the country.

Dominion City—A caretaker for the
cemetery has been hired by this Institute,
\$25.00 was given to the Boys and Girls
Club. A convenor of Home Economics
was appointed.

Ebor—Plans are well underway for a
bazaar which is to be held in the fall.
A paper on "Canning" was enjoyed by all.

Elkhorn—This Society has decided to
have a 10 to 15 minute talk on current
events at every meeting. The members
are all learning the new song, "Manitoba".

Gimli—An Apron Sale and Silver Tea is
to be held in August.

Gypsumville—The members of this
Institute were responsible for the splendid
Jubilee Celebration held in the village.
A very varied and instructive programme
was enjoyed by all. A special farewell
evening was held in honor of a member
who is leaving the district.

Inwood—An organ has been purchased
for the school. The Institute served
lunch at the Jubilee Celebration. A
substantial donation was given to the
Red Cross.

Langruth—The Institute is planning
to make a number of improvements
on the Community Hall.

Mayfeld—The Institute is helping to
promote the Boys and Girls Club Fair.

Moore Park W.I.—The silver tea held
by the Moore Park W.I., Saturday, July
9th was well attended, \$5.75 being added
to the cemetery fund. Miss Alexandra of
the M.A.C. gave an interesting talk on
nutrition. Miss L. Jones who has left to
reside in Brandon was presented with an
ivory clock. Moore Park was winner of
second prize in the programme contest
which took place this spring. Members
have been busy sewing layettes for the
Red Cross, and they also served lunch on
June the 25th to those working in the
cemetery. Mrs. R. Mansfield held a
silver tea at her home August 2nd, also in
aid of the cemetery fund, and a very
enjoyable afternoon was spent by the
many who attended; a dainty lunch was
served from three to five. Proceeds from
this was \$12.50.

Legal Information

Continued from page 40

Only your trustee in bankruptcy has
any right to deal with your Estate. You
can choose your exemptions from amongst
the stock and machinery which you own.
You cannot claim as exempt, however,
any stock or machinery which is under
lien note, chattel mortgage or other
security. If the creditor still bothers
you, do not waste time with him but tell
him to talk to your trustee in bankruptcy.
Pay no attention to either your creditor
or the Bank. The trustee is the person
you must deal with and they must do the
same.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Has a landlady of rooming house
the right to lock the room door of a roomer
who is in arrears in his payments, and
retain clothing belonging to the roomer,
till the rent is paid?

I refer to a furnished room. If so, how
long would it be necessary for me to hold
clothing before disposing of same?

This is a question many rooming house
people would like to have you answer in
your magazine.

Thanking you in anticipation of your
attention and reply to above.—

Subscriber.

A. A roominghouse keeper has no
right to seize a roomer's goods and
clothing, except under the Hotel-keepers'
Act. To obtain the protection of this
Act, you must post up a copy of the Act
in every bedroom. If this is done, then
the boarding-house or lodging-house
keeper may detain the trunks, valises and
personal effects including clothing of any
person indebted for board or lodging.
There is no such lien for the price of wines
and liquors. If the account is not over
\$25.00 you must keep this property for
one month. If the account is over \$25.00
you must keep the property for three
months unless it is sooner redeemed by
payment of your account. After the
expiration of the one month or three
month's period, as the case may be, the
property may be sold by auction. The
provisions set out by the Act are rather

involved and we would advise you to
obtain legal assistance before making a
sale. A copy of the Act may be obtained
from the King's Printer, Legislative
Buildings, Winnipeg.

Kamloops, B.C.

Q. My christian names are Elizabeth
Josephine as on Birth Certificate, but the
name of Dorothy after another relative
was intended to be included at time of my
christening but for some reason was over-
looked. Nevertheless, I have always
been known and called by the name of
Dorothy and through force of habit this
was the only name I used on my marriage
license. After my marriage, nearly seven
years ago my husband effected two
insurance policies naming me, his wife,
(Dorothy) as beneficiary. Then a year
ago he had another policy issued (different
Companies) but after thinking the matter
over he considered that my real name
(Elizabeth Josephine) should appear, to
agree with his Will which he made out at
the same time. The present position
is:—The first two policies are made in
favor of his wife "Dorothy" as beneficiary,
and the last policy, with his will, to his
wife Elizabeth Josephine as beneficiary.

1. In the event of my husband's death,
would I have any difficulty in claiming the
insurance under the policies issued in the
name of Dorothy, or is the question of a
name important so long as my status as
his wife is made clear? If so, what
should I do to rectify the matter?—D.M.

A. 1. You should not have much diffi-
culty in claiming insurance under either
name.

2. The question of the exact name is
not important as long as you can establish
your identity.

3. We advise clearing up the matter
now so as to prevent delay in proving your
claim later. A person may be known by
any name he chooses to adopt. To avoid
confusion of names later, you should have
your policies and the Will read alike.
Why not call yourself by all three chris-
tian names in all papers?

REACHING THE HIGHEST PEAK OF EFFICIENCY

Mount Lucania in
Canadian Rockies.
Altitude 17,158 Feet.

EVERSHARP
"your write-hand companion"

Containing 17,160 feet of
continuous writing in one loading

FOR convenience, for beauty, for writing ease, millions have chosen Eversharp. Now—a new test proves its *economy*. With one complete loading of your favorite Eversharp, you can write three miles and a quarter of words without thought-disturbing interruptions or time-wasting delays. But always use the standard **RED TOP** leads, sold by Wahl dealers everywhere at 15 cents a tube.

Your choice in GREEN-JADE, RED, BLACK OR ROSE-WOOD; GOLD, SILVER OR ENAMEL; standard and over-size models for men, women and the younger generation, at all prices.

And the write-hand companion of **EVERSHARP** is the **WAHL PEN** to match.



104

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The Season's Smartest and Daintiest



Actual replicas of the choicest Paris creations! Soft, filmy, sheer—yet woven from strong silken strands, which retain their lustre and elasticity through washing after washing.

Wearing this exquisite lingerie, your frocks and gowns take on smarter, more graceful lines because Watson's are "tailored to fit". The youthful, slenderizing cut enhances the natural beauty of the figure.

See the vests, bloomers, pyjamas, nighties, kimono's, etc. In finest rayon and in a wide range of fascinating colors.

14M
Watson's
SPRING NEEDLE LINGERIE

Styles That Assert Their Individuality

5888—Crepe satin, voile, georgette, figured silk or taffeta could be used for this design. The sleeves may be joined to the bolero or to the dress.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes. 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32 inch material. To face the vestee with contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 20 inches wide. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is 56 inches.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5893—Silk and wool jersey was used for this design, with a contrasting color for vestee, belt and collar facings.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes. 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size if made as illustrated in the large view, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material 36 inches wide for facing on belt, collar and vestee. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5892—Jersey, wool crepe, crepe satin or flannel may be used for this design. The Skirt is mounted on an underbody.

This pattern is cut in 3 Sizes. 16, 18 and 20 years. To make this style for an 18 year size will require 1 yard of 27 inch lining for the underbody, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40 inch material for the Blouse together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for facings on blouse, belt and for pocket facings and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the Skirt. The width at the lower edge of the Skirt with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5879



5898—Cotton prints, pongee, wool crepe or rep, also plaid or check suiting are very appropriate for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes. 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 12 year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material if the Dress is made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be required. A sash of ribbon will require 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5867

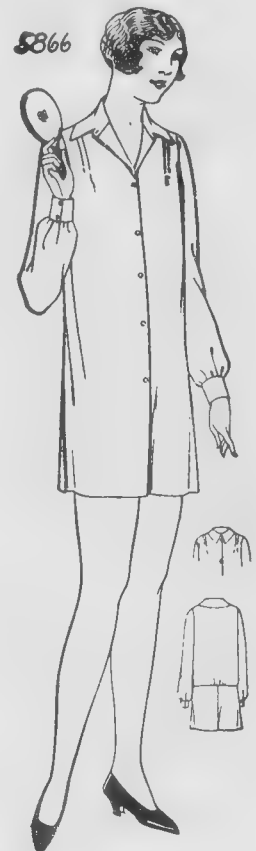


5885—Jersey, satin, wool crepe or tweed could be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes. 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on fronts and belt. The underbody will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32 inch lining. The width of the Skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5866

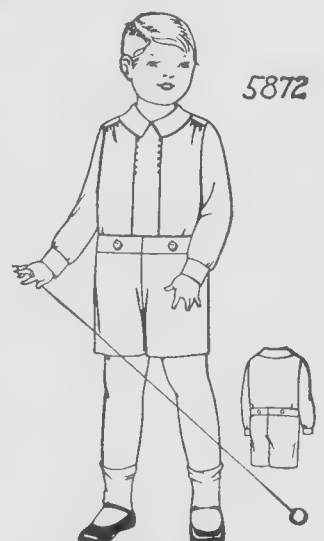


5872. Pongee, linen, jersey or kindergarten cloth, may be used for this design. The Blouse closes under the plait, of the front. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes. 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5867. This model comprises a brassiere with bodice portion over the front, and step-in drawers. Nainsook, crepe, crepe de chine or silk may be used for this attractive design. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes. Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material. Shoulder straps of ribbon require 1 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5879. Linen, crepe or gingham may be used for this model. As here illustrated it was developed in gingham and organdy. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes. 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch plain material for the waist, and 2 yards of contrasting material for skirt and facing on collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5872



5866. Linen, crepe de chine, nainsook, radium silk or broadcloth may be used for this model. It supplies a shirt waist, and step-in panties with opening at the sides. The model is practical, and comfortable, because it will not pull out over the top of the skirt, as ordinary shirt waists do. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes. 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 36 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

The Fiddling Man

Continued from page 32

"And that same day—a little later—Jan went away from the cabin, and was gone a long time," whispered Blake. "Was it not so, Marie?"

Yes; he went to his trap-line, M'sieu."

FOR the first time Blake made a movement. He took her face boldly between his two hands, and turned it so that her staring eyes were looking straight into his own. Every fibre in his body was trembling with the thrill of his monstrous triumph.

"My dear little girl, I must tell you the truth," he said. Your husband, Jan, did not go to his trap-line three days ago. He followed Francois Breault, and killed him. And I am not John Duval. I am Corporal Blake of the Mounted Police, and I have come to get Jan, that he may be hanged by the neck until he is dead for his crime. I came for that. But I have changed my mind. I have seen you, and for you I would give even a murderer his life. Do you understand? For you—you—you—"

And then came the grand finale, just as he had planned it. His words had stupefied her. She made no movement, no sound—only her great eyes seemed alive. And suddenly he swept her into his arms with the wild passion of a beast. How long she lay against his breast, his arms crushing her, his hot lips on her face, she did not know.

The world had grown suddenly dark. But in that darkness she heard his voice; and what it was saying roused her at last from the deadliness of her stupor. She strained against him, and with a wild cry broke from his arms, and staggered across the cabin floor to the door of her bedroom. Blake did not pursue her. He let the darkness of that room shut her in. He had told her—and she understood.

It was quiet in that inner room, too—so quiet that one might fancy he could hear the beating of a heart. Marie had flung herself into the far-

thest corner, beyond the bed. And there her hand had touched something. It was cold—the chill of steel. She could almost have screamed, in the mighty reaction that swept through her like an electric shock. But her lips were dumb and her hand clutched tighter at the cold thing.

She drew it toward her inch by inch, and levelled it across the bed. It was Jan's goose-gun, loaded with buck-shot. There was a single metallic click as she drew the hammer back. In the doorway, looking at the stars, Blake did not hear.

She heard the cabin door close, and Blake's footsteps approaching. Her body did not tremble now. Her forefinger was steady on the trigger. She held her breath—and waited. Blake came to the deadline and stopped. She could see one arm and part of his shoulder. But that was not enough. Another half step—six inches—four, even, and she would fire. Her heart pounded like a tiny hammer in her breast.

And then the very life in her body seemed to stand still. The cabin door opened suddenly, and someone had entered. In that moment she would have fired, for she knew that it must be Jan who had returned. But Blake had moved. And now, with her finger on the trigger, she heard his cry of amazement:

"Sergeant Fitzgerald!"

"Yes. Put up your gun, corporal. Have you got Jan Thoreau?"

"He—is gone."

"That is lucky for us." It was the stranger's voice, filled with a great relief. "I have travelled fast to overtake you. Matao, the half-breed, was stabbed in a quarrel soon after you left; and before he died he confessed to killing Breault. The evidence is conclusive. Ugh, but this fire is good! Anybody at home?"

"Yes," said Blake, slowly. "Mrs. Thoreau—is—at home."

The Princess and the Silk Worm

Continued from page 20

fairies. I should not think there was much substance in such flimsy little creatures," not meaning to be in the slightest degree disrespectful to the lady.

"I feel much relieved if you speak the truth," trembling just a little from nervousness as she spoke, for fairy princesses are so little they are not often very brave.

"Speak the truth?" repeated Mrs. Bombyx; "what does that mean?"

"I believe you," the Princess answered, not wishing to have an argument with one who had so much work to do. So Princess Curious hopped from one limb to another, until she reached the branch on which the worm was feeding, keeping a safe distance away from the many-footed creature.

"It seems so strange that you never become satisfied, always eating."

"I am only doing what nature intended that I should," replied the worm. "If queens and ladies are to have beautiful gowns, I must do my part."

"You are such a mystery to me," said the Fairy.

"You will notice that each day I grow a little larger; of course, the more one eats the more one grows. That is plain to anyone but a fairy."

"That is quite plain, even though I am a fairy."

"You will notice also a gummy substance coming from my mouth. If I should not eat, this would not be so."

"Is that not a sign that you are ill?"

"Not at all; quite the contrary."

"You had better keep on eating, then," solicitous for the health of the worm.

So Mrs. Bombyx began eating, as the princess knew, more as a matter of duty than to satisfy any craving for food.

SEVERAL days passed. Upon Mrs. Bombyx Mori (becoming thirty days of age as a worm, the fairy, who was afterwards called "The Goddess of the Silkworm," by many, noticed that she was acting very strangely. If the worm had not prepared the Fairy for this event, the Princess would have thought her very ill, but knowing she was not, waited to see what other strange things would happen, refraining from asking many questions that came into her busy little brain.

The substance which came from the spinner's mouth turned to a very small and very soft downy thread. Her head moved from side to side, as if dizzy—but she was not—as she was only winding the thread about her body.

"What are you doing?" asked the Fairy.

"Spinning my cocoon," answered the worm. "And if there are any other questions you wish to ask, you'd better hurry, because the silk is getting into my mouth, and I shall not be able to talk. I am beginning to feel drowsy, too." The worm's voice grew fainter as she tried to speak. Soon she was completely covered with the silken thread.

The Fairy sat in wonderment; then calling to Scribble Sprite, she told him of all she had seen.



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"I WENT downtown this morning, selected the pattern and material, then cut out and made it every bit this afternoon.

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Victoria, 726 Yates St.

Manitoba

Brandon, 137 Tenth St.
Portage La Prairie,
206 Saskatchewan Ave.
Winnipeg, 368 Portage Ave.

Saskatchewan

Moose Jaw, 353 No. Main St.
Prince Albert, 1013 Central Ave.
Regina, 1912 Twelfth Ave.
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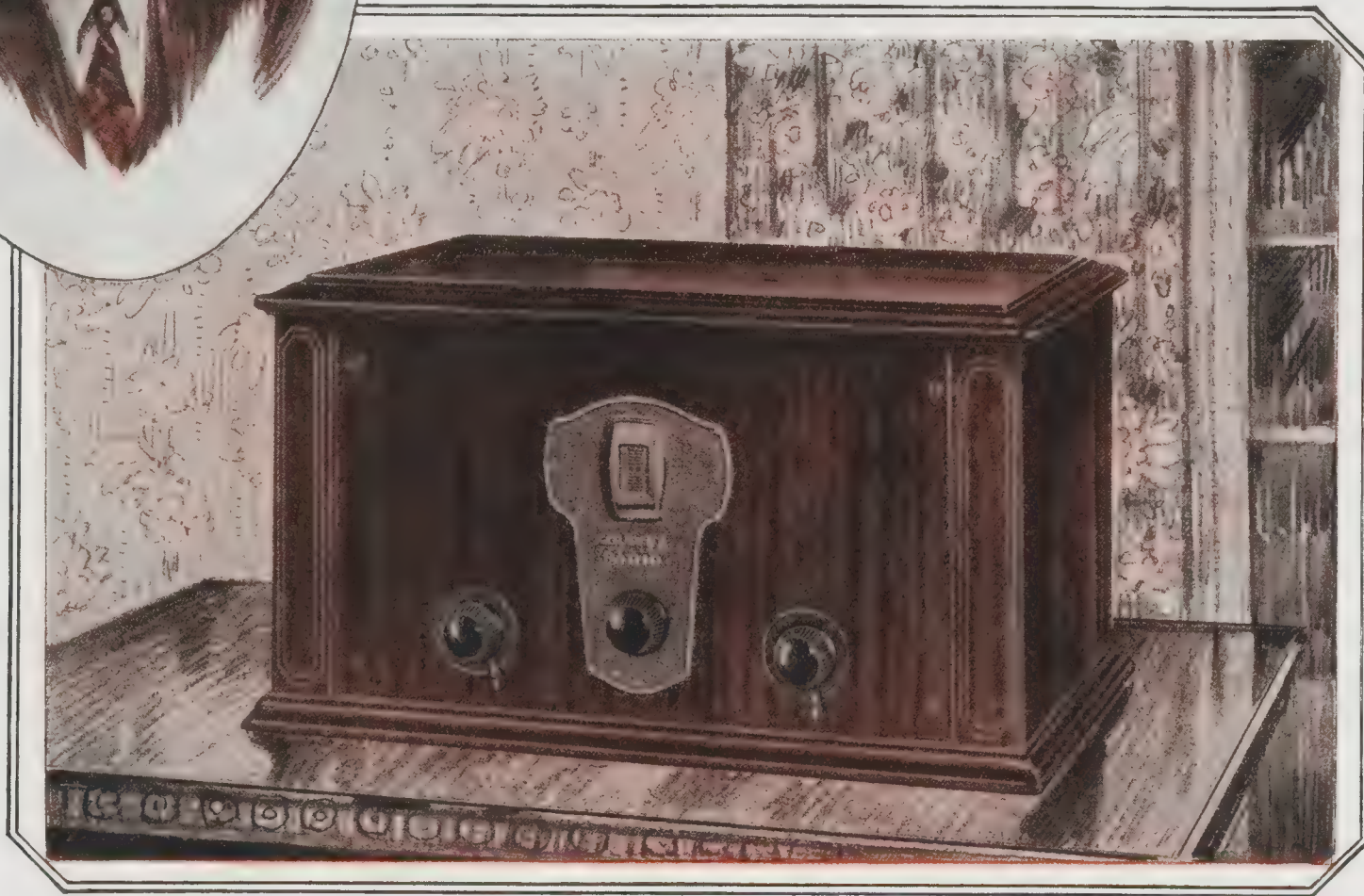
Name.....
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My machine is a.....
about.....years old.



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Once you've heard the Kolster, you'll realize the full significance of what we mean when we say that this remarkable set offers the greatest "value-per-dollar" in radio.

Hear the Kolster—Then Compare!

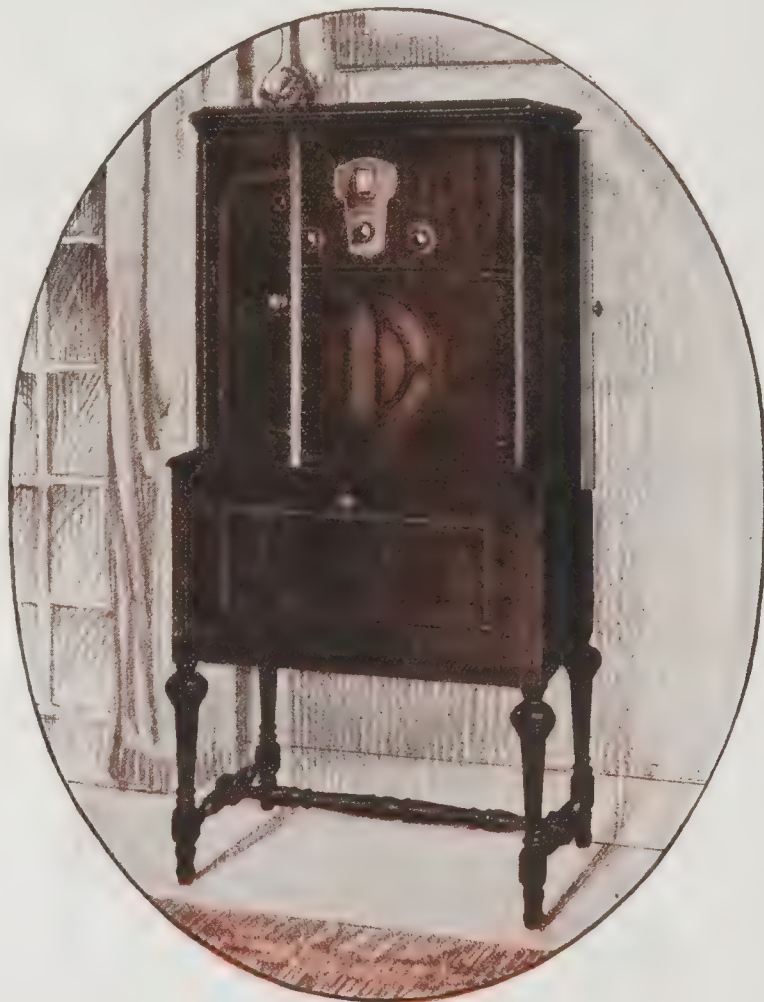
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Yet, despite the multiplicity of brands of hardwood, no other flooring can be bought with greater confidence.

Simply ask for Seaman-Kent brand when ordering, and you will get the best that is made in any grade—at no extra cost!

Judgment Day

Continued from page 13

"Here?" Mary's breath was visibly checked.

"Why not?" was the joyous shout. "The folks where I live—bah! Common! They make me sick. You and I'd have some great little old talks. What do you say?"

Mary, recovering, said without a flicker that the room had just been rented.

"To a trained nurse," she added for good measure. Now, Mr. Timson, can you mend that leak today? You are always so quick and obliging. This house would fall to pieces without you!"

"I'll send a man right up"; he was briskly on his feet. "Take one off another job for you any time. And let me know if you get a room vacant."

"I won't forget," Mary promised.

With the banging of the front door her blitheness went out. She kicked impatiently at the table or at her life, then went in search of Mrs. Andy, who was cleaning the stairs.

"Mrs. Andy, would you rather be a lion tamer or a tight-rope dancer?" she demanded.

No question ever surprised Mrs. Andy. "I'd rather be workin' for you steady, with Dmitri doin' the furnace and the steps," she declared. "Where you are, there's always fun."

Mary had a vicious scowl. "If I were rich enough for that, I wouldn't be so funny," she said bitingly. "Now I've got to go out and advertise that room. I will get a trained nurse for it if I can," she added patiently to a critical conscience.

THE streets usually amused Mary, for she had friends in every block, grocers, druggists, policemen, newsboys, crippled peddlers, also dogs and cats. She had met a few of her own kind in her married life, and the increasing pressure of work and care had wiped out any possibility of social relations, so her hungry spirit made a sort of party out of going down the street. But when she owed money, and met an edge of reserve in a butcher who had been all geniality and liking, the whole day went under a cloud.

Today there were two places she would not pass because of unsettled accounts, so she took an unfamiliar way, where there was not even a dog to wag a greeting. The "Furnished Rooms" signs had become threats. If only Chris would give up! The thought had risen to a cry, a demand. When her errand was done, she went on to his office.

The bright rooms and competent staff of Ned Brewer's day had long ago been changed for a dingy hole up three ramshackle flights, where Chris shut himself in alone, eternally burrowing into maps and papers. What he really was doing there all day long was a mystery. The door said "Sales Company." Mary knocked, a tap of fingers that he knew, and gave him a moment before she opened, suspecting that he would be thrusting papers out of sight. Secretiveness was as instinctive with him as openness was to her.

Her rare visits to the office always meant one thing, and Chris looked up

Continued on page 78

The Azure Coast

Continued from page 11

chocolate and rolls will still be the national breakfast dish.

BETWEEN Nice and Mentone is twenty-four kilometres, or about eighteen miles, and this stretch of country and the region immediately behind it is packed with so much vivid history that one hardly knows where to begin; and what to leave out, for even to briefly dwell on the most outstanding places is difficult short of a hundred-page installment.

Here fifty thousand years ago the Palæolithic man had already achieved to the secret of fire-making, and with flint instruments and spears slew the cave-bear, the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth. On the shores of the sea at Mentone towers high a sheer red cliff, in the face of it at the water's edge a line of caves where these "dawn men" of Europe dwelt. And the bodies of many of these in the caves were found in almost perfect state, and noted anthropologists pronounced them at least half a hundred thousand years old. The amazing fact about these skeletons is that they differ very little from man today, except the face is broader, the jaw more pronounced, showing that already in that far time man had reached bodily perfection. Two of these skeletons are in the museum at Monaco. To stand and stare at them behind their glass cage gives one a queer feeling of nothingness in this vast void of time where we tarry so scant a space. To this Azure Coast long centuries after, at the dawn of historic time, came men we now call Ligurians. Primitive as they were they built some remarkable stone forts, remnants of which still stand on the hills above Monte Carlo. Then came the Phœnicians, followed by the Romans, the first real empire builders. All along this rocky coast they built forts and roads and connected up the land with

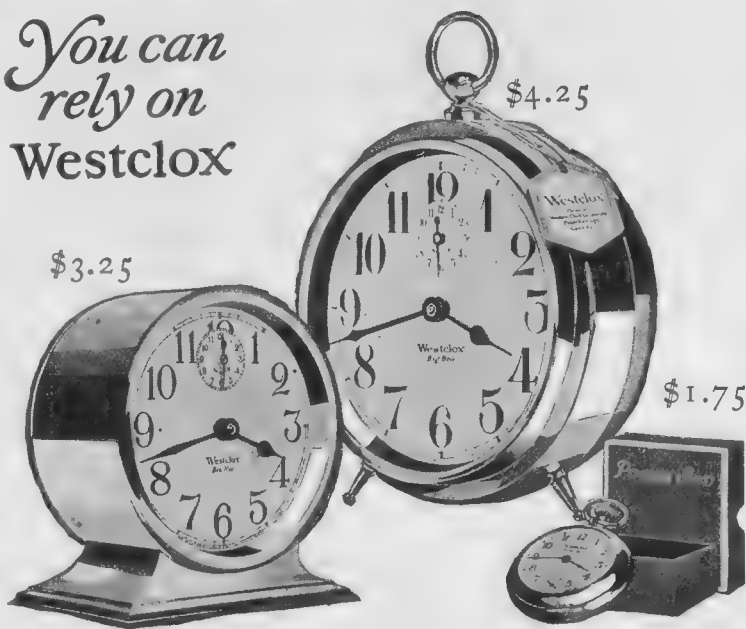
Rome. When Rome fell the Lombards and the Vandals ravaged the land between the middle of the sixth century until about 775, to be followed in turn by the Saracens from Syria and Northern Africa. By the year 850 the Saracens had control of all the coast from Arles to Mentone. Like the Romans they built forts here and there in commanding places, even using many Roman sites. They were driven out in 980. For nearly nine hundred years constant wars continued after this time between various ruling princes of Spain, France and Italy. During those six hundred years onward from the year 900 was a period extremely romantic to read about, but one which, in all truth, would have been mighty uncomfortable to live in. Those were the days when the long-bowmen, the gay musketeers, and the knights in armor fought over walled towns, took drawbridges, and struggled hand-to-hand in narrow streets, or drowned in moats when flung from the walls they were attacking. Those were the days when men were put to the torture in dreadful dungeons; when the working classes were treated like dogs and fared not as well; those were the days when the rulers feasted, banquetting grandly, supported by the might of hired fighting men. Oh, yes—they were brave, thrilling, tremendous days — to read about. And upon this length of some eighteen miles of coast still stand today battered and ancient towns in the streets of some of which men fought one thousand years ago.

I am going to tell of the places in the order that I visited them, and not according to their age.

THE peninsula of Cap Ferrat sticks out into the Mediterranean a Y-shaped strip of land about a mile long

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The Azure Coast

Continued from page 72

and a quarter of a mile wide. On its extreme end on the left hand side of the Y, looking toward Monte Carlo, stands an ancient church and a round tower of stone some fifty feet high, overlooking the remains of an ancient wall. The spot is chiefly interesting for here Christianity first dawned upon a troubled pagan world, and legend still tells of the coming of the first missionary.

To reach the historic spot where St. Hospice set up the early church, I took a tram car from Nice, a tram car not much larger than a lumber wagon, and as violent in its rocking motions as an Irish jaunting car or a camel. The car line ends at the little village of St. Jean, once the home of humble fishermen, but now a place of expansive cafes, and magnificent residences lining the sea-front. From the end of the car line a roadway leads between cut banks supported by high stone walls. At intervals a tiny cafe or wine shop announces loudly in black letters upon their yellow walls "American Bar," "Cocktails," "Viskey soda"; for even to this far point of land everything possible has been done to cater to the foreign tourists from North America and England. Ten minutes walk along the winding road brings the sightseer to the end of the Cape, where on a low hill rises an enormous tower of gray stone built by the Duke of Savoy in 1561. The tower marks the vicinity where half a dozen towers and fortifications have come and gone since that spring day in the year 560 when St. Hospice landed. Ancient history does not relate from whence he came, but quickly he converted the rough Ligurians who made a living fishing near the cape. A rude church of stone was built, and near it a round low tower without a roof in which the missionary dwelt most uncomfortably after the custom of holy men in his time to subject the body to every hardship. A few years after St. Hospice had established himself, a little band of marauding Lombards came down from the mountains in search of booty. The converts of the missionary fled. St. Hospice entered his roofless little stone tower, locked the stout oak door tightly behind him, and knelt in prayer. The invading Lombards, believing the tower might contain treasure broke in and found the missionary kneeling upon a pile of rags. The leader of the Lombards raised his sword to kill the holy man, and suddenly his arm shrivelled up. St. Hospice rose and touched the maimed arm and it was made well again. Immediately the Lombards were converted; they had come to plunder and burn; instead they were baptized, and went back into the mountains and spread the Gospel.

The ancient church of St. Hospice and his tower have long since disappeared, for here the Saracens came a few centuries later and built fortresses, which in turn were destroyed with the exception of a rough line of stonework on the sea-wall. The present tower was built by the Duke of Savoy in 1561 as a lookout and protection against invaders. The tower rises some sixty feet in the air. The walls are about twenty feet thick. Within the tower on the first floor a row of ancient cells, once inhabited by warriors and later monks, are now dwelt in by some of the family of the keeper of the place, some chickens and a donkey. A stairway leads up to another row of nine cells. Upon five of them the ancient oak doors still hang. The cells circle a narrow mezzanine floor. Almost the entire space in the centre of the tower, rising from the second floor, is filled with an enormous image of the Virgin. It is about thirty feet high, and the

head almost touches the roof. Outside the tower an image the exact replica of the one within was built some ten years ago out of subscriptions raised by the pious people of the vicinity.

The tower has other associations of perhaps even greater interest to the modern reader, for near its foot the body of the world's greatest violinist, Paganini, was buried for a brief while. The story of the handling of the body of this wonderful musician is so strange, and so little known, that it is perhaps the most worth-while tale to tell regarding this historic spot.

Paganini died of tuberculosis in a house in the Rue de la Prefecture at Nice on May 27th, 1840. His life had been a wild and stormy one, and after his death the clergy refused to allow his body to be buried in consecrated ground. The son of the musician took action against the Bishop at Nice to have the ban against his father's burial raised. He lost the case, but appealed to Rome. While awaiting the decision of the Papal Court, the body was removed to the little fishing village of Villefranche two miles distant and placed in a cellar there. But in a month's time people complained of the smell and some of the neighbors carried the coffin by night and left it on the open beach. Hearing of this, five of Paganini's friends a few nights later came to Villefranche from Nice and lighting their way with pine torches carried the coffin around the long bay, across the quarter-mile of land to Cape St. Hospice and up the steep hillside and buried it near the round tower. But the story does not end here. This was merely the beginning of the migrations of the body of Paganini, the first in a series of removals that is probably without a parallel. A year later Paganini's son, though still denied by the Church the right to bury his father in sacred ground, decided that the best thing to do was to remove the body to the City of Genoa, where his father had been born. A ship was obtained, the body removed from its first grave and placed on deck. When the ship arrived in Genoa it was not allowed to land owing to its last port of call having been Marseilles, where cholera was raging. The ship sailed back up the coast and at Cannes an attempt was made to land the body. The port authorities here also refused to permit the removal. The captain and Paganini's son were in despair, for now it was evident that none of the coast towns would permit the landing of the body. A few hours' sail from Cannes is a barren and lonely rock named Sainte Ferreol, upon whose few acres of surface only the seabirds dwell. Alongside of this little island the ship dropped anchor. The coffin was conveyed ashore and covered with boulders. For four years Paganini's remains were allowed to repose in peace on this dreary place in the blue Mediterranean. Then the son decided to remove the body to Parma, where Paganini owned some land. This was done, and the body buried in a garden without the rites of the Church.

All his life Paganini had been a restless, unhappy soul. This fate followed him even in death. Eight years after the interment, some friends of Paganini decided the body should be embalmed. Once more the troubled remains were brought to the light, then re-buried. After three times being dug up it would now have seemed time to have left the poor musician's remains alone. But that is the price men pay for being famous: people will not let such celebrities alone in life or death. Twenty-three years after the embalming, the Papal Court relented and gave

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The Azure Coast

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permission for the remains to be placed in consecrated ground. Up came the coffin, this time to be conveyed with all the pomp and ceremony of an expensive Italian funeral to the Church of the Madonna della Staccata in Parma, and placed in an expensive marble tomb. For thirty-six years the body had been moving from place to place, and now at last, accepted by the Church and with a costly tomb, Paganini's after-death wanderings and removals should certainly have come to an end. But he was still too famous to be permitted peace. Seventeen years later a violent discussion arose regarding the authenticity of the body buried as Paganini. How there could be any question of this does not seem possible. However, the matter assumed such proportions among certain music-lovers that the dead man's son consented to the body being once more dug up. An eager crowd gathered to look upon the gaunt thin face, the side whiskers, and the long hair which fell over the white bones of the shoulders. Satisfied that it was really Paganini, the tomb was once more closed. For fifty-three years the mortal remains had been moved about, buried six times, moved six times, to find at last honorable burial with the consent of the Church. History records no stranger story. Though it is one of the most recent having its setting along the Azure Coast, it is even more interesting that any of the tales of ancient days.

HIGH above the Mediterranean upon the brow of the first line of the Alps bordering the sea perches the amazingly old and battle-scarred town of Eze. From its 1,400-foot elevation it commands a wide view of sea and mountain peak and valley. Before the dawn of recorded history it was a fort held by the Phoenicians. The Romans were alert to its value as a strategic point and here raised an important town until the year 578. For 200 years after the departure of the Romans the Lombards were in possession. Then came the Saracens to hold it from the year 740 to 980. From then onwards it was occupied by a score of different ruling princes of Italian and French origin till the year 1860 when it became a part of France.

From Monte Carlo to Eze is about five miles. At the little square in front of the Cafe de Paris in Monte Carlo I stepped into one of those old-fashioned open Victorias, with soft cream-colored seats, and an umbrella-like covering to match, for here, thank goodness, the horse still holds his own in spite of the automobile. The world lost something when men ceased generally to travel in these easy-riding coaches. Along a winding road climbing ever higher up the mountain the team jogged along. On one side the sea stretched away, the mountain side sloping to it, and that above me, thickly dotted with pine and olive. For the greater part of the distance the land was sadly deserted. Long lines of little stone fences terracing up the steep hillsides showed where once peasants had made a simple living. Today they have gone to the industrial towns or new farming regions, unable in these new times to make a living, or perhaps dissatisfied with the old scale these tiny rock farms afforded.

And finally the carriage comes to a stop in the little settlement of cafes that have sprung up at the foot of the rock where stands the ancient town. There it perches on a bare pinnacle sheering up with three sides almost as sheer as a wall. The fourth side permits ascending, though the climb is a stiff one. You enter through an ancient gateway going back to the time of the

Continued on page 75

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The Azure Coast

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Moors, and are within the portals of the past. The entire place does not contain more than a hundred dwellings. They huddle shoulder to shoulder without order. Streets narrow as goat paths lead in circles and at angles. Most of the doors are forever closed. But a few people still dwell there. How they live, I did not learn. Certainly not from the produce raised in Eze, for in the entire place there is not earth enough for a single garden. The houses are all built of a pallid grey color, and in pattern similar. Built from the stone of the rock they have the same look of age as the sheer cliffs about them. The streets are paved with cobble stones with a strip of red brick in the centre, the brick deeply worn. Though the houses look all alike they are of different ages. The town has been sacked so often, and many of the buildings razed time and again, it is impossible to tell the exact age of the oldest. But several, by reason of their Norman windows, or traces of Moorish design, are at least five hundred years old.

I WANDERED back and forward through the tiny streets and then to the flat top of the pinnacle where stood one part of the wall of the castle built by the Saracens. From the parapet in its shadow the far range of the Alps spreads away. And this old castle might have remained quite intact looking over the Mediterranean had not the famous sea rover Barbarossa blown it up in 1543 when he took the town. That is one of the great pities of this entire country, that the men in those ancient times so needlessly destroyed countless things of interest.

Coming down from the pinnacle I took another street but after travelling about thirty feet had to halt when I came to a turn, for ahead of me stood a donkey lazily cropping the thin grass that grew between the stones. His hind legs looked too business-like for me. So I turned into another street opening at right angles. This chance turning brought me, a few yards farther, upon a most unbelievable sight. Along the wall of an ancient house extended half a dozen modern iron pipes and a small pressure tank. Modern plumbing built against stone walls raised not later than the Middle Ages! It was incredible! I made inquiries and heard a most interesting story, one unknown in the outside world, and here told for the first time. The Crown Prince of Sweden had purchased three of these ancient houses which adjoined each other, and had turned them into a modern home where he came to spend a few weeks in the winter. But these stout stone walls could not be penetrated to hold the pipes. To place them inside would disfigure the rooms hopelessly. So, as frost never visits this region, they were placed along the outer walls, holes only being made sufficient to permit the entrance of the feed-pipe. Truly, the Crown Prince chose a most enchanting place, a dead town bearing upon the walls of its houses and in its narrow streets the stains of two thousand years of bloodshed. The main entrance doorway to his summer home is of oak in the form of a shield with a dragon carved upon it. Personally I would not care to dwell in Eze. It is too gloomy, too steeped in tragic memories. As I walked slowly down the stairway from the town I felt as one coming from a funeral. Behind me lurked the phantoms of slain warriors: Turks, Lombards, Saracens, Romans, and the men of France and Italy, these fighters of twenty centuries who had spilled their blood in attacking or defending this

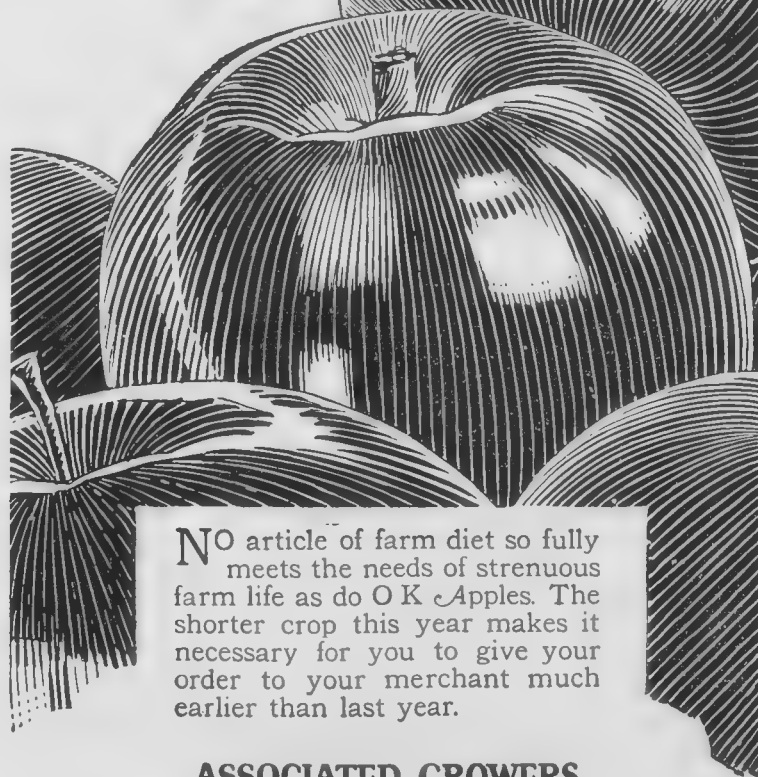
barren pile of rock. Indeed, man is the strangest of the animal kingdom.

FROM Eze the carriage journeyed slowly along a winding road dropping down gradually several hundred feet in the course of a mile and a half until the Church of Laghet was reached in a deep gorge. It is surrounded, as is practically every place of interest in all Europe, with several cafes and the never-failing stand offering postcards. You enter the Church, which was once a Monastery, through a wide entrance of three arches, and are in a broad gallery which runs around the Church in a perfect square. And at the very entrance you look upon a wall covered with paintings, drawings and photographs, a display I think that is unique; that may fairly be said to be the quaintest museum of pictures in all the world. There are, at a very conservative estimate, twenty-five hundred pictures, for they line both sides of the gallery running completely around the Church, a distance of some two hundred feet. These pictures have all been presented to the Church as pictorial thank-offerings by people who have been miraculously saved from some accident, or recovered after being hurt in one way or another. The majority of the offerings are paintings, and average from one to two feet square. They bear dates from the year 1793 until the present, though the years from 1832 to 1858 seem to have been the most marked times for accidents to have happened. The most common form of disaster pictured is carriage accidents. There are hundreds of these. Here is shown an aged couple with an old-fashioned fiacre overturned upon them. A little distance farther on a man lies under one wheel of an enormous cart loaded with wine barrels. A third shows a horse running away drawing an empty cart used in carrying wine barrels. The shafts of this type of cart are very long, and the man is underneath them clinging to them tightly. The most outstanding accident is that displaying a horse kicking a man off the high seat of a coach. Slightly different is the picture where a woman is shown on the side of a cliff and a horse rushing at her with open mouth. Next in point of numbers are shipwrecks. There are scores of them. Ships of every conceivable size are depicted on amazing seas. But the variety is bewildering. One shows a baby lying on the floor beside its cradle with a big pig biting the child's ear, the inference being that the porker attacked the child in the crib and drew it out upon the floor to finish it off. A man is shown buried under a rock-slide, only his head left clear. By the size of the rocks, it seems amazing he could have recovered; but recover he did as is fully testified in Italian at the bottom of the picture. As an evidence of the peculiar action of lightning, or the artist's conception of its action, one picture shows a view of the interior of a house and on the front step a dead donkey. In the upper rooms are shown two men and a woman. The sky above depicts a fierce storm and a streak of lightning is traced as passing around the forms of the three people within the house and then striking the poor donkey dead. The paintings are in many cases in most vivid colors, but the drawings for the most part are terribly out of proportion. Despite this some very life-like pictorial effects are obtained. The best piece of work I noticed was the painting of a deep ravine near Nice. Down the sheer side of this a young man fell headlong a distance of 210 feet and was unharmed. Near this picture is one depicting a man on top of a hayrick which is in

Continued on page 76



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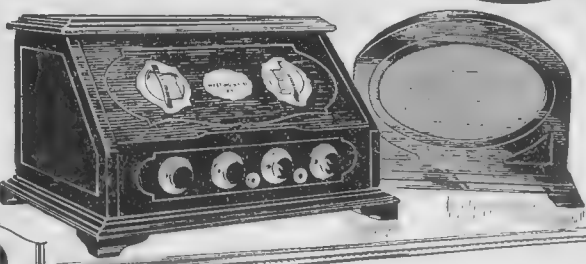


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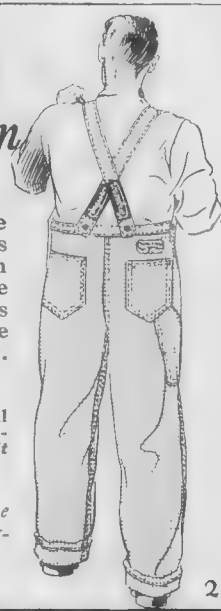
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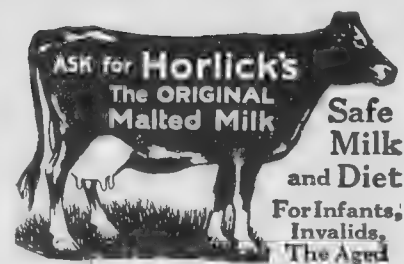
The Azure Coast

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flames. How this happened to catch him there seemed difficult of explanation unless the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion. The number of people who escaped without severe injury after falling from high scaffoldings is certainly surprising. In fact, I think this type of accident came next in number to those men and women saved from shipwreck. As a recorder of changing fashions the gallery is interesting, for here you can see drawn with fair accuracy a steam locomotive and two cars on an Italian railway in 1870. The door of the leading coach is open and a man is seen falling head downward from it. Very close together are shown two motor accidents; one in 1903, where the short high-bodied car of the time is seen with its hood and front wheels buried in a muskeg and its occupants thrown out upon the ground; the second shows a very large car of 1925 type running over two children, an accident occurring in Nice in that year. Though both children were hit, they recovered. It would require fully fifty pages to adequately describe this collection of pictures brought here by people from the surrounding country as thank-offerings to the Madonna of Laghet. And certainly when you read the testimonies of the happenings from which men have escaped with their lives, testimonies that are unquestionably given in good faith, a faith that cannot be doubted, one realizes how rash it is to state that anything is impossible.

FROM the Monastery of Laghet the road crawls in sinuous bends steeply up and up for nearly two miles to the ancient Roman town of La Turbie that from a height of 1,574 feet looks down upon the Principality of Monaco. Standing at the highest point in La Turbie you can see the entire country, the three adjoined towns of Beausoleil, Monte Carlo and Monaco and the tiny harbor of Monaco closed in with its high walls. In the clear afternoon sunlight the close-packed houses look like a toy town set up precisely by a careful child. Then you turn your eyes away from the view of town and sea and far-stretching mountain slopes to gaze upon the most imposing monument of all this storied country. It is the monument, or rather the remains of a once perfect one, erected 1932 years ago at the order of the Roman Senate to celebrate the victories of the Emperor Augustus over the tribes of Southern Gaul. In that far-away day in the year 6 B.C., when it was completed, it was a colossal structure, a perfect tower ornamented with marble pillars, and crowned by a statue of the emperor said to have been eighteen feet high. Upon one side of it in letters of gold was inscribed the names of the forty-five Alpine tribes Augustus had conquered, and how he did it. The inscriptions have been carted away piecemeal through the centuries, and today the only marks the great monument contains are the scribbled names of tourists and school children written about the base. This monument was a thing of beauty, a creation in stone magnificent, imposing, artistic, worthy of the great nation which erected it by the toil of thousands of conquered slaves. Useless undoubtedly it was, as were so many of the enormous things erected by great nations in the past. Yet it stands as token still after nearly two thousand years of men's yearning to perform great tasks, make things that bear the touch of beauty. The amazing fact about this tower is that it has endured in a land where the destruction of everything worth while seemed the first work of every

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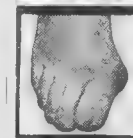
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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The Azure Coast

Continued from page 76

queror. All its marble pillars were carried away by the Genoese to adorn their terraces and villas. The present town is to a great extent built from stone taken from the tower. But though battered and worn by the storms of man and nature, and though retaining scarcely half of its original volume, the monument of Augustus remains majestic. As one stands at its base something of the wonder and the genius of the Roman people breathes out from the gray stone that will now stand as long as the world endures.

LA TURBIE is a small, compact place, not very different from Eze in the structure of its houses, and the narrowness of the lanes between. It, too, dates back to the time before written history, but its most important period was some two thousand years ago when it was a posting town on that famous eight hundred miles of road that ran from the Forum in Rome to Arles on the Rhone river in France which was known as the Aurelian Way. The history of La Turbie is largely a repetition of that of Eze and Nice. It has been fought over for 1,800 years, and now at long last sleeps tranquilly under the hot Mediterranean sun. But in those ancient days when Augustus had brought all the surrounding country under the firm rule of Rome, La Turbie was the scene of constant activity. Here the couriers with despatches from Rome rested after a long, weary ride, for La Turbie marked the highest point on that ancient road. Long cavalcades of horses bearing the baggage and effects of new governors going to distant posts in France halted. The slaves chattered in the square around the monument of Augustus. The smart ladies fresh from Rome were gazed upon with appraising eyes by resident Roman ladies of La Turbie, anxious to see the latest fashions worn in the great capital. It is steeped in the past. Were it not for that the gray stone houses which still stand here could evoke but little enthusiasm in the heart of modern man.

It was late afternoon when I stepped back into my open carriage and rode slowly away along the Grande Corniche Road. For a time the little gray town and the towering monument loomed behind me. Presently the Grand Corniche Road was left behind as the carriage began dropping downward on a newer and less famous highway leading to Monte Carlo. The road doubled on itself and once more for a little way the carriage moved in a direction facing the town and the monument. As my eyes once more dwelt upon it, there abruptly loomed up, on the side of the road a large wooden billboard bearing a flaring poster of a man dressed in a bright red coat, yellow trousers and

high yellow hat, the costume of an English squire a hundred years ago. Beneath the figure in large black letters were the words: "Johnny Walker Whisky. Born 1820. Still going strong." I smiled a little at the tremendous contrast of this whisky advertisement, proudly proclaiming its hundred years of age. And then I turned to gaze once more upon the monument of Augustus.

The carriage rolled smoothly along in the gathering dusk. The road continued to wind so that now the town and the monument were behind me, then again I was facing them.

As I rode I caught a glimpse of the most common mode of travel to La Turbie from Monte Carlo. This is a rack-and-pinion railway. The one tiny carriage is pushed uphill by an equally tiny engine which makes a great deal of noise as if in protest at the difficulty of the climb. But for the visitor who really wishes to enjoy one of the most pleasant trips in Europe, the horse and carriage mode of travel is the one most worth while.

That evening after supper I sat upon a bench on the edge of the little circular park that lies in front of the great gaming Casino of Monte Carlo. Behind me the lights were all aglow on the terrace of the Cafe de Paris. Directly in front of me was the cream-colored façade of the Hotel de Paris. From its gilt and white dining room the orchestra was playing a haunting tune. And then I chanced to glance up to my right and there, high on the edge of the cliff loomed dark and lonely against the velvet night sky the battered tower of Augustus two thousand feet above me. One bright star gleamed just above the column. Beside it a row of lights showed in the modern hotel that, curiously enough, has been built in imitation of a Moorish mosque. Two thousand years of history looked down upon me and this bright scene of 1927. In the Casino men were gambling feverishly in a brief endeavor to forget their mortality. A bat went twisting back and forth in wheeling, erratic flight, careless of man and civilized ways. I sat for a long time unable to remove my eyes from that mighty monument reared so long ago to honor a Roman ruler, man's pitiful little gesture to call attention to his name after he is gone.

And now that I have set down this much of my journeying, I suddenly realized the many interesting, odd and fascinating things that I had intended here also to tell: of the queerly situated Church of St. Devote that stands in that unusual chasm in Monaco; of the wonderful museum of Oceanography built on the sheer side of a cliff; and several other things.

(To be continued)

Canada Loses an Ardent Admirer

AT THE comparatively early age of forty-nine death has claimed one of the noted story-writers of the continent in the person of James Oliver Curwood. Several contributions from his pen have appeared in The Western Home Monthly from time to time. All his work was marked by a fascinating style and a presentation peculiarly his own. But few writers were received with more popular favor. Mr. Curwood wrote about men and women and moved them across a stage that was usually set in the big woods. For many years he passed a portion of his time in the Canadian Northwest and was a particularly good authority on all things pertaining to that wide-



James Oliver Curwood

spread territory. He frequently travelled as far north as the Arctic Coast, gathering a volume of information in which he delighted to give expression in his own inimitable manner. His stories of the Canadian North are among the most realistic of his many productions. Though a native of Michigan his love for the Canadian West was boundless. It is a coincidence that a story from this talented writer was in type for this issue of The Western Home Monthly when his unexpected death was announced, and it appears under the caption "The Fiddling Man." The world of letters is the poorer by the passing of James Oliver Curwood. His work was clean and his plots rang true.



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I think it is just too sweet for anything. It is one of the newest models as worn in New York, and I have saved money buying direct from Hallam's by mail as I find their prices are lower. All my friends have complimented me on my clothes and hats since I have been wearing Hallam garments.

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LM-17

The Judgment Day

Continued from page 72

at her over a cleared desk with a defensive frown.

"No, I'm not after money, though I would take it gladly," she assured him, sitting down by the desk. "Mr. Smiley left the coal anyway. This is going to be far worse than money." She smiled at him as she might have smiled at a child's coming storm. "You will hate me, but it has got to be said."

He stirred uneasily, irritably aware of her power. Her suit was old, and yet she had a trick of looking well-dressed; she sat with grace, and the lift of her head was untamable.

"Well, what is it?"

She put her hand over his. "Chris, why don't you give up?"

He had no idea what she meant. "Give up?"

Her hand stroked and patted his to mitigate the inevitable offense. "You have hung on so faithfully, tried so hard and so long—Chris, you have been splendid! But money doesn't come in, does it? Why not give it all up and have a comfortable home, like other men?"

He drew away his hand. "I don't understand you," he said stiffly.

"I know!" She mothered his sensitiveness. "But, Chris, in someone's else's office you could earn anything. You have all the qualities that make one valuable—they advertise for men like you every day. There were three openings this morning. You would soon be getting a big salary, and we'd bundle out the roomers and have a home and children—oh, why not!"

He started up as though to get as far away from her as the tiny room allowed. "Children!" he said exasperatedly. "Can we never get that subject settled? Considering what you went through—"

"But you know that was an accident," she broke in. "It wouldn't happen again. You have been promised that over and over. I could have sons and daughters!" She flung that at him, her head back as though she made a mighty boast. And she could stir him, even now.

"Sons and daughters," he repeated. "Yes, I can imagine it—nurses, doctors, clothes, cars, schools, college, and so on indefinitely. My dear Mary, there is not a salary on earth that could keep up with you if you once were really launched."

He was trying deliberately to anger her. His failure to break her in to his ways had always seemed in some vague way connected with her refusal of anger. She laughed or mocked or was patiently reasonable—and unchanged. This new attack on him had to be sharply dealt with, by counter-attack; but Mary refused the opening.

"Yes, I would want them to have the best of everything," she agreed tranquilly. "And I want the best for us, too. This everlasting grind, and saving ten cents on the gas bill—it isn't good enough. Don't you ever want ordinary human happiness?"

That gave him a chance for rebuke. Chris dearly loved to rebuke.

"When I am doing my best, what seems to my judgment best, I am not unhappy. If you will compare your experience with your mother's—"

She only laughed. "Ah, poor father! But he is as good as gold now. They are awfully happy." She quite glowed over that patched-up household. "You haven't any of his faults—we ought to be awfully happy, too. That is all I am saying. And if you would give up this bitter struggle and work for someone else, we could be happy."

"You mean we could be spending."

Continued on page 79



Painting in the home

used to be considered a man's job but Duco has changed that old idea.

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The Judgment Day

Continued from page 78

He tried to make it sound humorous, but anger glittered through.

"No." She paused to choose her words. "I mean that I wouldn't have to humiliate myself, soothing people that we owe money to. I mean that there would be a decent dignity in life. You know, Chris, I'm getting rather sick of it."

She had frightened him. Instead of rebuking, he made a small concession.

"A position won't be necessary, Mary. Things are going—a little better. I can let you have some money next week. Just be patient. Yes—Monday I will have something for you. Now I am very busy—"

She rose. "Well, I'm glad there is hope"; she spoke wearily. "But little sums now and then don't get us very far, do they? Won't you at least think about a position?"

"Yes, yes." Anything to be rid of her. Well, money on Monday would be something!

IT HAD set out to be a day of trials.

Having walked to save a car fare, Mary came in with a skirt dismally splashed from a reckless wheel in one of last night's puddles. She could have risen to tragedy, but this petty disaster nearly broke her down. It was her one presentable suit. As she scrubbed at it, something deep down in her gave way. She felt a desperate weariness of doing well, an utter boredom with the whole deadly business of living. When Mrs. Andy announced a gentleman to see her, she did not even lift her hands to her hair. If he wanted money, she hadn't got it, and that was all there was to that.

The practising had ceased, so she found him in the front room. He seemed to unfold from his chair—dear, long, homely fellow with kind grey eyes smiling down on her and big hands that swallowed up both hers before either could speak!

"Ned! It can't be true! It's too good to be true!" she breathed.

He only looked at her; looked and looked, and suddenly she had to break away.

"If you don't talk, and talk very hard and fast, I am going to cry," she warned him, sitting in an end of the sofa with her face turned to the wall. "It has been such an awful morning—one bad thing after another—"

"And then me," he continued, sitting down beside her.

That gave her a steadying laugh and she turned back to him, brushing tears from her cheeks with an oblivious hand.

"I'll do, now, but you'd better talk," she said. "How is your mother? And your grandmother?"

He told her the home news at comfortable length. The gay grandmother had married again, most prosperously, and the good mother lived with her. Ned's laconic tale of the engagement and the wedding made her laugh to the depths; laugh as she used to at home.

"So they are off my shoulders," he concluded. "I am going ahead by leaps and bounds. And I owe it all to Christopher Rolleston." He said that with emphasis, looking at her to see if she understood his drift.

"You owe it to your own hard work and saving your salary," she assured him. "Oh Ned, do you ever see my family?" When she found that he had met her father on the street not three weeks before and had gone home with him for dinner—broiling a beefsteak down in the garden!—she nearly cried again. "I'm a perfect fountain today," she apologized.

Continued on page 80



No Gift Could Please Him More!

IF there is one thing more than another that a man is "fussy" about, it's his hair brushes.

The kind he likes have long, stiff bristles of uneven lengths that take right hold of unruly hair and master it quickly. Bristles that penetrate right through to the scalp and stimulate the hair roots.

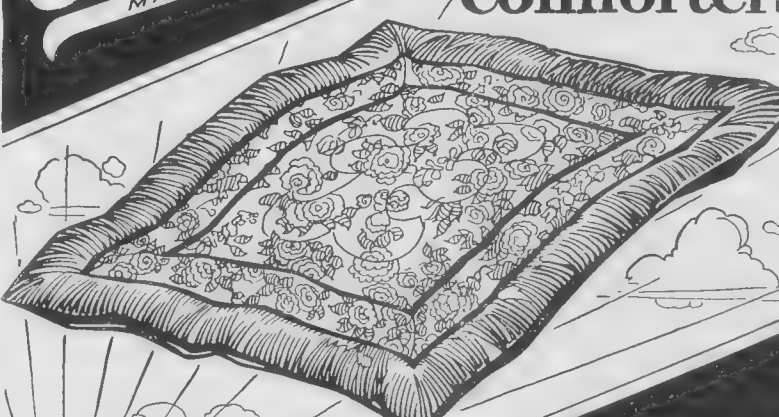
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG



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The Judgment Day

Continued from page 79

"You need to get out." Ned looked about the room as though he did not like it. He wanted her to lunch grandly with him in town, and had to be told about the splashed suit before he would give up. The fact that she had nothing else to wear depressed him almost past speech, and suddenly Mary was ashamed of it. She had always been poor, but the home poverty had had a sort of grace, a picturesque liberty that made poverty seem like a little sister to the arts. Here, in Ned's presence, her poverty took on a second-rate, grubby, hateful aspect. Lodgers came to the door and backed out again. Mrs. Andy lumbered in with her burst sleeves to get a dollar and a half for the laundry. A woman called to look at a room and talked loudly, commonly, interminably, in the front hall. When at last Mary came back, Ned had risen to go.

"I don't blame you," she said with a forlorn laugh. "Come back if you can stand it, but if you can't we will meet in the park. I'm just as nice as ever, Ned, truly. It is only my life that is horrid.

Ned's arms were folded tightly across his chest, his voice was a drawled threat. "Well, it isn't going to be horrid much longer!"

"No?"

"No! That is what I am here for. Your family let it out—that you were having a pretty hard time. So I packed up and come."

"Dear thing!" She mothered him, openly amused. "You can't very well take us on, you know."

He firmly put her in her place. "You don't know what I can do. I'm going down to have a talk with Mr. Rolleston. I've got a little money and plenty of credit—I'd back any property scheme he believed in, blindfolded. And I owe him everything. Why, Mary, that man made me—and a dam fine job it was," he added, relapsing into normalcy. "Where is his office?"

"If you can call it an office!" She gave him the address. "The door says 'Sales Company,' whatever that may mean—I don't believe there is any company and I know there aren't any sales."

"But why—why?" he demanded. "I left him headed straight for riches. What happened?"

Her hands expressed the utter emptiness of failure. "I don't know. He never will tell me anything. But he got in too deep, some way, and never got out. Poor old Chris!" Her voice was richly sorry. "Oh, Ned, it has been hard on him!"

"Oh, him!" Ned repeated with a wry smile.

In the late afternoon Ned came back with a car and a chauffeur. Mary, opening the door to him, looked five years younger than she had that weary morning.

"You really are here," she said. "I have been so afraid I was delirious."

"Come on," he commanded. "We will get out of this pea-soup that you call atmosphere. There's an ocean somewhere."

She laughed at his impracticability. "But I have to get Chris's dinner!"

"No, you don't. I told him I was taking you off."

"You did! Did he like it?"

"No, he didn't." Ned was indignant. "He didn't like me or anything I said or anything about me; I never met such a frost. I couldn't get within a mile of him. What is the matter with him?"

She was troubled. "Oh, I suppose he hated seeing you prosperous, on the

Continued on page 83



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Judgment Day

Continued from page 80

up-grade, while he is such a failure. Ned, that would be hard!"

"But I've come to make it easier! And I can't understand—" He checked himself. "Come along. If your suit isn't dry, wrap yourself in a blanket."

"Oh, just this once!" she pleaded to the absent Chris, and ran upstairs like a girl. She and Mrs. Andy had spent a lavish day renovating her clothes. She looked very fresh and fine when she came down again. "I haven't had a holiday all summer," she went on excusing herself. "And there is plenty to eat in the house. It won't hurt him, this once!"

"Do him good," Ned declared.

They slipped off out of the city, the heat turned to a lovely rushing coolness on their lifted faces. Mary lay back relaxed, to happy for speech, but Ned was still preoccupied by that unlucky visit.

"Why, Mary, when I went in he looked positively scared—or disgusted—or something. There I was, friendly as a pup, hand out—by George, he hardly touched it. You'd have thought I was bad news. I tried to talk about things here, old business ventures—wasn't I in his employ? But he shut down like a trap. Wouldn't talk of anything but climate and politics. What can be the matter with him?"

"Oh, he is queer. And horribly sensitive," she sighed. "Little motherless boys who are knocked about boarding schools don't grow up just like other people." It was what she always said to herself when Chris was trying. "Be patient and don't notice."

"It is hard not to notice a brick in the face," Ned protested. "Still, I will stick on for a while. Perhaps he will get used to me. And I'm going to find out—" he broke off. "I have been riding on the subways all the afternoon," he added, his eyes on her face. "New subways since my day. But they seem to have gone about the way we expected."

Mary was not interested in subways. "Oh, this is the way to travel," she murmured. "Ned, tell me about home."

They flew down through the languid, dying woods to the rolling dunes and saw a fiery moon come up out of the ocean before they dined, luxuriously, at a big, lighted place with the motors gathering about it like fireflies. Their table stood by an open window and lazy breaths, heavy with salt, puffed at the curtains. About them were light hearted people who went out after happiness instead of staying home all day with dingy work and dingier problems. Ned was there, eager to give her everything she wanted. They still had the trick of seeming to belong together that Christopher had noticed; there had not been a moment of strangeness. When the enchanted hour was over, Mary set down her empty coffee-cup with a little clash.

"Oh, I'm drunk as a lord," she breathed. "This is too sweet. Take me back to reality."

Ned only planted his elbows on the table. "Good to get back to each other, isn't it?"

"It's too wonderful!"

"You really are—as you boast—just as nice as ever. And even handsomer."

"Oh, no!" She could not allow that.

"I'm a battered old party now."

"Look in that mirror."

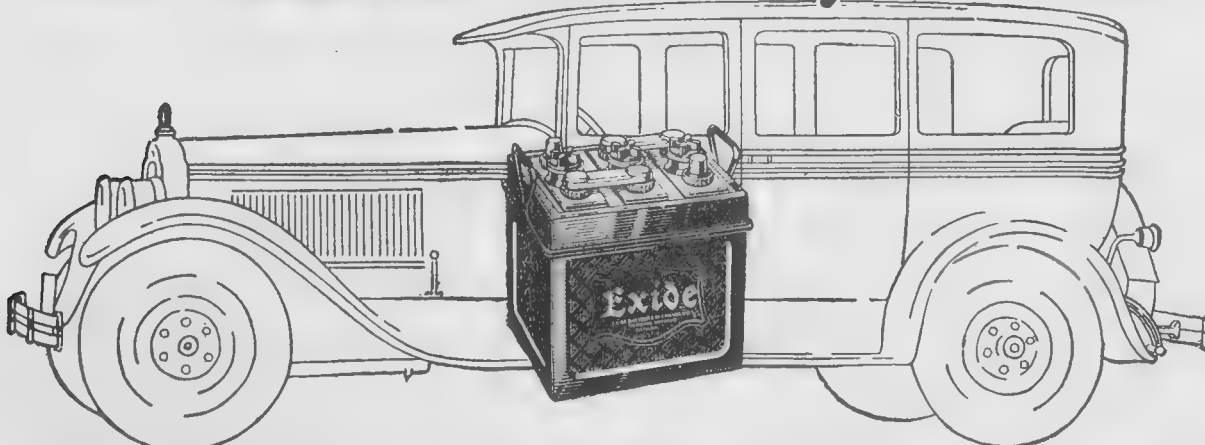
She looked, smiled shamelessly at what she saw, gave her hat an adroit push.

"Not so bad, is it?" she said happily.

"There are nice girls out there," he went on. "Very nice."

Continued on page 85

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Something to Learn Poor Henry

Thick in its glass
The physic stands,
Poor Henry lifts
Distracted hands;
His round cheek wans
In the candlelight,
To smell that smell
To see that sight!

Finger and thumb
Cinch his small nose,
A gurgle, a gasp,
And down it goes;
Scowls Henry now;
But mark that cheek,
Sleek with the bloom
Of Health next week.
—Walter de la Mare.

Then

Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty,
A hundred years ago,
All through the night with lantern bright
The Watch trudged to and fro.
And little boys tucked snug in bed
Would wake from dreams to hear—
"Two of the morning by the clock,
And the stars a-shining clear!"
Or, when across the chimney tops
Screamed shrill a North-East gale,
A faint and shaken voice would shout,
"Three! and a storm of hail!"
—Walter de la Mare.

Dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner,—
Don't you love the little verse called "Then"? Have you all seen the pictures of the old watchman in his three cornered hat, his staff in one hand his lantern in the other struggling against a gale. Do you realize that he was policeman and watchdog in those old days when there were no street lights, or at best a few oil lamps that were lighted each evening on the important streets. In those days too streets were most likely just mud holes, and no Ford could have run over them. In the great city of London, not far from one of its busiest streets there is a little square which still recalls these old days as many things in that wonderful city do. This little square was once a part of a great garden and it was used as a refuge for criminals. A criminal reaching the gates of this place could not be taken. Now a days although no such law as this exists no policemen are allowed inside the garden, but it is patrolled nightly by a watchman in three cornered hat, and with his lantern and staff. Three times as the clock strikes ten he circles the tiny place calling, "Ten o'clock and all's well". Isn't it interesting to think of this old custom being carried on all these years?

But now about this watchman once more. Do you wonder that there were many hold up men, or "footpads" as they were called then? Dark gloomy streets, mud holes that wrecked the big clumsy coaches and made them easy prey; and then the feeble rays of the watchman's lantern and his efforts to hit the criminals with his staff! Nowadays how well we are cared for. Well lighted streets, paved and even; big husky young policemen armed with heavy clubs, and other weapons if they need them; an electric system of bells and telephones which give a general alarm if help is needed, great iron clad cars to guard the prisoner in. And then suppose in spite of all these aids the thief escapes. Not only the telegraph is called into assistance, and the trains used for speedy travelling to catch him, but the aeroplane carries the pursuer anywhere in a few hours. Bad roads don't matter to them, even bad weather doesn't matter as much as we once thought it would. And last but not least, into every far home, out in the quiet of the wheatfields, in the camps of the north country, in the great forests, even out on the islands, a voice speaks through the air and warns people that a criminal is abroad and that they are called on to try and capture him. It is a far cry from the old watchman in his three cornered hat, whose voice could be heard only a block or so on a still night, to the day when one voice speaking in Winnipeg can be heard over half the world!

And while we are thinking about such things, here is another wonder. Once upon a time, only as long ago as the days of my grandfather, a small vessel would set sail from the old land. Long farewells were said, for the travellers were voyaging into a new country, and they would spend anywhere from two to three months on the wide Atlantic, tossing at the mercy of the wind and waves. When they finally

Continued on column 4

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

Pinkity Winkity Stories

By Marion Wathen Fox

How the Troll Became Doctor Kindheart

"I THINK it's the most wonderful story I ever—ever heard," said Pinkity Winkity when Bright Eyes and her grandfather had finished telling her all about how the wicked troll had become the good Doctor Kindheart. "Why, everyone who

where he lay for a long time not able to move, with a lot of his bones broken, and all cut and bleeding—he was sure he was going to die and was moaning with his pains when the full moon came out from behind the clouds and made it very bright



They heard him moaning—and came to him—and were
very, very, kind.

lives in our part of the low green valley was frightened of him, and the fairies wouldn't let him on to their hilltop when they were there because he had such a wicked heart—and now he's so changed he's even called Doctor Kindheart! and makes sick people better, and is loved by everyone in the mountains! Oh, Bright Eyes, I can scarcely believe it's true—please tell the story all over again. You'll help tell it, will you not, dear Grandfather Joel?"

"Why, Pinkity Winkity, dear, I'd love to tell it over again," answered Bright Eyes, "and then the very last thing that dear Doctor Kindheart said before we left was, 'Now, be sure and tell dear Pinkity Winkity all about how I—a wicked troll became Doctor Kindheart—she's such a kind heart herself that I know she'd like every one in the world to have a kind heart.'"

and the fairies came out to dance in a little green valley just below where the troll was lying. They heard him moaning and came to him and were very, very kind and sent the Strong Man Of The Mountains to him—now, Grandfather, you take a turn telling," said Bright Eyes passing her gray kitten to Pinkity Winkity to cuddle.

So, Grandfather Joel blew his nose and went on telling the troll's story:

"Well, the Strong Man Of The Mountains put the troll on his back and carried him away up the mountains till they came to a little house almost hidden amongst the trees, with wild flowers growing about it, and streams of water gurgling down the mountains, and big mountains with their tops all covered with snow all about, and little birds and wild animals creeping around—not another house or person near. And the Strong Man Of The



Just then a Fairy appeared.

So then Bright Eyes took little Comfort on her lap and stroked her lovingly as she told the story:

"You remember, Pinkity Winkity, when the fairies gave the troll the white donkey he just jumped right on its back and never stopped to say thank-you, but galloped off! Well, after a while he tried and tried to get the donkey to turn back but it wouldn't—just galloped and galloped all the rest of the day and nearly all night, with the troll hanging on to its back as best he could, every minute expecting to be thrown off and killed. Even when they came to the mountains it wouldn't stop but ran up and up, and at last threw the troll down over the side of a mountain into a big pile of rocks,

Mountains nursed the troll for many days, until at last he began to get well, and when he was able to get out of bed, but was still very lame, the Strong Man said, 'Now, the mountain things shall finish making you well, and heal your soul as well as your body.'

"So then he left the troll all alone for many days, but sent the fairies every night when the troll was sleeping to leave him food—now, Bright Eyes, you'd better finish it."

Pinkity Winkity although so interested in hearing these strange adventures of the troll remembered to return the cat to Bright Eyes' arms before she took her turn at the story—for had not Bright Eyes been long separated from her little pet!

"Now, Pinkity Winkity "continued, Bright Eyes gravely, 'you see after a'll the fairies did the troll a good turn when they gave him just that kind of white donkey, for, all those days when he was suffering and when he was left all alone in the little mountain house he had time to do a lot of thinking, and so remembered how wicked he had been and how cruel and unkind to people, and he became very sorry and said, 'Oh, if I get better, I'll never, never give pain to anyone again.' Just then a fairy appeared and said,

"Troll, we fairies would like to give you another wish. We are going away from this part of the country very soon, so, before we go, wish for whatever you please and we will grant it to you—just one wish."

Of course they thought the troll would wish that he, himself, would get well; but he didn't. Instead he said, "I wish for the healing touch to cure all sick persons who come to me."

So the fairies granted his wish, and said, "You shall have the magic healing touch to cure all those who come to you; but you must always live here in the mountains if you would keep that magic touch. And now you shall be called Doctor Kindheart, for you are certainly not a wicked troll any longer."

"So, soon people heard of him and brought their sick to him to be healed, and those who had money gave it to him for curing them so that he was able to hire a dear old man and his wife to take care of him, and he still stays in the little mountain house. He is very lame and when the weather is fine sits in a wheeled chair under the trees and attends to the sick people who are able to come up the mountains. He is very, very happy and says he would sooner be there like that and able to stop the suffering of others, than to be the richest person in the world or a king on his throne.

When the story was done Pinkity Winkity was crying, she was so happy about the nice ending; but to keep the rest from noticing her tears she gave the button under her doll's arm a big push and it blew its nose so hard that everyone jumped, even Comfort, the gray kitten; then they laughed.

Two days afterwards, Pinkity Winkity and her mother started back to their home.

Continued from column 1

had the good luck to land they would probably go far from a railroad travelling by ox cart and on foot, and it might be many years, or never before the people left in the old land heard whether they who had left them were alive or dead. And now in my day and yours—we sail away and in eight days at most reach the other side, if we want to we can reach anyone anywhere in a few hours by wireless even when we are in mid Atlantic. When we land we can cable back if we want to and the cable will arrive as soon as a telegram. More wonderful still, one boy has already crossed those gray miles of tossing water in less than two days; perhaps before you are old men and women everyone will be travelling by air. Aren't you thrilled to be alive in such days of wonders, more marvellous than any fairy tale that was ever thought of.

—Bobby Burke.

Something Received

A letter from Alice Adams of McDonald's Corner, Ont. Alice would like to have some girls and boys write to her. She is thirteen years old and likes the Pinkity-Winkity stories. (Be careful of your grammar Alice when you are writing letters, there are some words that make you stub your pen, aren't there?)

Cleo Palmer of Waldeck, had the mumps when her dolly arrived, and wasn't it just the time for it to come? She had fun as you may imagine. Hazel Agg of Munson, Alta, would like to have boys and girls write to her. She likes her gold button, and I don't blame her, it is very nice. Did you know that the girls' buttons were brooches, and they can wear them on their collars?

A Fascist Tendency in Small Boys

Mussolini has decreed that even Italian small boys must wear black shirts, to show that they, too, are Fascists. In this part of the world the average small boy does not take long to attend to that for himself.—Red Deer Advocate.

Judgment Day

Continued from page 82

"You will marry one of them."

"I dare say. And yet, on my death bed, when my mind wanders, I'll probably call her Mary."

They were so free-hearted that that only seemed to them funny.

"Then you'd better begin by calling her Mary for a nickname," she advised. "Is there any especial one now?"

He thought not. "There are two that have a chance, but they'd better not build on it," he decided. "Mary, do you remember the time I—explained myself?"

They could laugh over that, too.

"At that little orange-colored tea place, after we had seen my father off."

"You would keep asking me to come to the house," he complained. "And I couldn't, it hurt so confoundingly."

"You were so cross. You said 'My good girl, haven't you normal intelligence? Can't you see that I'm in love with you?'" She loved the memory. "I ought to have been shocked, shouldn't I?"

"You ought to have been sorry for me."

"Oh, I was, dreadfully—and yet happy, too."

"Happy? Why happy? You didn't care for me, Mary!"

"No, not in that way. And yet—oh, I don't know—it warmed me. Cinnamon toast always brings it back. I make it sometimes, just for that."

The confidence moved him. "Do you, truly? We'll have it every day. Then you liked having me love you?"

She hesitated, laughed, let it come: "Well, I was human, Ned."

"Oh, you're human." He, too, hesitated, then ventured it: "You know, Mary, I don't want to give myself an ovation, but I'm a lot more what you ought to have had than that perfectly good citizen you married. Don't you know it?"

"It seems a little late to go into it," she objected.

"And to think it was I who sent Christopher Rolleston out there to you!" He saw it as a wry joke on himself. "How did you fall for him?"

She had to think back for the reasons. "He was everything my father wasn't—and I was ready to fall in love—it had to be." Then she pulled herself up. "Ned, we can't go on talking like this. I'm a dacent marrid woman."

"I know. We'll behave," he promised, and so they did. Christopher might have heard every word, seen every look that passed between them. They were simply dear old friends, frank and funny with each other, openly affectionate, having a wonderful time.

To be concluded next month

And She Probably Had

It was the first time that the polite little girl had been on a visit alone, and papa had carefully instructed her as to how she should behave.

"Now," he had said, "if they ask you to dine with them, you must say: 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come, Marjorie," her little friend's father had said, "you must stay and have a bite with us."

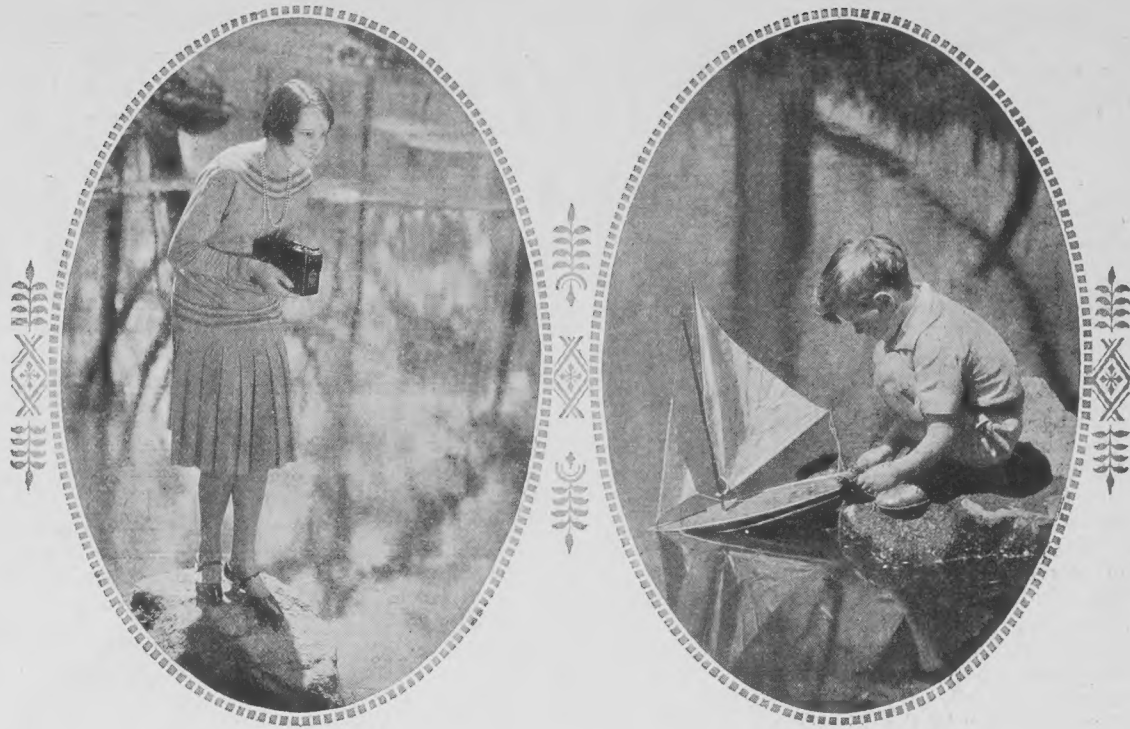
"No, thank you," said the small miss with dignity, "I have already bitten."

Willing to Oblige

"Willie," said the teacher, "you have spelled the word 'rabbit' with two t's. You must leave one of them out."

"All right," said Willie cheerfully; "which one?"

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Beauty Under Western Skies

A WRITER in the *London Times* who has been visiting Western Canada says that "there can be no greater mistake than to imagine that trees will not grow on the prairie." Even in Eastern Canada there are still people whose thinking about the West includes this mistake. When they come to this half of Canada in the summer, great is their surprise to find that there are trees. And when they come in the fall, they find that Jack Frost possesses in the West the same wizardry by which he turns the foliage of the maples and the sumac and the other trees and shrubs of the East into crimson and gold when summer is ended. One of the early missionaries has left a record of what an old Indian said, to whom he had been talking of heaven. "Is it like the land where the mist is on the lakes in the morning, and after it has gone away the sunshine is bright between the red and yellow leaves of the trees, and the loon cries very often?" The Indian heard the loon's call in his memory. It was of Northern Manitoba he spoke.

Literary Note

FROM the Ottawa Journal is clipped the following poem, entitled "The Storm," which the Ottawa paper assures its readers was written by a girl ten years old:

There's lightning and thunder,
And I go under,
And where do I go?
I wonder.

I go, I go—
I know.
Under the bedclothes,
That's where I go.

Well, the young poet who wrote the foregoing eight short lines knew at any rate where she was going, and also knew how to write intelligibly. That is more than can be said of many of the poets whose productions are printed in "advanced" periodicals nowadays.

A Moment of Vision

DID you ever, in an early morning hour in summer, before any other human being was astir, look out over a stretch of country, with the newly-risen sun casting long shadows, and the dew glistening on the grass, and nothing to disturb the quiet except the meadow lark's notes from a nearby tree-top? You have the feeling that the world is young again in that morning freshness, and the feeling also that on summer mornings ages ago it was the same, and that on summer mornings in the future, ages from now, the same sunlight and long shadows will lie on the dewy grass and all the infinitely varied activities of Nature will be going on, as if man did not exist. You have the feeling of being in accord with the Unchanging. It must have been in some such moment the poet wrote that God made the country and man made the town. Such moments pass, of course, but not without leaving you with a feeling of having had a glimpse into something mysterious and enduring.

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The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR
WINNIPEG, MAN.

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Country Child and City Child

A CHILD should know intimately rain and wind in the open, grass and trees, dogs and horses, chickens and rabbits and squirrels, birds and butterflies, toads and tadpoles, wild flowers, hay-fields and meadows, haystacks and the attics of barns on rainy days. Country children have all these things, out in the open, where every breeze comes fresh and health-giving from the plains or hills.

On Keeness of Observation

AT A boys' camp which he visited one afternoon a few weeks ago The Philosopher listened to a talk given the boys by a visitor who said truly that every boy could train himself to be an observer. He told several stories about the keenness of the Indians' powers of observation when they were hunting. And he advised the boys to learn to be like the Indians by noticing, in passing a shop window, for example, the number of things on view, or by glancing at a crowd of people and estimating their number. But skilled observers do not notice everything; they notice the things that matter. The Indian on a hunting trip notices only what is important to him as a hunter. He keeps his eyes and ears tuned for his special purposes. His eyes and ears are not so very much keener than the white man's. Once upon a time The Philosopher gained great credit from some Indians by pointing out to them the planet Venus visible in the clear sky of mid-day.

In Regard to Toleration

"TOLERATION," said Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin in a recent speech, "is one of the essentials of greatness in any community, or in any individual." Most of us will agree in saying that these words of the Prime Minister of Great Britain are true and wise. But do most of us always remember that toleration should apply to beliefs and ideas for which, personally, we have (to state it mildly) no use whatever?

Then—and Now

A REMARKABLE reproduction, with life-size figures, of the historic picture by Harris of the Fathers of Confederation (which is shown in miniature on the new 2-cent postage stamps) was on view in one of Winnipeg's department stores, for the Jubilee celebration of Dominion Day. To the many thousands who saw it a glimpse was given into the past—as if a sudden breeze had made an opening in a great cloud-bank, and through the opening there was a vision of those makers of the Dominion at their work sixty years ago. A friend with whom The Philosopher went to see that group said that never before had he realized how greatly everything was changed since the time those men lived and worked. In nothing has the change been greater than in the idea of what makes success in life—and this change is one of the most important to be taken into account in connection with the answer to the question whether the men in the public life of Canada measure up to their predecessors of sixty years ago.

FRONT TEETH—BACK TEETH

All are "Smiling Teeth"

when you use Pro-phy-lac-tic

THE success of a smile depends on your teeth—on teeth that are always beautiful because they are thoroughly clean. Frequently front teeth give a good report of brushing. But a generous smile puts the back teeth on parade too.

Examine your teeth in a mirror. Can the back ones stand the test of a smile? The only way to keep all your teeth beautiful and sound is to use a brush that cleans them all. Some brushes won't let you do this. But the Pro-phy-lac-tic is one that will.

Notice in the picture that the bristle-surface is concave. The curve of the brush fits the horseshoe curve of your teeth. Every tooth around the half-circle gets a liberal share of cleansing.

Now look at the interesting big end

tuft. This cone-shaped polisher goes into any region of the mouth—pries into the hard-to-get-at back molars. It scrubs out the restricted areas of the mouth where the germs that cause tooth decay gather.

A third point to consider is the curved handle. Your mouth is a cavern with walls that curve—sensitive walls. The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle follows this curve and makes it easy for you to cleanse every tooth.

Sold by all dealers in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices in U. S. and Can. are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60 cents.



AN IDEA

DON'T try to use your Pro-phy-lac-tic too long. Because of the high quality of the bristles in Pro-phy-lac-tic brushes, they never seem to wear out. But the elasticity, the springiness, of the bristle, which is so important for effective cleansing, may be lessened. Be on the safe side. Try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic brush and compare its "feel" with the old one. With twice-a-day brushing, you will find it better to use two brushes, one at morning and the other at night, giving the bristles of each brush twenty-four hours to dry and become firm. It is a good idea to keep several new Pro-phy-lac-tic brushes on hand. To present one in the yellow box to an overnight guest is a thoughtful courtesy.



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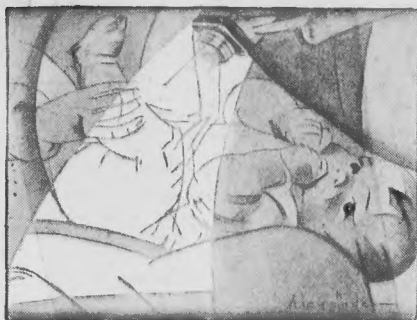
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...like a healing cream
this powder-lubricant
protects your baby's skin

UNLESS your baby's silken skin is carefully protected, the delicate folds will rub against each other and result in painful chafing.

To prevent this condition, to shield your baby's body against itself—Johnson & Johnson have produced a super-soft, flaky powder, Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Light as a fairy veil, its effect on the skin is that of a healing cream. By covering sensitive flesh, by lubricating the skin-folds, it prevents discomfort.

The base of Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder is pure talc, a flaky substance that breaks into soft, airy powder. Blended with boracic compound and delicate perfume, it becomes the gentlest of skin-healers. It smooths on tender skin without clogging the pores, keeps your baby fresh and sweet every hour of the day.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect, give him the skin care that will keep him always beautiful. Growing children, too, need this protection. Eminent physicians, famous hospitals, recommend Johnson's. Mothers who care for their children scientifically demand it above any other baby powder.

Make this simple hand test
Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. There is no friction, no ensuing warmth.



Johnson & Johnson, Ltd.
MONTREAL, CANADA



First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally, relieve roughness, rash or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream.

YOUR DRUGGIST
is more than a merchant

What the World in Saying

And It's All One to the Mosquitoes
Claims to blue blood will not get anybody anywhere in Canada.—The Pas Herald.

Masculine Attention Due Later On
The new styles shown in the fashion magazines are absorbing feminine attention.—Fort William Times-Journal.

She Stoops To Conquer
"Curtsey to get slender" is a health expert's advice to women. Gracefulness is thus the fruit of the bow.—Victoria Colonist.

Something We Hadn't Thought Of
When we are able to see over the telephone, we may get a lot of pleasure out of calling wrong numbers.—Wetaskiwin Times.

Not for Economy, But For Safety
An aerial taxi company has begun business in Detroit. Passengers are hoping that there will be no tips.—Hamilton Spectator.

They Take Them Too Soon
The trouble with many automobile drivers is that they do not take railway crossings seriously.—Galt Reporter.

Danger in Curves
The most dangerous curve is the one that outlines a dainty ankle and occupies the driver's attention.—Vancouver Province.

It Isn't the Cost, It's the Upcreep
Skirts, say the fashion authorities, are to be higher. Will they come higher in cost, too, as well as higher in reference to the knees?—Regina Post.

An Exhibit the Show Lacked
There was something missing at the recent Household Show. No husband was shown with holes in his socks. No home is complete without one.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Cause and Effect, in Correct Order
Bootleg liquor has revised the old saying about putting the cart before the horse. It puts the quart before the hearse.—Baltimore Sun.

Or, Possibly, to Shake a Leg Off
Dancing was once called "shaking a leg," but some modern dancers dance as if they were trying to shake themselves to pieces.—Moose Jaw Times.

Would Have Been Appropriate
Another thing that makes us wonder is why the Australians did not call their new capital Kangaroo instead of Canberra.—Calgary Herald.

Who Wouldn't
An apiarist declares that his honey bees are worth their weight in gold, but we'd rather have our trousers pockets full of gold.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

So Much Silkiness is Seen
A trade journal reports that the manufacture of cotton stockings is decreasing rapidly. Well, well! Are they still making them?—Toronto Telegram.

A Question
Scientists say that the sun is going to last 15,000,000,000 years longer. What, then, is the idea of all this daylight saving?—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Ye Editor's Sad Lot
The editor is a man who does 57 bits of good work and gets no comment; then he makes one error and gets 57 letters of protest.—New Westminster British Columbian.

Fashion Note
If the women are really dressing to please themselves these days, it certainly doesn't take much to please them.—Minneapolis Journal.

Maybe It Was a Hint He Was Done
A Massachusetts woman is accused by her husband of having stuck a fork in him. Perhaps he had not been forking out sufficiently.—New York American.

It Often Seems So
Inviting company in to show off your radio is now believed to be the real cause of static.—Indian Head News.

One of the Differences
The difference between golf and gardening is that in golf you carry the weapons around in a bag.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Equal Rights for Men
Vassar College, the most famous women's college in the United States, now offers a course in Household Science to male students.—Montreal Gazette.

The Cow as a Maker of Wealth
Ontario mines yielded \$85,000,000 last year. But this is less than came from the old dairy cow, which in her modesty does no boasting.—Regina Leader.

It Is Not Done Now
It has been quite some time since a well-informed author has had his heroine stop a train with her red flannel petticoat.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Sir Henry's Prophecy
Sir Henry Thornton predicts that Canada will have 25,000,000 population in fifteen years. He expects Prohibition to continue in this country, evidently.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Ye Editor is Sarcastic
A speaker at a recent meeting, we read, "spoke straight from the shoulder." Too bad some speakers cannot speak from a little higher up.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

From One Point of View
Many of the Chinese revolutionary leaders were educated in American colleges. This is believed to account for much of the current disorder in China.—Detroit News.

Or Nicks the Old Bean
"I do not cut the hair," says Antoine, the famous French hair trimmer, who is now in the United States. "I sculpture it." Wonder if he ever takes a chip off the old block?—Kitchener Record.

It Would be Incredible Politeness
Recently a seat on the New York Stock Exchange sold for \$190,000. The supreme test of politeness, one imagines, would be to get up and give one's seat to a lady.—Toronto Star.

Including Shoes and Vanity Case
The average well dressed woman's clothes, we are now told, weigh no more than three and a quarter pounds.—Buffalo Courier.

A Swat in Time May Save 9,000,000
The early bird may get the worm, with our entire approval; but the early fly should get it in the neck. A stitch in time saves nine. But what may not a swat in time save?—Winnipeg Tribune.

One of the Needs of a Sheikh
We hope to discover enough oil in Manitoba to provide a supply for slicking down the hair of the local sheiks.—Brandon Sun.

The Explanation
Often times when a man stops to think his pipe goes out. This is the reason some men never have their pipes go out.—Medicine Hat News.

Well, Turn About is Fair Play
It is now an established fact that the arctic tern, which is a member of the seagull family, makes seasonable flights from pole to pole and back again.—Natural History Magazine.

A Political Desideratum
What this country seems to need is a political machine that will do nicely on dry land and not skid on the wet spots.—Kansas City Star.

Have You Ever Noticed This?
Fish seem to have such humorous faces—perhaps because they are so often like uncomplimentary caricatures of people we know.—Kingston Whig.

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Sure Way to Get Rid of Blackheads

There is one simple, safe, and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads: that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions that form in the pores of the skin. The peroxide powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.

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